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REMINISCENCES

—OF A—

RANGER

—OR,—

EARLY TIMES

—IN—

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By MAJOR HORACE BELL.

LOS ANGELES:
YARNELL, CAYSTILE & MATHES, PRINTERS.
1881.

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TO THE FEW
SURVIVING MEMBERS
OF THE
LOS ANGELES RANGERS,
AND TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO HAVE ANSWERED TO THE
LAST ROLL-CALL,
THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

No country or section during the first decade following the conquest of California, has been more prolific of adventure than our own bright and beautiful land; and to rescue from threatened oblivion the incidents herein related, and either occurring under the personal observation of the author, or related to him on the ground by the actors therein, and to give place on the page of history to the names of brave and worthy men who figured in the stirring events of the times referred to, as well as to portray pioneer life as it then existed, not only among the American pioneers, but also the California Spaniards, the author sends forth his book of Reminiscences, trusting that its many imperfections may be charitably scrutinized by a criticising public, and that the honesty of purpose with which it is written will be duly appreciated.

H. B.

NOTE.

The word "Registrar" used instead of Register in Chap. VI must be charged to the printers and not the author.

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CHAPTER I.

The Sea Bird—Arrival at San Pedro—The two Captains Haley—Pioneer Staging—Sailor Stage Drivers—Banning—"Let Her Drive"—Stage Race and High Betting—Arrival at the Angels—The Bella Union and its Guests—The First Vigilance Committee—The Seven Wise Men of the Angels—Their Inquisitorial Torture—They Find the Assassin of Gen. Bean and Hang an Innocent Man—Joaquin Murietta—Zapatero, the Tejon Chief—The El Dorado—Aleck Gibson's—Nigger Alley and Gambling—Noted Characters—Crooked Nose Smith—Cherokee Bob.

IN October, 1852, the good steamer "Sea Bird," Captain Haley, landed at San Pedro. Whether the gallant commander of the swan-like little steamer that so gracefully swept our beautiful Southern coast was Salisbury Haley Esq., now an honored member of the California bar, or his elder brother "Bob," I disremember. Glorious old Bob Haley! So fondly remembered by all who are left of those that were so wont to go dead-head to San Francisco, with jolly old Bob on his merry craft in those good old times, long gone by, never to be known again in this world, and certainly not by any of us who so merrily passed through them. I think, however, that Salisbury was the commander of the beautiful "Sea Bird," on the trip that brought the writer to this land of sunshine and bountiful prosperity, more than a quarter of a century ago. What changes have been wrought within that time! Changes in Government, progress in commerce, discoveries in science, revolutions in modes of travel, and vicissitudes in the lives and fortunes of individuals! How few are left of the thoughtless and reckless adventurers who inhabited and roamed over California twenty-eight years ago; and at that time all were adventurers, unless, perchance, some few of the grave old Spaniards who belonged to a past generation.

The "Sea Bird" brought about twenty passengers, one of whom was the writer, then a boy in years, and the youngest of all, unless, perhaps, little Johnny Wilson, now deceased, Romualdo Pacheco, Judge Ogier, B. D. Wilson, Pat. Tompkins, the eccentric lawyer and former Congressman from Mississippi, and Alexander Nelson, of Green Meadows. I remember that Nelson was in company with the Hardy boys, who were bringing down an English thoroughbred race horse to get a race out of "Old Sepulveda," against a native mustang, and beat the old Don out of a thousand or two head of cattle and a few thousand dollars. They got the race, but failed to drive the cattle to a profitable market in the mines, for the reason that Sepulveda's California mustang, on the nine-mile race, almost distanced the beautiful thoroughbred, and the old Don aforesaid quietly pocketed the innumerable $50 octagonal slugs, brought down by the boys, who were so absolutely cleaned out, that, if my memory is correct, they were all forced to go to work, something hardly to be thought of at that time in Los Angeles. Indians did the labor and the white man spent the money in those happy days.

The Hardys are all dead. Nelson is a rich and prosperous farmer, whose increase of family keeps pace with his prosperity.

At San Pedro we found two stages of the old army ambulance pattern, to which were being harnessed as vicious a looking herd of bronco mules as ever kicked the brains out of a *gringo.* While a half dozen Indian and Mexican vaqueros were engaged in subduing and hitching up the mules, a gallant looking young man rode up, splendidly mounted, and dressed in elegant clothes, half gentleman and half ranchero in style, and after politely saluting Don Benito Wilson, informed him that a great Vigilance Committee was in session in Los Angeles, and were trying some half dozen cut-throats, who had been arrested and accused of the murder of General Bean. Don Benito informed us that the young man was Billy Reader, City Marshal of Los Angeles. Poor Billy! He accompanied the author to Nicaragua and was killed at San Jacinto. By the time the conversation above referred to had ended, the stages were ready and we were invited to "get in." A sailor-looking fellow, who seemed to be at least half-seas-over, sat on the driver's seat and held the lines all together in both hands, while two savage looking Mexicans, mounted on horses that, for bone and sinew, would have vied with the famous steed of Mazeppa, stood with lassoes tightly drawn on the leading mules to "guide centre," while two others stood in a flanking position with their riatas ready to be used as whips to urge the animals forward when the word was given to "let loose." Finally, when all hands were seated, a portly looking young man that Don Benito called Banning, came around with a basket on his arm and offered to each of the passengers an ominous looking black bottle, remarking, "Gentlemen, there is no *water* between here and Los Angeles," and then inquired, "all ready?" One surly looking sailor driver grumbled out in reply. "Is there going to be no betting?" When Banning laughingly remarked that the drivers usually expected the passengers to bet something on the trip, "just enough to make it interesting," whereupon a passenger who sat beside me, whose neat appearance showed him to be a recent importation, offered to bet $5 on our stage. One of the horse racers on the other stage said: "Well, do you suppose there is a man on this wagon who would bet $5? There is a slug I'll go you on the trip." My neighbor, whom I recollect as Ransom, failed to respond; so the author patriotically saw his $50, after which the betting became general.

When all the stakes were made, Banning sang out to the driver: "Now lads, mind your helm! *Let her drive!*" and the Mexican major-domo savagely yelled out: "Suelto carajo!" and sure enough it was "let loose" and away we went. Of all the rattling of harness, kicking, bucking, pulling, lashing and swearing, the twelve bronco mules, the two half-drunk sailor drivers, and the six Mexican conductors with their chief, the major-domo, they did the most. The mules were worthy of the glorious country that gave them to their domineering and relentless masters. The two Mexicans who "guided centre" on the two leading mules of both stages, were certainly artists; they were absolute masters of the situation. They just snaked the mules along, whether they would or not. The four outriders, or mule-whackers, showed a refinement in whipping mules that was absolutely incomparable, and by the time we were half way to the Angels, the mules bore a perfect resemblance to the ring-streaked and striped kine of Holy Writ. The two half-drunk sailor drivers would roar at each other, as we dashed along at lightning speed, sometimes passing each other, sometimes neck and neck, each team straining every nerve to get ahead of the other. "Helm a-port, you lubber! Don't you see you will run into me!" always with an amount of profanity that was absolutely appalling. Greeley's ride with Hank Monk was monotonous compared with the early staging between San Pedro and Los Angeles. There was money bet on that bronco mule stage race, and when we had passed over about half the distance, the two teams kind of slacked up in speed, as if by mutual consent of all concerned, except we who had bet our money. We were opposed to any thing of the sort, and urged our driver onward, when he said in a gruff kind of way: "When will we splice the main brace?" One of the black bottles was accordingly opened and passed to the driver, who raised his eyes heavenward and gazed piously at the stars that were just beginning to twinkle in the early twilight, and then passed it to one of the "whackers," who also raised his eyes heavenward and gazed at the stars. We passed out another bottle, and all of the Dons followed suit. We could see that the same performance was being gone through with by the party in charge of the other stage. We inside the stage went through the same pious devotions, only we failed to see stars. One happy passenger at this juncture said to the driver: "I'll give you $5 if you'll beat that stage to the city."

"Bully," said the sailor. "How much will you give? And you? And you? And you?" and "we all" who had bet gave $5, and then said the driver, "Them buckaries have got to be seen, or we are beaten worse nor a Chinese junk." We saw the Dons and told the driver to let loose again, and away we went rackety-whack. The party in the other stage had seen the drivers and Dons apparently in the same manner as we had seen ours, so we got no advantage of them, and the racing, lashing and swearing, both in English and Spanish, recommenced in as lively a manner as before, and on we dashed. In a brief space of time we were coming up San Pedro street at a fearful speed, followed by a pack of dogs, barking, yelping and snarling at us in a savage way. By the time we turned to come into town, about First street, their number seemed legion, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound." With the whole pack at our heels, we drove up to the Bella Union Hotel, now the St. Charles, our team at least a half-block in the rear of the winning party. Alas, for human folly! Where was my $50, my $5 to the driver, ditto to the Dons? It seemed to me to be ominous of future bad luck in the City of the Angels—of financial failure. Alas! Alas!

Winston and Hodges kept the Bella Union at that time. The house was a one-story flat-roofed adobe, with a corral in the rear, extending to Los Angeles street, with the usual great Spanish portal, near which stood a little frame house, one room above and one below. The lower room had the sign "Imprenta" over the door fronting on Los Angeles street, which meant that the *Star* was published therein. The room upstairs was used as a dormitory for the printers and editors.

The editors were then three in number: Lewis, Rand, and Manuel Clemente Rojo. The latter edited the Spanish columns of the *Star*, it being published in both Spanish and English. On the north side of the Bella Union corral, extending from the back-door of the main building to Los Angeles street, were numerous pigeon-holes, or dog-kennels. These were the rooms for the guests of the Bella Union. In rainy weather the primitive earthen floor was sometimes, and generally, rendered quite muddy by the percolations from the roof above, which, in height from floor to ceiling, was about six or seven feet. The rooms were not over 6x9 in size. Such were the ordinary dormitories of the hotel that advertised as being the "best hotel south of San Francisco." If a very aristocratic guest came along, a great sacrifice was made in his favor, and he was permitted to sleep on the little billiard table. "The bar was well supplied." So said the advertisement. It was well patronized. So says this truthful historian. We registered our name, washed, and smiled at the bar. The grim, desperado-looking bar-tender by no means smiled at us. He looked as though he had not smiled since his father was hung. Mind you, now, I don't say that bar-tender's father was hung, but if he were not, he should have been before becoming the father of such an ill-looking fellow. He was a vindictive appearing man, and wore an old dragoon overcoat and a red hat; a vicuña so common in the country at the time; open-legged Mexican calzoneros, with jingling buttons from hip to bottom, and by no means immaculate under-linen; protruding from beneath his flowing robe could be seen the ugly looking Colt's revolver, while, with the red fringe-work of his Mexican sash could be seen mingled a chain of ponderous golden nuggets that hung from his fob. That bar-tender looked as though he never smiled. I am sure that no man, though he may have been never so hard up, so dry, or so desperate, would have had the temerity to take a drink at that bar without treating that bar-tender with the utmost civility. In one corner behind the bar stood a double-barrelled shot-gun, while, lying within convenient reach, could be seen a couple of "Colt's" of the old army pattern, carrying half-ounce balls, and commonly called "batteries." The bar was evidently not to be taken by surprise. I soon made the acquaintance of the junior member of the hotel firm, who was also Mayor of the city, and, like Mayors in general, he was the reverse of the grim bar-tender. He just smiled all over, and all the time. It was a perpetual smile with genial old Hodges. The bar was well patronized, so reiterates this pious chronicler, and during the hour or two that I was a looker-on, there was a continuous smiling at that bar. Although I had been two and-a-half years in the upper country, and had become familiarized with the desperado character of the people, I most solemnly asseverate that the patrons who came and went from the Bella Union bar during that time were the most bandit, cut-throat looking set that the writer had ever sat his youthful eyes upon. Some were dressed in the gorgeous attire of the country, some half ranchero, half miner; others were dressed in the most modern style of tailorship; all, however, had slung to their rear the never-failing pair of Colt's, generally with the accompaniment of the bowie knife. I will dispose of the aforesaid junior member of the hotel firm, Mayor Hodges, by saying that he is long since dead. The municipal corporation remembers him as one of its most enterprising and intelligent heads. Under his vigorous administration the authorities projected and carried to completion a public water ditch, which remains to this day a monument to his enterprise and forethought.

On the morning following my arrival in the city of the Angels I walked around to take notes in my mind as to matters of general interest. First I went immediately across the street to a very small adobe house with two rooms, in which sat in solemn conclave, a sub-committee of the great constituted criminal court of the city. On inquiry I found that the said sub-committee had been in session for about a week, endeavoring to extract confessions from the miserable culprits by a very refined process of questioning and cross-questioning, first by one of the committee, then by another, until the whole committee would exhaust their ingenuity on the victim, when all of their separate results would be solemnly compared, and all of the discrepancies in the prisoner's statements would be brought back to him and he be required to explain and reconcile them to suit the examining committee; and the poor devil, who doubtless was frightened so badly that he would hardly know one moment what he had said the moment previous, was held strictly accountable for any and all contradictions, and if not satisfactorily explained, was invariably taken by the wise heads of the said committee to be conclusive evidence of guilt. Six men were being tried, all Sonoranians, except one, Felipe Read, a half-breed Indian, whose father was a Scotchman; all claimed, of course, to be innocent; finally one Reyes Feliz made a confession, probably under the hypothesis that hanging would be preferable to such inquisitorial torture as was being practiced on him by the seven wise men of the Angels. Reyes said in his confession that he and his brother-in-law, Joaquin Murietta, with a few followers, had, about a year previous, ran off the horses of Jim Thompson from the Brea ranch, and succeeded in getting them as far as the Tejon, then exclusively inhabited by Indians; that old Zapatero, the Tejon chief, on recognizing Jim Thompson's brand, arrested the whole party, some dozen in all, men and women, and stripped them all stark naked, tied them up, and had them whipped half to death, and turned loose to shift for themselves in the best way they could. Fortunately for the poor outcasts, they fell in with an American of kindred sympathies, who did what he could to relieve the distress of the forlorn thieves, who continued their way as best they could toward the "Southern

Mines" on the Stanislaus and Tuolumne, no mining being done south of those points at that time. In the meantime, brave old Zapatero, who was every inch a chief, sent Thompson's herd back to him—an act for which I hope Jim is to this day duly grateful.

At the time this confession was made, Joaquin was walking around, as unconcerned as any other gentleman; but when the minions of the mob went to lay heavy hand upon him he was gone, and from that day until the day of his death, Joaquin Murietta was an outlaw and the terror of the southern counties. Until that confession he stood in this community with as good a character as any other Mexican of his class.

Reyes Feliz denied all knowledge of the murder of General Bean. One of the prisoners, Cipriano Sandoval, the village cobbler of San Gabriel, also, after having for several days maintained his innocence, and denied any and all knowledge of the murder, came out and made a full confession. He said he was on his way home from the *maromas* (rope-dancers) at about 11 o'clock one night, it being quite dark. He heard a shot, and then the footsteps of a man running toward him; that a moment after he came in violent contact with a man whom he at once recognized as Felipe Read. They mutually recognized each other, when Felipe said: Cipriano, I have just shot Bean. Here is five dollars; take it, say nothing about it, and when you want money come to me and get it." That was the sum total of his confession. All the others remained obdurate, and what I have related was the sum of the information elicited by the seven days inquisition. The committee had certainly found the murderer of General Bean.

The fact was, I believe, that Bean, who kept a bar at the Mission, had seduced Felipe's mistress, an Indian woman, away from him, and hence the assassination. Three days after my arrival the "inquisitors" announced themselves as ready to report. In the meantime I went around taking notes in my mind.

Los Angeles, at the time of my arrival, was certainly a nice looking place—the houses generally looked neat and clean, and were well whitewashed. There were three two-story adobe houses in the city, the most important of which is the present residence of Mrs. Bell, widow of the late Capt. Alex. Bell; then the Temple building, a substantial two-story, at the junction of Main and Spring streets; and the old Casa Sanchez, on what is now Sanchez street. The lower walls of the latter are still there, the house having been razeed. The business of the place was very considerable; the most of the merchants were Jews, and all seemed to be doing a paying business. The fact was, they were all getting rich. The streets were thronged throughout the entire day with splendidly mounted and richly dressed caballeros, most of whom wore suits of clothes that cost all the way from $500 to $1,000, with saddle and horse trappings that cost even more than the above named sums. Of one of the Lugos, I remember, it was said his horse equipments cost over $2,000. Everybody in Los Angeles seemed rich, everybody *was* rich, and money was more plentiful, at that time, than in any other place of like size, I venture to say, in the world.

The question will at once suggest itself to the reader: Why was it that money was so plentiful in Los Angeles at the time referred to? I will inform him. The great rush to the gold mines had created a demand for beef cattle, and the years '48, '49 and '50 had exhausted the supply in the counties north of San Luis Obispo, and purchasers came to Los Angeles, then the greatest cow county of the State. The southern counties had enjoyed a succession of good seasons of rain and bountiful supply of grass. The cattle and horses had increased to an unprecedented number, and the prices ranged from $20 to $35 per head, and a man was poor indeed who could not sell at the time one or two hundred head of cattle, and many of our first-class rancheros, for instance the Sepulvedas, Abilas, Lugos, Yorbas, Picos, Stearns, Rowlands and Williams, could sell a thousand head of cattle at any time and put the money in their pockets as small change, and as such they spent it.

On the second evening after my arrival, in company with a gentleman, now of high standing in California, I went around to see the sights. We first went to the "El Dorado" and smiled at the bar. The "El Dorado" was a small frame building, a duplicate of the "Imprenta," wherein the *Star* was published; the room below being used as a bar and billiard room, while the upper room was used as a dormitory. The place was kept by an elegant Irishman, John H. Hughes, said to have been a near kinsman of the late great church dignitary, Archbishop Hughes. John was a scholar, and without doubt, so far as manners and accomplishments went, was a splendid gentleman, and the whole community accorded to him the honor of being a good judge of whisky. The "El Dorado" was situated at about the southeast corner of the Merced theater.

Along toward the spring of 1853, the Rev. Adam Bland, without the fear of the virtuous community before his eyes, purchased the "El Dorado," pulled down its sacred sign, and profanely converted it into a Methodist church! Alas, poor Hughes! I believe it broke his heart. He never recovered from the blow. It broke his noble spirit, and a few years later, when a fair Señorita withheld her smiles from the brilliant Hughes, it was the feather that broke the camel's back, and the disconsolate Hughes joined the Crabbe filibustering expedition to Sonora and was killed.

From the "El Dorado" we betook ourselves to Aleck Gibson's gambling house on the plaza, where a well kept bar was in full blast, and some half dozen "monte banks" in successful operation, each table with its green baize cover, being literally heaped with piles of $50 ingots, commonly called "slugs." Betting was high. You would frequently see a ranchero with an immense pile of gold in front of him, quietly and unconcernedly smoking his cigarrito and betting twenty slugs on the turn, the losing of which produced no perceptible discomposure of his grave countenance. For grave self-possession under difficult and trying circumstances, the Spaniard is in advance of all nationalities that I know of.

From the great gambling house on the plaza we hied us to the classic precincts of the "Calle de los Negros," which was the most perfect and full grown pandemonium that this writer, who had seen the "elephant" before, and has been more than familiar with him under many phases since, has ever beheld. There were four or five gambling places, and the crowd from the old Coronel building on the Los Angeles street corner to the plaza was so dense that we could scarcely squeeze through. Americans, Spaniards, Indians and foreigners, rushing and crowding along from one gambling house to another, from table to table, all chinking the everlasting eight square $50 pieces up and down in their palms. There were several bands of music of the primitive Mexican-Indian kind, that sent forth most discordant sound, by no means in harmony with the eternal jingle of gold—while at the upper end of the street, in the rear of one of the gambling houses was a Mexican "Maroma" in uproarious confusion. They positively made night hideous with their howlings. Every few minutes a rush would be made, and may be a pistol shot would be heard, and when the confusion incident to the rush would have somewhat subsided, and inquiry made, you would learn that it was only a knife fight between two Mexicans, or a gambler had caught somebody cheating and had perforated him with a bullet. Such things were a matter of course, and no complaint or arrests were ever made. An officer would not have had the temerity to attempt an arrest in "Negro Alley," at that time.

I have no hesitation in saying that in the years of 1851, '52 and '53, there were more desperadoes in Los Angeles than in any place on the Pacific coast, San Francisco with its great population not excepted. It was a fact, that all of the bad characters who had been driven from the mines had taken refuge in Los Angeles, for the reason that if forced to move further on, it was only a short ride to Mexican soil, while on the other hand all of the outlaws of the Mexican frontier made for the California gold mines, and the cut-throats of California and Mexico naturally met at Los Angeles, and at Los Angeles they fought. Knives and revolvers settled all differences, either real or imaginary. The slightest misunderstandings were settled on the spot with knife or bullet, the Mexican preferring the former at close quarters and the American the latter.

During the years of '52 and '53, it was a common and usual query at the bar or breakfast table, "well, how many were killed last night?" then "who was it?" and "who killed him?' The year '53 showed an average mortality from fights and assassinations of over one per day in Los Angeles. In the year last referred to, police statistics showed a greater number of murders in California than in all the United States besides, and a greater number in Los Angeles than in all of the rest of California. The desperadoes set all law at defiance, Sheriffs and Marshals were killed at pleasure, and at one time the office of Sheriff, then worth $10,000 a year, went a begging; the wheels of Justice refused to revolve, no man could be found bold enough to come forward and accept the office, until Jim Thompson threw himself into the breach, as it were, and became Sheriff of Los Angeles county, when two predecessors had been assassinated within the year preceding his appointment. It is worthy of remark that Jim, being rich at the time, did not need or want the office, but accepted it solely on the urgent demand of the Courts of Justice. Robberies were of rare occurrence, money being so plentiful and so easily obtained by gambling, that out-and-out robbery was not necessary.

Within the three or four days following my arrival, several men were pointed out to me as being first-class desperadoes, the most conspicuous of whom was "Crooked-nose Smith," who had killed his half-dozen men in the upper country, and when he did Los Angeles the honor of his presence, he gave out the comforting assurance that he would not kill any one until just before he would depart for Mexico. "Crooked Nose" was certainly a man of honor as well as a first-class artist, for he kept his promise to the very letter. On the day prior to his departure he did us the honor to furnish a first-class gambler for breakfast. He politely apologized for the interruption he had caused in the unusual quiet that had pervaded the atmosphere of our beautiful city, by saying that he had not killed a man for six months, and he feared he might get his hand out. "Crooked Nose" was a very prince of a desperado, the admiration and envy of all of the small-fry members of the profession who had as yet only killed their one or two men.

"Cherokee Bob" was another artist of great merit, and was pointed out to me as a gentleman of great consequence, who had killed six Chilenos in one fight, and although he had been riddled with bullets and ripped and sliced with knives, yet he had never failed to get his man when he went for him.

There were many other eminent characters who proudly walked the streets with all the pomp and circumstance of being looked up to by the commonality of mankind. In the innocent simplicity of my heart, I mentally exclaimed: Surely I am not only in the City of the Angels, but with the Angels here I dwell.

CHAPTER II.

Ricardo Urives—He Wipes Out Jim Irvin's Party—His Encounter with John G. Downey—A Bloody Affray in Nigger Alley—Ricardo Passes in His Checks—The Black Democrat—The Court of the Vigilance Committee—The Doomed Men—The Gallows—Hanging Reyes Feliz, Sandoval and Three Others—The Arkansas Man as Hangman—The Last of the First Mob—Retribution—Fandango at the Moreno House—The Marshal—J. Thompson Burrell's Court and How it Was Adjourned—Granger and Ogier—The Mission Indians—A Slave Mart.

THE author felt highly flattered at not only being permitted to breathe the same air, tread the same soil, but to actually live in the same town and to meet, pass and repass, on terms of absolute equality, such distinguished men as those referred to. The privilege was certainly a great one, and the author, as aforesaid, was prone to feel and appreciate it to its fullest extent. Many other parties who had killed their half-dozen were pointed out, but, save and except one, I think "Crooked Nose" and "Bob" were the most entitled to mention. The exception above noted was a native Californian, named Ricardo Urives, who, in manner and appearance, was the most perfect specimen of a desperado I ever beheld. Ricardo could stand more shooting and stabbing than the average bull or grizzly bear. I remember that on one lovely Sabbath afternoon, Ricardo got into a fight at the upper end of the Calle de los Negros, and was beset with a crowd fully intent on securing his scalp. He was attacked in front, rear and on each flank; he was shot, stabbed and stoned; his clothes were literally cut from his body. Still he fought his way, revolver in one hand, bowie knife in the other, all the way past the old Coronel corner to Aliso and Los Angeles streets, where his horse was hitched. He quietly mounted, bare-headed, bleeding from at least a score of wounds. The crowd had fallen back into the narrow street, where lay some half-dozen bleeding victims to bear witness to the certainty of Ricardo's aim. The writer had witnessed the sanguinary and desperate affair from the up-stairs verandah of Captain Bell's residence, on the corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets; and seeing that there were a multitude against one, felt greatly excited in favor of the one, and it was with a secret prayer of thanks that I saw the heroic fellow, who was so cut and carved that his own mother would have failed to recognize him, emerge from the crowded street, come to bay and drive his pursuers back. What then was my surprise to see him deliberately ride back to the place whence he had so miraculously escaped.

It seemed that he had fired the last shot from his heavy Colt, for when he charged through the street he used his revolver as a war-club, and scattered and drove his enemies like sheep. He then rode off into what is now called Sonora and got his wounds bandaged up. It afterwards transpired that he had been shot three times in the body, and stabbed all over. He then put in a full hour riding up and down Main street in front of the Bella Union, daring any gringo officer to arrest him. None being bold enough to make the attempt, the gentle Ricardo took his quiet departure for the "Rancho de los Coyotes," then the property of his sister.

Ricardo was brave, an army of one hundred thousand of his likes would be invincible. But Ricardo's courage was that of the lion or the tiger, and like those barons of the brute creation, when brought face to face with moral as well as physical courage, the animal bravery of the desperado would quail. One day a quiet young gentleman was passing through Nigger Alley, and found Don Ricardo on the war path. He was tormenting, berating and abusing every one who came in his way, and was particular in his abuse of a young Mexican, who seemed to be a stranger, and to be greatly frightened. The young gentleman stopped for a moment, and authoritatively ordered the domineering Don to desist. The astonishment of Ricardo was beyond description. He looked contemptuously at the young man for a minute, then quietly drawing his bowie started deliberately for him, when, in an instant, he was covered with a small revolver, and commanded to stop. "One more step," said the gringo, "and you are a dead man." With his eye he caught that of Ricardo, and gazed fixedly into his terrible, tiger-like orbs. Ricardo halted and commenced to threaten. "Put up that knife," said the young gringo. Ricardo flourished his knife and swore. "Stop that," said the gringo, with his eyes still riveted on those of the human hyena. The Don stopped. Then once more, "Put up that knife, or I will shoot you dead." Ricardo sheathed his bowie. "Vayasse," "Begone," said the gringo, and to the utter astonishment of the congregated crowd, Ricardo turned and slunk away. At this juncture Jim Barton, the Sheriff, with a party, arrived on the scene, and congratulated the victorious gringo on his achievement, and then and not until then, did the gentleman know of the desperate character of his antagonist. It was a fine example of moral and physical over mere brute courage. The young gringo referred to, then a stranger, afterward became Governor of the great State of California, and in discharge of the high trust confided to him, displayed the same degree of moral courage that first manifested itself in the motley crowd in Calle de Los Negros, and made the best Governor, possibly, our State ever had. The young gringo and ex-Governor John G. Downey are one and the same.

It will be the duty of the chronicler to make one more mention of the redoubtable Ricardo, and then permit him to hand in his checks. I think it was about a year after the great fight above referred to, which took place in the summer of 1853, that a bullet hit the Don in a vital part and sent him to "kingdom come." It is somewhat of a digression, but I may as well tell the story now as at any time. It was in 1851 that Jim Irvin, with a gang of desperadoes to the number of twenty-five or thirty, stopped at Los Angeles on their way to Mexico, in search of ladies fair and pastures green. Some of the gang found some friends in jail, and soon to be tried in the District Court, then sitting in the old Bella Union. Jim concluded to take the prisoners out of the hands of the Sheriff, and take them along with him, and waited for them to be brought out for trial with that object in view. It happened that a party of United States troops were temporarily camped near the city, and it was arranged that they should put in an appearance just at the time the prisoners were to be brought in. The Court opened. Jim Irvin marched in with his gang and grimly awaited the arrival of the prisoners, who were presently at hand, and at the same instant a platoon of troops drew up before the door, and an officer came into Court with the Sheriff. Jim and his gang were given permission to leave the country, otherwise they would be arrested.

> "There was mounting 'mong greames of the Netherby clan;
> Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran."

The above lines can well be applied to Irvin's gang, who were ready and willing to override the civil officers, but were quite loth to an encounter with United States dragoons. They went directly to the Coyotes Ranch, thirty miles from the city, on the road to Mexico. On their arrival in the evening, they surprised the ranch and made a hostage of Ricardo, whom they tied up and threatened to shoot unless he had the best horses the ranch could afford driven up, ready for their inspection, by daylight in the morning. All of their demands were complied with to the very letter. Supper was prepared for them, wine set out, and they were permitted without objection to appropriate what articles they chose, such as saddles, blankets, provisions, etc., and the ranch at the time was one of the richest and best supplied in the county. Señor Ocampo and wife were then in the city, and Ricardo was major domo, and in charge of the estate.

In the morning, after appropriating what they wanted of the most valuable horses, the gang packed up and left, immediately after which Ricardo was released. Without saying a word, or leaving an order, he mounted a horse. He had understood enough of the conversation carried on between the robbers to know that they were going to the Colorado river, and would go through the San Gorgonio Pass. He started in hot haste across the Chino Hills to get in ahead of the party, whom he had doomed to destruction. Long before the glorious orb of day ceased to cast his beaming rays on the hoary head of grim old Mt. San Bernardino, Ricardo lay in silent ambush with a chosen band of Cahuilla Indians, who, at the time, were numerous in the vicinity of San Gorgonio. They had not long to wait. About sunset the devoted party came in sight, hilarious, as only men can be who have no thought beyond the immediate present. They rode quietly into the ambush and were slaughtered to a man. The Indians, who thought it to be a perfectly legitimate transaction, gave a minute account of the affair, and said that Ricardo fought like a fiend incarnate; and while they (the Indians) fought from their place of concealment, Ricardo rushed forth on horseback, and, meeting his foes face to face, let them know that he was the avenger of his own wrongs.

The author had the gorgeous honor of eating beef stewed in red pepper, beans and tortillas, at Ricardo's table, partaking of his hospitality under his own roof-tree, and discussing this whole question with him; and, while placing him in the front rank of desperadoes, it is only justice to say that, though desperate he emphatically was, he was neither robber nor gambler, but a good-hearted, honest fellow, who just fought for the very love of fighting, for fighting was the order of the day, and a man who could not fight was forced into a back seat, like the poor boy at the frolic.

On the day following my arrival in this famed city of the South, then by some designated "the City of Vineyards," I betook myself to the city barber, Peter Biggs by name, afterward and during the days of the great sectional strife known as the "Black Democrat." "Don Pedro," so styled by his Mexican friends, was a famous character, and the writer proposes to do his best in conferring the meed of immortality where it so justly belongs, in trying to do justice to the memory of this illustrious and necessary appendage to Los Angeles society, who, for the period of a quarter of a century, or more, certainly made himself known and felt in certain quarters of this eminently virtuous community. Pete advertised in the *Star* to "shave and shampoo, wait on the gentlemen, run errands, and make himself generally useful." Pete was a Virginian, so he informed me while for the first time submitting to his barberous manipulations, and came here as the servant of Captain A. J. Smith, of the dragoons, afterwards famed as General commanding the 16th army corps of Sherman's army; that he had made a great deal of money in various speculations; that he had married a Spanish lady; that the community, "'specially de ladies and gentlemen," could by no means get along without him. He said he knew all of the ladies, and sometimes carried messages from gentlemen to them, and was always ready and more than happy to introduce a stranger to female society, and to act as interpreter when occasion demanded. At this point Pete came to a period, seemingly anticipating that the author would make some pertinent remark; failing in which, Pete broke the embarrassing silence by saying: "Would ye like to make de 'quaintance of some of de ladies?" I thereupon informed him that I had friends here who would in all probability introduce me into such female society as would be proper for one of my youth and inexperience to know, and at the same time informed him who my friends were, at which Pete seemed for a moment "run chock-a-block," but soon rallied and said: "You see I doesn't mean ladies ob dat high-up class; I means de kind ob ladies dat's always anxious to make de 'quaintance ob strangers; 'specially dose dats got plenty ob de spondulix."

This eminently pious historian was then a most unsophisticated youth, but he had read "Gil Blas," and lost little time in arriving at the conclusion that Don Pedro occupied the same relative position toward the resident female Angels, that the renowned Gil occupied toward the Prince of Spain.

It is said the first "corner" ever made in California, was made on tacks. A shrewd Yankee, in 1849, observing that tacks were indispensable in all mining and building operations, and that the wheels of progress would cease to revolve if the supply of tacks was cut off for even a day, went to work and bought up all of the tacks in San Francisco and all of the invoices on the way around the Horn, to arrive within the next three months. The result was he monopolized the tack trade, and sold tacks for gold, ounce for ounce, and thereby made a splendid fortune. The next and second "corner" made was in "cats," and that was made by the renowned subject of this sketch, and this is the way he did it:

In 1849, San Francisco was over-supplied with rats, without a corresponding supply of cats. The supply of cats in Los Angeles was over-abundant, while of rats there were few. It was therefore left to the fertile brain of this distinguished Virginian to equalize this great seeming inequality in the nature of things. Consequently he went to work and gathered up all of the cats he could get, either by hook or crook (rumor had it that the most of the feline merchandise was obtained by the former process) caged them up and shipped them to San Francisco. Having the only cats in market, and cats being a necessity, Pete was supreme dictator as to prices, and sold his cats, several hundred in number, at prices ranging at from $16 to $100 each, and thereby made a handsome fortune. Alas, poor Pete! His riches soon took wings.

Like all great men of the period, Pete was addicted to gambling, and the product of his magnificent cat speculation went to fill the coffers of the gambler princes of the Bay City. It was said that Pete lost every dollar, and though broken in fortune the fertility of his resources still stood him in hand. Two coops of cats were left exposed to the wind and weather, on the vessel, and some 100 cats were drowned. Pete sought counsel from some adventurous limb of the law, who had the vessel libeled and forced a compromise in Pete's favor to the amount of several hundred dollars. With the small portion thereof pertaining to himself, the crestfallen forestaller of the San Francisco cat market returned to the bosom of his devoted Angel, a wiser it not a richer man.

Pete was an unfortunate cuss, always in some scrape, one of which I am going to relate. It happened in 1851 that a great ball was given at the house where now stands the First National Bank. It was attended by all of the hard cases of the city, among whom was that celebrated character Aleck Bell, of whom more will be said hereafter. The ball opened, the music struck up, and Aleck presented himself before the belle of the ball-room, Doña Ramona, sometimes known as Mrs. Fremont, for the reason I believe that this well known lady of the demi-monde had cast the sunshine of her maiden affection on the conquering hero, General Fremont, when he set himself up as military Governor of California. Aleck asked the honor of her hand in the opening waltz. The Señorita graciously informed the gallant Aleck that she was engaged for the first dance, but he could certainly be gratified in the second. Aleck retired to the crowd of lookers-on, highly delighted at the prospective pleasure, and awaited the coming event. Finally the music commenced, and what was Aleck's disgust at beholding the rascally Pete, in all the glory of a swallow-tailed coat, brass buttons, white vest and gloves, redolent with all the perfume of "Araby the blest," shuffle up to the much coveted belle of the ball-room, and with one arm encircling her spider-like waist, sail off in the whirling, giddy waltz. This was more than Southern blood could stand, and out came Aleck's Colt. The music was stopped and Aleck stepped up to Doña Ramona, and inquired of her if she "preferred dancing with a nigger to a white man." She replied that "in this particular instance she did; that Don Pedro was 'El Bastoinero,' (master of ceremonies) and she deemed it a high privilege to accompany him in the opening waltz." This was adding insult to injury. Aleck's chivalry would not permit him to lay violent hands on the lady, but satisfaction he must have. So he blazed away at Pete, who bolted for the door with Aleck hot after him. In the meantime, and on the instant, as was always the case when a row was raised, the gentlemen present commenced shooting the lights out, as a matter of amusement, in which one individual was accidentally perforated. Pete gained the street and started off like a quarter horse down Main street. It so happened that General Bean's volunteers then occupied the city, which at that particular time had on a big Indian scare. Every street corner had a posted sentinel, while small mounted parties patrolled the suburbs. Escaping from the scene of gay festivities and threatened assassination, the hapless Pete, in passing the United States Hotel corner, narrowly escaped death from the sentry, who let fly at him. At the American Bakery corner he was treated to another fusilade, which drew to the place a mounted patrol, who, when made aware of the situation, dashed off in full chase. Coming up with the unfortunate fugitive at about the point where the Round House now stands, they turned loose on him with their revolvers, but the noble "Democrat" escaped into the vineyard on the left without so much as a scratch; but, said Pete: "De good Lord knows dis chile nebber stopped running till he got to San Pedro."

Many, at the time, thought that the poor fellow had been mortally wounded, and had got into some hiding-place and died. The whole town grieved, none more so than Aleck Bell, who had the best of feeling toward the gallant Don Pedro, and only tried to murder him in vindication of his outraged chivalry.

In a day or two, however, Pete sent a courier to the city, to the great relief of everybody, with an apology to the Americans in general, and to Captain Bell in particular, and promised that, if permitted to return, to ever after keep his place—a promise religiously kept by him so far as the Americans were concerned.

During the great civil war, like many other great men, Pete felt his allegiance to be due to his native Virginia—first, last, and always—and accordingly gave the weight of his influence to the "Lost Cause;" hence the cognomen of "Black Democrat."

Like most of the truly eminent characters of our early history, Pete died with his boots on, after having been the hero of many bloody scrimmages, and his taking off occurred in this way: Pete, in company with another gentleman, went into a restaurant in the Signoret building and ordered dinner. The Mexican waiter, while serving them, was deemed guilty of some breach of conventional good manners, and as none knew better how to wait on a gentleman, none were more exacting in demanding the utmost punctilio on the part of those who waited on him. So, for his delinquency, Pete commenced to hurl epithets, accompanied with cups, saucers and plates at the waiter, who waited until Spanish forbearance could wait no longer, when he responded by shying a carving-knife, which perforated a vital part of Pete's body and sent him to Abraham's bosom.

We all felt the loss of Pete to be irreparable. His place has not been, and probably never will be, supplied. Many mourners followed the great man to his last resting-place. His slayer walks our streets to-day, of course proudly conscious of having killed a distinguished character.

I believe it was about the fourth day after my arrival that the prisoners, who had been undergoing examination before the sub-committee, were brought to the Court House, where the final report of the committee was to be submitted to the great self-constituted court of justice-loving Americans.

Abbott's bath house was then used as a Court House, and a high old court it was, too, I assure you. The place was packed to suffocation, with a dense crowd outside. "Old Horse-Face" presided over the court. The report of the committee was first read on the case of Reyes Feliz, and the President then in solemn voice said: "Gentlemen, the court is now ready to hear any motion." Whereupon a ferocious looking gambler mounted a bench and said;

"I move that Reyes Feliz be taken to the hill and hung by the neck until he be dead."

"All in favor of the motion will signify the same by saying 'aye'!" said the President, gravely.

"Aye! aye! aye!" yelled the mob, and Reyes Feliz was a doomed man. The same ceremony was gone through with in all the other cases, including Cipriano Sandoval, the poor innocent village cobbler of San Gabriel.

When they came to the case of the real murderer, a motion was made that "Felipe Read be turned over to the legally constituted authorities," and, strange to say, the motion was carried without a dissenting vote. Felipe, the red-handed murderer, was accordingly turned over to the Sheriff, and immediately thereafter bailed and set at liberty. No effort was ever made to bring him to justice, and he died in his bed some years later in a natural way. So much for the wisdom of a mob.

All of this occurred on a Saturday, and the following day was set for carrying into execution the sentences of the court. By the time the town was astir next morning the ugly gallows could be seen on Fort Hill, with its horrid arms extended, as though defying the vengeance of man, or invoking the God of Justice. At 9 o'clock a herald paraded the streets, ringing a large dinner bell, and with loud voice summoning the faithful to the feast; and at about the same hour heavy clouds overspread the sky, as though an angel had in charity thrown its mantle over the scene to shut out the horrid spectacle from the face of heaven, and it commenced to rain. An hour later the crowd, with the condemned men, arrived at the gallows. Old Father Anacleto, with his shorn crown bared to the storm, his sacred robes drabbled with mud and dripping with water, totally oblivious to the surrounding tumult, thoroughly absorbed in his mission of mercy, devotedly accompanied the doomed culprits, administering the sweet consolations of the church, and so, with the executioner and the doomed men, he mounted the scaffold. When all was ready, the victims were given permission to speak. All maintained a dogged silence except the poor cobbler Sandoval, who made a brief speech. He hoped the great God would pardon his murderers as he pardoned them, and said that he died innocent, without a crime. They all kissed the crucifix, the rope was cut, the trap fell, and the five men were launched into eternity. A peal of thunder announced the end of the tragedy.

Slowly and silently the crowd dispersed. The rain commenced to fall in torrents, and the grim bar-tender of the Bella Union reaped a golden harvest on that gloomy Sabbath afternoon. The murdered men were taken down and perhaps buried by friendly Christian hands, and so ended the first great lynching in this very moral and justice-loving community. I say the first great lynching. I will, however, qualify by saying that some months previous, one Zabalete had been hung by the lynchers.

The author retired early on that evening, pondering sadly and solemnly over the events of the day, and could not refrain from thinking that humanity would have been greatly benefitted, if about four-fifths of that mob had been disposed of in the same way as had been the hapless Mexicans who were hung.

There is an old and trite saying that "great revolutions bring to the surface great men." Such was the case in this instance. An immigrant from Arkansas had been stalking around the streets for some days previous, in a ragged and half-clad condition. Like Jonah, he perceived an opening and stepped in. He came forward and offered his services for a consideration, to act as executioner. A purse was accordingly raised in his behalf, and the great man from Arkansas became the hangman of the mob. The day following the lynching, the uncouth Arkansas man appeared on the streets dressed in the very extreme of elegant and expensive fashion. He soon thereafter became the village pedagogue, and advertised in the *Star* "a school for boys and girls." At the next municipal election, the elegant hangman was honored by our people by being elected City Marshal, and thereby hangs a tale, which I will now unfold.

About June, 1853, the southern counties were overrun by Mexican banditti, and two companies of Rangers were raised, one in Calaveras county and one here in Los Angeles. On Sunday night at about 9 o'clock, the Marshal appeared at the Ranger barracks, then located at the corner of Los Angeles and Requena streets, where Messmer's wine-store now is. He asked for a detail to go to a fandango at the Moreno House, then located at the south end of the present Brooks building, to arrest some thieves known to be at the ball at the Moreno's. The men were promptly furnished, and they started to the place of uproarious enjoyment. The Marshal, however, made an excuse to go home and get an extra revolver, and the party of Rangers, arriving at the fandango found everything so agreeable, that instead of making arrests they were immediately taken into custody by an overwhelming array of black-eyed Señoritas, and in the giddy mazes of the dance and under the exhilarating influences of Los Angeles wine, soon became oblivious of the Marshal, Mexican thieves, and all else save and except the wine and the women aforesaid. So the time gayly glided by until long past midnight, when the dance broke up and the Rangers bethought themselves of their mission and the Marshal. They accordingly held a consultation, and arrived at the conclusion that the Marshal had played them a shabby trick. They at once proceeded to the official residence, and found the delinquent chief in the arms of his newly wedded bride, who, by the by, had another husband, then living, I believe, at El Monte. They woke him up, and informed him that they had had a bloody fight at the fandango, that two of their number had been killed, that a large force of thieves held the fandango house, that the whole Ranger company were under arms, and that the Captain desired the presence of the Marshal, and that he would march on the fandango house, and make mince-meat of the Mexican outlaws, etc.

Notwithstanding the Rangers demanded expedition on the part of the police official, it required at least half an hour for him to make his toilet. At last, with a patient effort, he succeeded in stretching a splendid kid glove over his immense paw, and with his gold-headed cane under his arm he stepped into the street. Whereupon a couple of stalwart Rangers took hold of him by each arm, and informed him that he was a prisoner. They conducted him to the great open water ditch that then crossed San Pedro street at its junction with First. Arriving there a court-martial was organized, which proceeded to try the Marshal on a charge of treason and desertion. Of course he was found guilty, and the military code was read to him from a greasy pack of "monte cards." After defining the crime, the penalty was fixed at "cat-hauling in the public water-ditch." No sooner said than done. A rope was speedily thrown around the astonished representative of official pomposity, whose arms were pinioned, and the irate Rangers amused themselves until the break of day in dragging the proud dignitary up and down the water ditch, when they left him more dead than alive and retired to their barracks. At about noon on the same day the crestfallen man from Arkansas appeared at the Court of Justice J. Thompson Burrill, and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the Rangers, who were accordingly arrested, and appeared for trial on the following day. Kimball H. Dimmick, the District Attorney, appeared in vindication of the outraged majesty of the law, and Tom H——, a young merchant, appeared for the accused Rangers. Dimmick and Tom at once commenced the preliminary legal sparring. Dimmick was light on law, and Tom was heavy on big words. Dimmick finally cornered Tom on a legal proposition, and Tom could only escape by adjourning Court, which he did by capsizing the Court, bench and all, whereupon the Rangers went to work and smashed the tables, broke the chairs, and tore things up generally, the Court, constable and prosecuting witness promptly giving leg-bail, and so ended this remarkable episode. And so ended the official career of that illustrious character, born of the first great Los Angeles mob. His usefulness as an officer was at an end. The boys would hoot him on the street, and he was forced to resign.

I will now relate one more incident in the brief official career of this distinguished character, then I will consign him to the life of vagabondism that he has led down to the present day. It was in this way: About May, '53, the Los Angeles bar got on a bust, in honor of the arrival of an Iowa lawyer, General Ezra Drown. The bar smiled at the Bella Union bar, and took it straight and mixed at the "Montgomery." They all in turn treated at Aleck Gibson's and raided on Nigger alley. They serenaded on Main street, and finally brought up at Madam Barrierre's, where the White House now stands, and ordered champagne and cigars first, then supper, with champagne and cigars *ad libitum.* And then the jolly crowd appointed a chairman and commenced giving and responding to each other's toasts. On their whole rounds they were accompanied by the pompous Marshal, who pretended to afford his official protection to the roystering limbs of the law, but really to get a deluging supply of gratuitous liquid comfort.

About midnight the crowd had become hilariously noisy, and all wanted to speak at once. Lewis C. Granger had the floor, and offered as a toast, "The descendants of the French Hugnenots in America." The toast was intended as a compliment to the United States District Attorney, who claimed to be of "Huguenot origin," although his paternal ancestors were thought to be of the Hibernian stock. He, however, construed the toast into an insult, and responded by hurling a tumbler at the head of Lewis C., and then the North and the South met in mortal combat. What the result might have been, no one of that crowd was sober enough to even surmise, had it not been for the interposition of the officious head of the infantile city police, whose head and tail was composed of the Marshal aforesaid, who rushed between the two combatants. Lewis C. very adroitly slipped to one side, and the furious United States legal luminary downed the Arkansas man, and chawed his nose until it resembled a magnificent pounded and peppered beefsteak.

On the following day the Marshal appeared at Thompson Burrill's Court, with his nose in a sling, and had the United States Attorney arrested on a charge of assaulting an officer in the discharge of his duty, but the thing was amicably arranged and the high Federal dignitary did the self-important Los Angeles official the honor to walk arm in arm with him to the Bella Union, where they smiled at the bar and swore eternal friendship.

The author will neither attempt to moralize or criticise, nor pass judgment on the action of that vigilance committee; only that in the minds of unprejudiced persons at the time, the hanging of the poor village cobbler of San Gabriel was considered an unmitigated and deliberate murder. He has ere this, in all probability, met and confronted his murderers at the judgment seat of the great Eternal, for the reason that, as the author believes, the last actor in that outrageous affair has passed away from the face of the earth. Some may have died in a natural way, many died in the gutter, others in bloody broils—they all seemed doomed to miserable ends. All have handed in their mortal checks, unless, perchance, the gay and pompous official aforesaid, the hangman, who now walks the face of God's beautiful green earth, a living and hideous mass of human rottenness and festering corruption, shunned even by the canine street scavengers, viewed not with pity, but with loathing and disgust, even by the most debased of mankind. Twenty-four years after his outrageous participation in the bloody drama above described, the hangman appeared on the streets of this fair city, an outcast from society and a beggar for alms. The wheels of justice revolve slowly, but in this instance they seem to have got around with remarkable precision. For such is the last of the first great mob of Los Angeles.

For the week following these extra judicial executions the town was remarkably quiet, but on the Sunday following I witnessed a sight that if it could be seen now would fill the mind with loathing and disgust. At the time referred to, 1851-52-53, the Mission Indians were numerous. They had only been emancipated from the rule of the Mission fathers a few years prior to the advent of the Americans, and their number at the time seemed without limit.

These thousands of Indians had been held in the most rigid discipline by the Mission fathers, and after their emancipation by the Supreme Government of Mexico, had been reasonably well governed by the local authorities, who found in them indispensable auxiliaries as farmers and harvesters, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and besides the best horse breakers and herders in the world, an indispensable adjunct in the management of the great herds of the country. These Indians were Christians, docile even to servility, and the best of laborers. Then came the Americans, followed soon thereafter by the discovery of and wild rush for gold, and the relaxation for the time of a healthy administration of the laws, and the ruin of those once happy and useful people commenced. The cultivators of vineyards commenced paying their Indian peons with aguardiente, a veritable fire-water and no mistake. The consequence was that on being paid off on Saturday evening, they would meet in great gatherings called peons, and pass the night in gambling, drunkenness and debauchery. On Sunday the streets would be crowded from morn till night with Indians, males and females of all ages, from the girl of ten or twelve, to the old man and woman of 70 or 80.

By four o'clock on Sunday afternoon Los Angeles street from Commercial to Nigger alley, Aliso street from Los Angeles to Alameda, and Nigger alley, would be crowded with a mass of drunken Indians, yelling and fighting. Men and women, boys and girls, tooth and toe nail, sometimes, and frequently with knives, but always in a manner that would strike the beholder with awe and horror.

About sundown the pompous marshal, with his Indian special deputies, who had been kept in jail all day to keep them sober, would drive and drag the herd to a big corral in the rear of Downey Block, where they would sleep away their intoxication, and in the morning they would be exposed for sale, as slaves for the week. Los Angeles had its slave mart, as well as New Orleans and Constantinople—only the slave at Los Angeles was sold fifty-two times a year as long as he lived, which did not generally exceed one, two, or three years, under the new dispensation. They would be sold for a week, and

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bought up by the vineyard men and others at prices ranging from one to three dollars, one-third of which was to be paid to the peon at the end of the week, which debt, due for well performed labor, would invariably be paid in "aguardiente," and the Indian would be made happy until the following Monday morning, having passed through another Saturday night and Sunday's saturnalia of debauchery and bestiality. Those thousands of honest, useful people were absolutely destroyed in this way. Vineyards were of great profit in those days, and would be to-day, if we could recall the times as they were before the conquering Saxon came with his boasted perfection of laws, and his much-vaunted "advance civilization."

Surely, we civilized the race of Mission Indians with a refinement known to no other people under the sun.

The poor Indians are all gone, the crumbling walls of the old Missions and the decaying trunks of the vineyards, no longer profitable when cultivated with honestly compensated labor, stand silent witnesses of the time long gone by, when the Indian, though compelled to labor, was happy and content in viewing the groaning granaries that assured him and his an ample support.

CHAPTER III.

More Lynching—Disgraceful Proceedings—Smith and a Mexican are Whipped on the Plaza—Tossing a Man in a Blanket—A Broken Neck—Even Change—Thompson Burrill and Doña Concha.—A Man Gets Married—The Hairless Dog—Jack Powers and His Great Influence—He defies the Law—Emigrates to Sonora and is Murdered—Alas! Poor Jack—Los Angeles the Hot-bed of Revolution—Castro's Pronunciamento—Micheltorena—Gringo Versus Gringo, and the Great Three Days Battle of Providencia—Blood, "God and Liberty"—Bandini's Revolution—The Founding of Los Angeles—Navarro's Dream.

A SHORT time after the hanging of Reyes Feliz, Sandoval and the others heretofore mentioned, Smith was arrested at San Gabriel, summarily tried by a hastily constituted lynch court and sentenced to be hung instanter. He was accordingly mounted on a Mexican cart, which was promptly driven under one of the many great oaks there abounding, a rope was adjusted to his neck, fastened to one of the branches above, and the goad was about to be applied to the innocent oxen that were attached to the cart, when old Taylor, from the Monte, put in an appearance and interposed in behalf of Smith.

Taylor's influence prevailed, and Smith was turned over to Constable Frank Baker, I believe, who brought him to town, and he was duly lodged in jail. The city lynch court thereupon held a meeting, which was addressed by a burly looking individual, who was quite emphatic, even to eloquence, in his denunciations of the manner in which the law was administered; the great expense that would accrue to the county in the sham prosecution of felons, the over-taxed people, and all that sort of stuff. The speaker himself was a non-taxpayer, and those who most emphatically agreed with him being of the same class. It was finally moved and carried that Smith should be disposed of in an economical way, that is, he should be at once taken out of jail, given a fair trial, and, if found guilty, hung; if innocent, turned loose. No sooner said than acted upon. The eloquent and emphatic speaker aforesaid constituted himself leader of the mob and started for the jail, followed by the ragtag and bobtail of the gambling fraternity. The old adobe house of Dr. Bush, situated on the hill in the rear of the Lafayette Hotel, was then used as a jail, and George Whitehorn was jailer. There was a big pine log extending from end to end of the long room in the said house, with staples driven into it at intervals of three or four feet, to which were chained the prisoners, whose feet were shackled with cross chains, with a center chain about a foot long fastened to the staple and pine log aforesaid, so that the only chance of escape would have been for the prisoners to walk off with the log, and it was a great wonder they didn't do it, because they were strung out on that log like a string of fresh fish. That was a gay old pioneer jail. George made some show of resistance, but was soon overpowered, the keys taken away from him, the door opened, the staple drawn out of the pine log and Smith was marched down town and placed under guard in the little adobe house before referred to. A committee was at once appointed to take testimony, and by this time night had set in. They proved nothing whatever against Smith, although he said in old times in Sacramento, in 1850, when the great horse market was in full blast at the corner of Sixth and K streets, he used to go out and drive in immigrant stock to be sold at auction, "but then," he said, "everybody did the same, you know."

At two o'clock on the following day the committee announced themselves as ready to report, and the herald with the dinner bell went round proclaiming that there was to be a meeting of the people at the Court House.

By four o'clock the crowd had assembled, the court was organized, and the evidence against Smith was formally read.

Then said the President: "Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?" A fellow elevated himself and said: "I move that Smith be taken to the Plaza and given fifty lashes on the bare back and then turned loose."

The proposition was voted down and Smith complacently smiled.

Charley Norris then moved that Smith be given eighty-five lashes on the bare back and be turned over to the United States officers at Jurupa as a deserter. Unanimously carried.

About this time a gambler came in from Nigger Alley having in custody a Mexican who had severely cut a pie vendor with a knife, because the boy had refused him credit. The court proposed hanging him forthwith when a chivalrously inclined gambler suggested that fifty lashes would be a sufficient punishment. So the court voted him eighty-five, and took up its line of march to Aleck Gibson's, on the plaza. An Indian then put in an appearance with an armfull of stout willow switches, and the gentlemen were invited to shed their linen. Then the Mexican culprit dramatically came to the front and begged the privilege of being whipped first, saying that he was a man of honor, was no thief, had only used his knife when insulted, and he thought he was entitled to that much consideration. The gentlemen appointed to carry into execution the sentence of the court graciously granted the request, and the hidalgo, stripped, was tied up to a wooden column in front of the house and the Indian stepped forward with an air of intense satisfaction and gave the "Jente de razon" a most unmerciful whipping, to the great delight of the assembled patriots. The Mexican bore the punishment with the most stoical fortitude. He then quietly resumed his rayment, "smiled," that is, he took a drink furnished gratuitously, and remarked:

"Now I will have the pleasure of seeing this d—d gringo whipped."

Smith, whose time had now arrived, came forward with his shackles and chains still on and said, "Gentlemen, I am an American; and it is disgrace enough to be publicly whipped, but surely you will not have a gentleman whipped by an Injun. If there is an American present who will be kind enough to come forward and lay them on, I give my word of honor not to bear him any ill-will but promise to be always grateful for the favor."

The gamblers present accordingly made up a purse of $16 and offered it to any white man who would administer the castigation. A young man who had just got in from across the plains and had evidently heard of the ounce per day to be earned in this land of gold, and this being his first chance to earn an ounce stepped forward, accepted the gold and vigorously laid on the willows, to the evident satisfaction of all concerned save Smith, who begged to be permitted to take an occasional pull at his flask, which, thanks to the generosity of old Hodges, had been well filled with brandy and gunpowder. In the meantime some gamblers who felt a disgust at the white man who would do such a service for money, prepared themselves with a strong Mexican blanket, and, seizing the whipper, they commenced tossing him up *a la* Sancho Panza. Every toss he went higher and higher, until he came down so hard that he broke his neck, as was at the time believed.

Some charitably disposed persons took the poor fellow, it then being night, down to Downey & McFarland's drug store, at the corner of Los Angeles and Commercial streets, and Mac went to work and straightened up and bandaged his neck. He was permitted to sleep on the floor of the drug store until morning. Mac slept in the back room. In the morning he got up with a very stiff neck, and after looking around he ventured to inquire the amount of his indebtedness. Mac, who was ignorant of the extent of his resources, informed him that the charge was "one ounce," $16. After fumbling around his pockets he unearthed his well-earned money and handed it over, remarking, "even change," and demurely took his departure. This was a most disgraceful affair, and I believe the foremost of the lynchers felt ashamed of it. So crestfallen did they look at what promised to be an interesting hanging that old Dimmick, the prosecuting attorney, took courage and threatened to have the leaders indicted for stealing the irons out of the jail.

It afterwards turned out that Smith, who had been turned loose with the public property hanging to his legs, found his way to an up-town blacksmith shop, and sold them to the smith, who relieved him of his custodianship of the county's property. The failure to get up a first-class lynching cast a gloom over the city, from which it did not recover for near a month, at the expiration of which time they started in one Sunday morning, two men being assassinated and three hung before the bull-fighting commenced in the afternoon.

One of the assassinations I remember to have been in this wise: Two Hidalgos were walking arm-in-arm, down Main street, engaged in the most friendly converse, when one accidentally offended the other. The latter drew his knife, and, without giving his victim the least warning, gave him a rear thrust to the heart. This happened about 9 o'clock A. M. Judge lynch was at the time holding his court at the usual place, engaged in the trial of two others, and the aforesaid assassin was at once arrested, tried, sentenced and hung before the body of his murdered victim was yet cold. He made a very interesting speech, thanked his executioners for their kindness, said it was all right, and that was the end of it.

Those were fast times, let me assure the reader—whom I have most certainly worried by this time. But the fact is the object of this story being to show how the Angels amused themselves in those happy days, and let the subject be pleasing or the reverse, it must, forsooth, be told.

The last gala day referred to, I believe, happened about the latter part of December, 1852, and was followed by a man getting married. "Nothing strange in a man's getting married," the reader will say; but there the reader is mistaken, and I will proceed to explain:

George Thompson Burrill, the "over punctilious man," so-called by our lamented local historian, came to Los Angeles from Chihuahua, accompanied by a full-breasted, square-rigged, fast-sailing sort of craft, if the reader will permit a nautical expression, called Doña Concha.

The over punctilious judge was a man of great gravity; tall, lean and dignified, clean-shaved face, except the upper lip, which carried a moustache which would have made a graceful pendant for a Pasha's banner. The Judge also brought with him one of those abominable, sleek, hairless dogs, that, in lieu of children, received the united affection of the dignified Judge and the frail Concha. The Judge was very fond of Doña Concha, as he was also fond of the dog. The frail Concha divided her affections between the Judge, the dog, and Henry Lewis, Gabe Allen's partner in the old Star Hotel that stood where now stands the Lanfranco block. Like all true lovers, the Judge was blinded by his affection, and to gain a little relaxation from the cares of public office, left the frail Concha in charge of his domestic world, and the hairless dog, and betook him to San Pedro to sniff the breeze fresh from the briny billows. Very soon after the Judge's departure, Doña Concha, arrayed in the very extreme of Chihuahua fashion, made an assignation with the connubial Lewis at the Parochial Church, and Father Anacleto promptly united the devoted lovers in the holy bonds of matrimony. Somehow or other Nigger Alley got wind of what was going on, and Nigger Alley was not on the marry. Nigger Alley didn't believe in such nonsense, and when the happy couple emerged from the sacred precincts, they were confronted with the outraged denizens of Nigger Alley, fully bent on mischief. The frail fair one escaped the fury of this anti-nuptial mob and took refuge in the church. Henry succeeded for a time in eluding the grasp of the outraged Democracy and in reaching, and almost getting through Nigger Alley, having been unfortunately headed off from Main street. One division of the mob followed in hot pursuit, while the other flanked around and cut off the possibility of egress from the narrow street. Henry, driven to the wall, took refuge in Tao's gambling house, on the old Coronel corner, and attempted to barricade himself therein; failing in which he surrendered at discretion and offered to stand the liquor for the whole crowd, which only tended to further infuriate the outraged decency of the classic quarter, and they let into poor Henry with eggs, rotten apples, and every conceivable offensive missile. In the meantime tar and feathers were called for, but by some fortunate circumstance the poor fellow was enabled to escape through the back door and over walls to Main street, and thence to the strongholds of his own castle.

The population, that is to say the Nigger Alley portion of it, felt itself disgraced. The idea of one of them, and Henry was one of them, marrying, was an absurdity, an insult not to be tolerated. The Star Hotel was ruined, and to save its credit, Henry was forced to withdraw from the co-partnership.

The Los Angeles world was on the *qui vive* to know the result when the Judge returned, anticipating blood, murder and dire vengeance. In due time the Judge did return, and old S—tt appointed himself a committee of one to break the doleful news to the unfortunate man. The stage drove up to the Bella Union, and S—tt saluted the Judge, and inviting him to smile at the bar, took him delicately to one side and said:

"Thompson, did you hear the news?"

"What news?" said the Judge.

"It is so dreadful I am afraid to tell it," said S—tt.

"Does it concern me? Has any one sued me?" said the Judge.

"Worse than that," said old S—tt.

"Out with it," said the Judge.

"Well, then, if I must I must," said old S—tt. "Well, then, this is what is the matter; the whole town has been in an uproar. While you were absent, Doña Concha ran away from your house and married Henry Lewis."

"Did she take that little dog?" gravely inquired the Judge, while quietly sipping his cock-tail.

"What dog?" said S—tt.

"Why, little Santa Ana," replied the Judge. "To tell you the truth, I had evil forebodings concerning him, and I must go and see about the dear little fellow. Adios!" and the man of punctilio was gone, and so is the story.

The most noted character, probably, in all California at the time referred to, '51, '52 and '53, and especially in the Southern counties, was Jack Powers. Jack was an Irishman by birth, and came to California with Stephenson's New York Volunteers. When I arrived in Los Angeles Jack was here, although he properly resided in Santa Barbara. Jack was a great gambler and when he walked through a crowd of gamblers it was with the air of a lion walking among rats. Gifted with mental qualities of the highest order, with the manners of the true gentleman, with a form and face physically perfect, with a boldness and dash that made him a leader among men, Jack Powers, under favorable circumstances might have attained to the most honorable distinction; as it was, he wielded a great influence not only among the gambling fraternity and the Spanish population, over whom he lorded it, but he made his influence felt at the State Capital, where he was held in high esteem by a succession of Governors, having been on the warmest terms of friendship with Governors McDougall and Bigler. At San Francisco Jack was the acknowledged peer of the most prominent, and had he aspired to political preferment, he could have chosen between a seat in the National Congress and the helm of State.

Jack was a power in this land. In Los Angeles Jack ruled the gamblers. In Los Angeles the gamblers, to the number of about four hundred, absolutely ruled the roost for a succession of years. Jack was not a politician however. Jack was a first class sport, owned his own ranch, kept hounds, fast horses and a large number of retainers, and was a lord in the land. Jack wielded such a power that at one time he maintained an army of followers at his own expense, and boldly defied the authorities. As before stated, Jack owned a ranch, which, like all other ranches at the time, was swamped in litigation. The Sheriff held a writ of ejectment against Jack which was resisted; an attempt was made to arrest him in Santa Barbara; his friends rallied to his support and the attempt failed. Jack and his friends then seized the only piece of artillery in the town and took up their line of march to Jack's ranch, some miles distant. W. W. Twist, the Sheriff, also one of Stephenson's Volunteers, summoned the power of the county, attacked Jack, and attempted to take the gun away from him. The Sheriff was defeated, some two or three persons being killed and others wounded. Jack safely reached his ranch, provisioned and fortified it for a siege. He had one sure enough cannon; he took the stove-pipe from his kitchen, mounted it, cut embrasures through the thick walls of his house, made many Quaker demonstrations, and, although besieged for days by the foiled Sheriff, he successfully defied the laws, and the Sheriff was forced to raise the siege. This occurred in January, 1853—and for a long time thereafter when Jack would visit the capital of the county, he was followed by a troop of retainers that assured his freedom from arrest.

Nordhoff refers to an interview and conversation between himself and Ned Beale in regard to Jack Powers as one of the robbers of early times, and although Jack was the lord and head of all the bad characters in the southern counties, the writer who knew him well, has no hesitation in saying that he believes Jack Powers to have been as incapable of personally committing a robbery as either of the gentlemen referred to as discussing his character. Jack, however, outlived his influence; or, better say, he outlived his followers. In 1856, when the blood-hounds of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee pursued Ned McGowan to Santa Barbara, Ned was only saved through the influence and shrewdness of Jack, who necessarily fell under the baneful influence of the great Vigilance Committee. In 1857 Jack stood almost alone; his followers had fallen off; the influence of the gamblers had gone. Standing in fear of the law, that in the zenith of his glory he had defied, he concluded to fly the country he could no longer rule. He accordingly emigrated to Sonora where those gentle and practical people, who so summarily disposed of poor Crabbe and his followers, converted Jack to the most profitable possible use as they thought, that is to say, they chopped him up and fed him to their pigs! Alas, poor Jack! He was full of a noble generosity, and deserving of a better fate.

A great many sensational scribblers have tried to hold Jack up as an out-and-out highwayman; others have maintained that he was the veritable Joaquin Murieta; but neither is correct. He was, as I have described him, a man born to be prominent in that sphere of life to which fate may have assigned him.

The venerable scribe who writes ancient history for us says:

"In February, 1845, a bloodless battle, of three days' continuance, was fought between Governor Micheltorena, at the head of the troops which accompanied him to California from

Mexico, and General José Castro, at the head of citizens and residents of the Southern part of California."

Although this military chronicler was too young, and too far removed from the battlefield referred to, and personally knew nothing about that grand, historical event, the truth of history demands that he should take issue with the old gentleman who gave to the world the above scrap of history, and maintain on the best of hearsay evidence that it was not a bloodless battle, but on that memorable occasion the virgin soil of San Fernando was moistened with the blood of slaughtered innocence. This is the way this most veracious writer came to know something about the great battle of *Providencia*, fought on the Providencia Ranch, some ten or eleven miles up the Los Angeles river.

Some few weeks after my arrival at the Angels, an enthusiastic citizen said to me:

"Los Angeles has a history, sir. It always was an important place, sir."

"It seems to me," I replied, "that Los Angeles is making a history very fast."

"Los Angeles for half a century, sir, has been the hot-bed of revolution, sir," said the citizen.

The writer then inquired of a very honorable kinsman, who had dwelt many years in the hot-bed, to see what information he could elicit on the question of revolution, and lo! I struck a perfect historical bonanza. First of all, he told of the great revolution against Micheltorena, in which he had individually participated.

To commence, then: Castro pronounced. That is to say, he called the Governor hard names; called his chivalrous followers vagabonds and *cholos*, and then wound up with a grand flourish about "Independence, God and Liberty," and the revolution was on its legs.

The Governor held his court at Monterey, and when informed of Castro's pronunciamento, took immediate steps to squelch the rebellion. He at once mobilized his regulars and called on old John Sutter, who responded with a force of drilled and disciplined Indians. He also organized a Gringo contingent, composed of the American settlers in the Sacramento Valley, in and around San José, San Francisco and Monterey—mostly the same men who, a short time thereafter, raised the "Bear Flag" and defied all Mexico. With this respectable following the valiant Governor buckled on his armor, mounted his little prancing mustang and marched in hot haste to subjugate the rebellious angels.

In the meantime, Castro was alive to the immense responsibility he had assumed—the responsibility of rebelling against the most enlightened and most powerful nation under the sun. He sounded the clarion note of war; he floated his banner to the breeze; he marshaled around him an angelic host who swore to carry that banner on to victory, if they had to ride through blood to their bridle-bits. He also mustered to his support the Gringo element of the southern counties, and when the news was brought in that the invading army had broken camp at San Fernando, the great hero of the revolution marshaled his chivalric followers and marched forth to meet the tyrant and conquer, even if forced to sacrifice the last Gringo in his army.

To the American reader who is unfamiliar with the Spanish language, it is about time to explain the meaning of the term *Gringo*. "Gringo," in its literal signification, means *ignoramus*. For instance: An American who had not yet learned to eat Chili peppers stewed in grease, throw the lasso, contemplate the beauties of nature from the sunny side of an adobe wall, make a first-class cigar out of a corn husk, wear open-legged pantaloons, with bell buttons, dance on one leg, and live on one meal a week. Now the reader knows what a terrible thing it was in early days to be a Gringo.

This meek and humble historian has felt all the mortification, humiliation and disgrace of being a Gringo. If the reader has been so spared, then the writer congratulates him—because it is an awful calamity to be a Gringo.

Castro put *his* Gringos on the skirmish line. Micheltorena not to be outdone in patriotic sacrifice and first-class generalship, put his Gringos on the skirmish line, and but for a fortuitous circumstance it would have been Gringo meet Gringo, and the tug of war. The armies had commenced strategic movements; the skirmish lines had advanced and the ball was about to open, when a voice spake from the skirmish line of the Governor; both lines advanced under cover of the trees and underbrush that abounded on the battlefield. The voice spake as follows: "Hello, Read, is that you?"

"Why, yes, McKinley, is that you?" Then another voice: "Well, by Jove, here's Laughlin, and there's Graham! What, Bell, are you here, too?" and so the two skirmish lines met and recognized in each other old friends—fellow countrymen in a foreign land about to murder each other, all for God, Liberty and the Constitution. Then said one of Castro's Gringos to one of the Governor's Gringos, all having shook hands and sat down to see what the difference between them really was, "What in the name of the great grizzly brought you here to fight us?"

Said the Governor's Gringos: "We are fighting for the Constitution. Why are you arrayed against the Government?"

Then said Castro's Gringos, all at once: "We don't care a d—n for the Government, or for Castro either; but we know that if Micheltorena enters Los Angeles we, the foreigners, will have to pay the fiddler in the way of sacked stores and forced loans. And now you see what we are fighting for."

"They are right," said all of the Governor's Gringos. So the result was the two skirmish lines concluded to withdraw from the conflict and let the descendants of the glorious conquistadores fight it out in their own way, and that the united

Gringos would see that, whichever army prevailed, no stores should be sacked, or that no forced loans should be levied on any foreign resident of Los Angeles. This unlooked for union gave to the contending factions a different complexion, and these united Gringos withdrew to a sylvan retreat on the banks of the river, and the commissary mule of the Los Angeles Gringos, well packed, among other good things, with a good supply of Wolfskill's best wine, was brought up, and the two skirmish lines resolved themselves into an old-fashioned picnic and patiently awaited the results of the day. Little was done on that day. The next morning, however, the battle began in regular Mexican style. Castro opened with artillery; the Governor replied with his heaviest metal. The battle raged with terrific fury for two full days, until finally blood was spilled, honor was satisfied, God and Liberty had vindicated itself. The Constitution was safe. Manuel Micheltorena, General of Brigade, and Governor of Alta California, lost a mule killed in that terrific three days' conflict, and what more could be expected? He did his duty like the brave General that he was. The best blood of Mexico had appeased the wrath of the rebellion, (certainly the best blood shed in that battle); the Governor agreed to withdraw from the country and the revolution was a grand success.

Another grand flourish of trumpets, an invocation to God and Liberty, and Don Pio donned the official toga, and became the dispenser of unnumbered leagues of the grand domain of California. Many of our best citizens sigh for the good old times, when revolutions were cheap, and there were no taxes to pay; and the writer respects the wisdom of the philosophical Spaniard when he vigorously maintains that the revolutions enjoyed under Mexican rule, were far preferable to the high taxes under the Gringo Government.

Here comes another revolution anterior to the one above related. The following I borrow from the writings of Charles H. Forbes, Esq.:

Bandini's revolution speaks successfully for itself.

In the year 1830 General Manuel Victoria was sent from Mexico to relieve General José Maria Echandia, who was then acting as Comandante of the Californias.

In the year 1831, owing to the arbitrary rule of Victoria, a few citizens in San Diego, viz.: Don Juan Bandini, Don Pio Pico, Don Jose Antonio Carrillo, Abel Stearns and seven others, matured a plan to overthrow Victoria's government, and for that purpose held several meetings. At their assemblage on the 29th of November, 1831, at the house of Bandini, they armed themselves, and in the evening surprised the guard at the Presidio (Fort) of San Diego and took possession thereof, with all arms, ammunition and cannons, and made all the soldiers prisoners. Don Jose Antonio Carrillo, with five men, was left in charge of the Presidio, and Bandini, Pico, Stearns and the four others went to the residences of the officers under Victoria, took them prisoners and brought them to the house of Don Pablo de la Portilla, who was then Comandante of the Presidio under Victoria, and he too was made prisoner. All being together, the plan was read to them, and on their promising on their honor not to oppose the Bandini party, they were allowed to go to their respective houses. On the 1st of December, 1831, General Echandia was asked to take the head of the little party against Victoria, which he accepted, and spoke at some length, explaining the injustice of Victoria. A salute was fired from the Presidio, which was responded to by all of the American shipping in the bay.

On the 2d of December, 1831, Don Pablo de la Portilla and all the other officers joined the little party, and on that very day Don Pablo was sent with twenty-five men, well armed and equipped, to take possession of the Pueblo de los Angeles. On the 5th the rest of the party—Bandini, Pico, Stearns, Echandia, soldiers and citizens—left San Diego to join Don Pablo, and on the following day, the 6th, a courier met them with a letter from Don Pablo stating that he had taken possession of the Pueblo de Los Angeles, put the Alcalde, Vicente Sanchez, in double irons, liberated all of the prisoners, and that Victoria was at San Fernando with forty men. On the 5th Don Pablo de la Portilla met Victoria near the pueblo; and when in hearing distance Victoria ordered Don Pablo to come to him, to which Don Pablo responded by ordering Victoria to halt. Victoria, enraged, said, *"A mi no se manda hacer alto,"* "I am not the man to be halted," and gave orders to his men to charge and fire. Noticing some reluctance on the part of his men he said that he was not accustomed to fight with men that wore petticoats. Whereupon the brave Captain Don Romualdo Pacheco, father of Ex-Governor Pacheco, answered that he did not wear such appendages, and drawing his sword called to his men to follow him. José Maria Abila then sallied forth from the San Diego side and, with a small derringer, shot and killed Captain Romualdo Pacheco, and with his lance wounded General Victoria, throwing him off his horse.

One of Victoria's soldiers shot Abila, bringing him down, when another of Victoria's men advanced to finish Abila, but before he got to him Abila drew another derringer and shot him, bringing him down. General Victoria then finished Abila with his sword.

At this stage of the battle the San Diego forces retreated back to Los Angeles, and on arriving there disbanded, with the exception of a few who remained with Don Jose Antonio Carillo at the "cuartel" soldiers' quarters. Later in the evening Victoria arrived and halted in the upper portion of the Pueblo. As soon as Don Jose Antonio Carrillo knew of the arrival of Victoria, he in person commenced to beat the drum as if calling the soldiers together. On hearing the beat of the drum Victoria decided not to enter the Pueblo, but sent a communication to Don Pablo de la Portilla, stating that he was ready to turn over the "mando" to him. And here ended Victoria's government. Don Romualdo Pacheco was buried on the 6th of December, in the Catholic Cemetery, and Abila on the 7th.

Upon the arrival of Bandini, Pico, Echandia, and the rest of the party from San Diego, about the 8th or 9th, Don Pio Pico was proclaimed Governor, and took the oath of office in the plaza, in front of the old church, one of the men entering the church by the round window in the front and bringing out the crucifix for the purpose.

Don Luis Zamorano, who at this time was in Monterey, upon hearing of the defeat of Victoria, raised a party against the San Diegans, proclaimed himself ruler, and sent down to Los Angeles one hundred and sixteen men under the command of Lieutenant Juan Maria Ybarra, who took possession of the Pueblo de Los Angeles.

The San Diego party having left for San Diego soon after the defeat of Victoria, Ybarra had no opposition, but upon hearing of Zamorano's movements they were not idle. They began to gather up their forces, and under the command of Captain Barroso, sent about fifty men, with orders to station themselves at the San Gabriel river, at the place called Paso de Bartolo, and await re-inforcements, as they should be sent to him.

Bandini, Pico and two or three others soon followed, and as they came along gathered up all they could, sending couriers to the mountains to get the Indians to join them, to which they responded, gathering in great numbers. Before the arrival of General Echandia the forces at San Gabriel river were about 1,300 or 1,400 strong. Of these about 300 were white and about 1,100 were Indians, all of them mounted and with lances and bows and arrows.

On the day previous to the arrival of Echandia from San Diego, a communication was sent to Ybarra by Captain

Barroso to the effect that if he (Ybarra) should not vacate the Pueblo de Los Angeles by nine o'clock next morning he should be obliged to do it by force of arms. Ybarra heeded the order, and left that very night for the north to report to his chief at Monterey. Gen. Echandia, Bandini, Pico and Captain Barroso entered the Pueblo de Los Angeles with flying colors, and this revolution was a success.

From my historical bonanza other matters were extracted, the most important of which was the fact of Holy inspiration being the cause that induced the founding of the beautiful city, subject matter of the following story, the truth of which is beyond the power of contradiction:

Two months and a hundred years ago three Spanish Dragoons, followed by an Indian leading a sumpter mule, ascended the highest hill or bluff overlooking the present site of Los Angeles, and the Rio Porciuncula, now called Los Angeles river. Having attained the rugged summit, the three soldiers dismounted, and at the order of Sergeant Navarro, the elder, unsaddled and picketed their horses, placed their lances "en pavellon," over which they threw their blankets and thus formed a sort of tent. The sumpter mule having been relieved of its burden, and a "bota" of vino Catalan having been taken therefrom, the Sergeant drew from the pocket of his doublet a small silver cup, filled it, and quaffing the delicious fluid of Catalonia passed the bota and cup to Corporal Quintero who, in like manner, passed the canteen and cup to the soldier, Bannegas, who having followed the example of his superiors, the three seated themselves on their "armas de pelo," cigarritos were produced and the Sergeant with his mecha struck a light, and in silence they smoked. The beauty of the scenery that surrounded them was beyond the power of description. Their faces were turned toward the dark and craggy mountains that overhung the San Gabriel mission, whose white walls and red roofs could be seen in the midst of the sea of sylvan green that surrounded it. The plains and rolling hills had discarded their mantle of green and donned their sere robes of summer. Gazing toward the sun, which had now marked the first segment in the circle of its journey, plains, hills, forests, lakes, rivers, valleys, and towering mountains in splendid panorama met their wondering vision. To the rear of where the three warriors sat and intermediate to the line that marked the verge of the unknown sea in crescent shape lay in silent beauty the shimmering waters of a beautiful lake sheltered from the rude blasts of the ocean by a rampart of kind and protecting hills. To the left for leagues could be traced the serpentine windings of the river, as it swept through the valley toward the western horizon. Obliquely to their rear and looking southward to the sea the waters of the Porciuncula swept by like a silver stripe in a ribbon of green, shaded by the umbrageous white-armed sycamore and the more verdant cottonwood, under whose protecting shades gamboled countless herds of deer and antelope, while still beyond are to be seen rocky islands in the ocean posted like knights in armor guarding the portals of Paradise.

Having in silence taken in this vision of beauty, Corporal Quintero was the first to speak. "Sergeant," said he, "my old and tried friend, at first I greatly marvelled at your leading us to this fatiguing summit, but I now thank you for it. You have been here before, and we having shared with you the hard knocks of many campaigns, you wished to share with us the pleasures of this foresight of Paradise. When did you first discover this magnificent view? It exceeds in beauty anything I ever beheld, even in our beautiful Spain."

"My friend," answered the Sergeant, "it is a strange tale, but true. In a dream, or vision, I beheld this Terrestrial Paradise. Thirty years ago, when yet a boy, before I had buckled on the armor of Spain, approaching my native city of Granada, I stopped to rest on the famous summit called 'The Moor's Last Sigh,' and while drinking in the magnificence of Granada, the beauty of the Vega and the silver sheen of the Guadalquiver in its serpentine windings, I fell into a sound slumber, and in my dreams was transported to this very spot, and instead of my armed comrades, as now, our Blessed Lady, the Angel Queen, stood beside me in a halo of glory, and, after pointing out the surrounding loveliness of Nature, she indicated the spot below us whereon I should found a city that in time should rival and eclipse in magnificence and beauty our famed Granada. That the valley before us would in wealth and productiveness exceed the Vega, and the river that sweeps the valley at our feet would become the theme of song and story even as the sweet Guadalquiver.

"'Found thou here a city,' said the Queen, and in a radiance of glory she ascended from the earth and left me alone. I awoke and found it to be a dream—no! a vision! Such a vision as that of St. John. The vision as we now behold it, save the presence of the queen, has ever been before me. While tossed on the waves of the ocean, I could see it. It was before me on the battlefield, in camp, at the guard post, on the march, ever present, asleep or awake; and now, Corporal, with the help of Our Lady, the favor of God, the permission of Don Felipe, and the assistance of the most reverend, the Father President, I am going to found the city NUESTRA SENORA REINA DE LOS ANGELES. Long have I served the King; thou, Corporal, thou, brave Bannegas, hast grown gray in his service; to-morrow, comrades, let us to His Excellency, Don Felipe de Neve, beg our discharge, gather the few that are free, procure the proper authority, and found a city for Our Lady. I comprehend your thoughts, comrades. I know we are poor. Imperial Rome had a small beginning; so will ours, but there must be a starting point for every enterprise; ours will have the special protection of our Lady Queen, the favor of God, and will grow to be one of the brightest jewels of the earth. Comrades, shall we proceed?"

The Corporal and Bannegas having become possessed of the spirit of the inspiration, with the Sergeant, pledged themselves to the enterprise, and having enjoyed a hearty repast and agreed upon the point whereon to locate the city of Los Angeles, they saddled their horses, struck their tent, and the Indian having repacked the sumpter mule, the small cavalcade took up its line of march to San Gabriel.

On the day following the meeting on the bluff, after mass, guard-mounting and the other military duties at San Gabriel, the good Sergeant Navarro followed by the corporal and Bannegas, presented themselves before Don Felipe de Neve, Governor and Military Comandante of California, laid before him their plans and begged their discharge from the military service of Spain. They, in addition to long service in other parts of the world, had been ten years in California.

At first the Governor was disposed to discourage the foundation of a city, and inquired of the Sergeant where he would procure his "Pobladores."

The Sergeant was prepared for the question, and informed him that himself, the Corporal and Bannegas made three. Then he counted five others at San Gabriel, two at San Diego, and two at San Juan Capistrano, all of whom would join in forming the settlement. The Father President of the missions was then consulted, who having promised material and spiritual aid, on the 26th day of August, 1781, Don Felipe de Neve signed the order directing the foundation of the pueblo, and on the 5th of September, one hundred years ago, the war-scarred veteran, Navarro, bearing the image of Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles, followed by Corporal Quintero with the unfurled banner of Spain, Bannegas carrying the cross to be erected on the Plaza of the new city. Then came the nine other founders followed by the women and children to the number of thirty-six. The mission fathers, the neophytes and nuns of San Gabriel were present, the Governor and military, less the guard, were on the ground to add to the pomp and ceremony of the occasion.

Mid the blare of trumpet, beat of drum and the chant of the priests, the cross was erected, Mass duly solemnized, the Plaza was marked out and the procession of priests, nuns, soldiers, women, children and Indians marched in joyful, yet solemn procession to celebrate the birth of the new city, Queen of the Angels, after which the Governor, the military, the mission fathers, the neophytes and nuns departed for the mission, leaving the brave Sergeant, the Corporal, the soldier Bannegas, their nine coadjutors, their wives and their children in quiet possession of the new born city.

CHAPTER IV.

The Most Useful Man and How He Played it on Friar Juan, of Agua Mansa—His Duel with General Magruder—Juan Largo Versus Juan Chapo—A Wonderful Lawsuit—Myron Norton, Don José, and the Mixed Jury—Cobarrubias.

ONE of my first acquaintances made in the Angelic city was Doctor ——, a most noted character in his day, and he forcibly verified the old adage that "every dog has his day." The Doctor came to California as hospital steward in Stephenson's Pioneer Regiment, which, I am inclined to believe, was the Esculapian fountain from which the learned Doctor drew his first draughts of medical wisdom. The renowned Doctor was a "most useful man," to quote the language of our lamented local historian, and filled many important offices in his day, among which were those of Deputy Sheriff, Constable, Court Interpreter, Notary Public, Town-Crier, Auctioneer, Representative to the State Legislature, and Postmaster. The Doctor first distinguished himself as a local Democratic politician, and made himself prominent, and this is how it was:

In the Presidential canvass of 1852, the two parties, Whig and Democrat, were warmly arrayed one against the other. The Democratic outlook was good, except in one particular precinct, that of Jurupa—and it is here proper to say that Los Angeles County at that time embraced all the territory of San Bernardino, the division having been made in 1854. Old Louis Roubideaux was the lord of Jurupa, that is, he owned and occupied the Jurupa Rancho, and he was a Whig, and could not be won over in any way. The case seemed hopeless, and the doctor was sent out with his saddle-bags full of Democratic tickets to act as a forlorn hope in the cause of the General who threw his horse over his head. Then and there was where the transcendent genius of the embryo politican cropped out. About half way from Jurupa, which was then a military post, to San Bernardino, was situated the most beautiful little settlement I ever saw. It was called "Agua Mansa," meaning gentle water, and was composed entirely of immigrants from New Mexico, numbering some 200 souls—simple, good souls they were, too, primitive in their style of living, kind and hospitable to strangers, rich in all that went to make people happy and content, never having been, up to that time, vexed by the unceremonious calls of the Tax Collector, owing allegiance to none save the simple, kind-hearted old priest who looked after their spiritual welfare, with peace and plenty surrounding them, the good people of Agua Mansa went to make as contented and happy a people as could be found in the universe. In the winter of 1862 a flood in the Santa Ana river swept away their houses, gardens, orchards, vineyards, in fact all of their splendid agricultural lands, leaving nothing save a hideous plain of black boulders and cobble-stones to mark the place where once stood this modern, miniature Eden, which I would fain describe.

There must have been at least fifty voters at Agua Mansa, which had been designated as the voting place for the Jurupa precinct, and to this place hied the noble Doctor as the *avant courier* of American civilization, to give this primitive people their first lesson in the mysteries of American citizenship.

The doctor was a New Yorker, and may have had past experience in the management of elections. In this instance, he not only proved himself an adept, but a perfect master of the business. Arriving at Agua Mansa, he dismounted, tied his hungry mustang, divested himself of his leather Mexican leggins and jingling spurs, and with the sacred saddle-bags on his arm, with solemn step and downcast eyes, he bent his way to the little adobe church that stood on a mound in the center of the quiet village. Arriving at the door he piously uncovered, reverently crossed himself, entered and prostrated himself in front of the humble altar, and was then and there discovered by the simple old priest, who sprinkled him with holy water and offered him sweet words of consolation. Within the next hour the Doctor informed the priest that his piety (the priest's, not the Doctor's) had a world-wide fame, that in the distant land of New York the sacred name of Friar Juan, of Agua Mansa, was a household word among all good Catholics, and he, the Doctor had made a pilgrimage hither to invoke the prayers of the saintly Juan for the repose of the soul of his mother, (the Doctor's mother, not the priest's,) at which period the Doctor slipped a "slug" into the palm of the astonished Juan.

Suffice it to say that prayers and masses were the order of the day, and on the following morning, at the breakfast table, the Doctor informed the priest that an election would be held on that day for President of the United States; that one candidate, General Scott, was a great heretic, and was the tyrant who made war on the Catholics of Mexico; and that it would be a great calamity to the Catholic world should Scott be elected; that Pierce, the other candidate, was a good Catholic, and if elected, would build Catholic churches all over the world, and that it therefore behooved them, as good Catholics, to see that Agua Mansa cast its vote for Pierce. And Agua Mansa did, under the pious instructions of the saintly Juan, subject to the satanic Doctor, vote early and all day for the Democratic candidate, to the great chagrin of old Louis Roubideaux, who felt for the first time that he had lost his influence with the gentle people of Agua Mansa.

Los Angeles—with all its repute as a place of strife and turmoil, the abode of chivalry, the hot-bed of red-handed ruffianism, a place where every man carried his code strapped to his posterior, where street brawls were the order of the day, where all difficulties were settled on the spot, then and there, with bowie knife or revolver—was not, strange to say, save in one instance, to witness a conflict face to face, man to man, according to the code of honor. Only one duel was ever fought in Los Angeles. Only one duel was ever fought in Illinois, and probably for the same reasons. The terrible results of the two duels, the one fought in the Sucker State and the one fought in this angelic burgh, were so horrible in their endings as to deter all future duelistic aspirants from a conflict on the ensanguined field of honor. The only duel ever fought in Illinois was in effect as follows:

The two principals met, and one was killed. The survivor was tried, convicted and hung for murder. The respective seconds were convicted and sentenced to hard labor in the State penitentiary, and, although the Governor was petitioned to pardon or reprieve both the principals and seconds, he proved obdurate, and the seconds served their time out in the penitentiary, and in penal servitude expiated their offence, as did the surviving principal expiate his on the gallows. Thereafter dueling in Illinois became unfashionable, and aspirants for such honors gave that State a wide berth.

The subject of this sketch was one of the participants in this most horrible duel, which I am now going to relate. It occurred in 1852, the valiant Doctor being the challenging party, and John Bankhead Magruder, then Colonel of the Third Artillery, commanding at San Diego, the party challenged. The horrible affair occurred in this wise:

Magruder paid Los Angeles a visit, and the prominent citizens hereof gave the distinguished visitor a public dinner. The Doctor was a most prominent citizen. Magruder loved wine; Magruder also loved women, so it was said. No women, however, were present at the dinner, but wine flowed as wine had never flowed before. The company became exhilarated, conversation became general, and finally the question of great men came up and was generally discussed. Wheeler said that Henry Clay was the greatest of American statesmen. G. Thompson Burrill said that Daniel Webster was the greatest man the world ever produced. Magruder said "Old Hickory Jackson was the greatest man who ever trod shoe-leather." The Doctor said: "*My father, who was Sheriff of Cayuga County, N.Y., was the greatest of all Americans.*" Magruder indignantly looked up, and said that the Doctor "was a d——d fool." A challenge followed; it was accepted, to be settled on the spot, *i.e.*, in the 10x20 dining-room of Harry Monroe's restaurant, on Commercial street; distance, from end to end of the table; weapons, derringer pistols. Wilson Jones, the Doctor's second, got the word, and the principals, without shaking hands, took their respective stations, the majestic form of Magruder towering above that of the diminutive Doctor, who paled and shuddered when brought face to face with the grim-visaged son of Mars. All was suspense. The word was to be: *Ready! fire! One, two, three!* At the word "ready," to the dismay of all, the Doctor blazed away. When the smoke cleared away, to the horror of the valiant disciple of Esculapius, his antagonist stood as stiff and defiant as an avenging demon. The Doctor quailed; Magruder glared savagely on him for a full minute. The spectators, spell-bound, looked on with horrible forebodings. Magruder took two "side steps to the right," which brought him clear of the end of the table. He then advanced the "right foot full to the front," with his glaring eye-balls bent fiercely on the now terrified Doctor. He then brought the left foot up to the rear of the right heel, and leveled his derringer at the ghastly face of the trembling Doctor. Then he advanced the right foot as before, and in this way, with firm and unrelenting tread, he slowly advanced on the now thoroughly frightened Doctor, who made a movement toward the door. The spectators interposed, and cut off the possibility of retreat in that direction. The Doctor tried to flank the Colonel by skirmishing around the table. Magruder faced to the left, as though moving on a pivot, and kept the direful derringer aimed directly at the Doctor's pallid countenance. In the excitement the Doctor ran under the table, crawled through, grasped the knees of the irate hero, and affectionately embracing them, said:

"Colonel Magruder, for the love of God, spare me for my family."

The Colonel gave him a kick, and said:

"D—n you! I'll spare you for the hangman."

And so ended this remarkable duel, which would have ended in "murder most foul" only the derringers aforesaid where then and there only loaded with *powder and bottle corks*, a circumstance only known at the time to the respective seconds.

Magruder deservedly became one of the heavy guns of the war between the States. The Doctor shuffled off this mortal coil somewhere about 1868. Magruder has fired his last shot, and most of the witnesses to that first and last duel in this city of fair name and former evil repute have gone "to the last bourne"—have handed in their mortal checks.

Several scions of chivalry have at various times tried to get up affairs of honor in this city, but when reminded of the horrible fate that befel "the most useful man," their courage failed and they could never be brought to the scratch.

"The most useful man" cast a halo of disgust over the sacred code of honor, and ever since, in Los Angeles, dueling has been regarded as odious and highly dangerous to one's honor.

"The Doctor often acted as Deputy Sheriff," so says the lamented historian. He was once elected Town Constable, so this pious writer avers, and further alleges, that the renowned subject of this sketch was a natural born bailiff. When armed with an execution, he invariably found something to levy on, and woe be to the judgment debtor when the Doctor got after him with the writ.

He could not draw blood out of a turnip, but he could get money out of the most impecunious. He used to play all kinds of "roots" in getting a turn on a man against whom he held the righteous writ. He has been known to treat his victim every day for a month, and cajole him in every conceivable way, until he would thoughtlessly plank down an eight-square slug, and the long fingers of the Doctor would go for it.

"I levy on that," he would say, and away would go the poor devil's coin.

"The most useful man" has been known to hide under the end of a counter a week, waiting for a victim to lay a piece of gold on the counter, and then would come the, "I levy on that." Oh, he was born to be a bailiff, was this "most useful man."

One more anecdote of "the most useful man," and I will hand him over to some future historian who can do full justice to his many and transcendant virtues. About December, 1852, there occurred a most wonderful lawsuit in Los Angeles, in which the Doctor played a prominent part in his ministerial capacity of Constable. The suit occupied our Justice's Court for some two or three weeks; no jury could agree; trial after trial with the same result. The case might be found on the old docket of Thompson Burrill, and would probably read thus:

"Juan Largo vs. Juan Chapo—Suit in Replevin. Subject, a lank old mustang."

Juan Largo was owner in fee simple of many thousands of broad and fertile acres. Juan Largo was the owner of cattle on a thousand hills; he was also the happy possessor of thousands of first-class mustangs. Juan Largo was rich, powerful and happy. Juan Largo was a chief. Juan Chapo was a poor, impecunious manipulator of monte cards, always flat broke; always ready to "watch the game" for the more fortunate of the fraternity; always asking for a "cow," and sometimes borrowing a "stake" with which to play a small game of "short cards;" was a regular "bucker," but never known to make a "tap." Juan Chapo was poor. Of this world's goods he was devoid, save and except one poor, lean, lank, barrel-headed, slab-sided, ewe-necked, sway-backed, flat-footed, bob-tailed mustang, which he was wont to bestride, and, with huge, jingling Mexican spurs, cavort around the Plaza and up and down Main street, imagining himself to be the envy of scowling Dons and the admired of all the señoras and señoritas in the city so famed for the beauty of its ladies. That lank apology for a horse was the sum total of the worldly wealth of poor Juan Chapo. Strange to say, that miserable mustang was coveted by the lordly Juan Largo, who explained by saying: "The value of the horse to me is as chaff, but there are family traditions connected with that horse that makes him dear to my heart. He has been stolen; he bears my brand and I am bound to have him." Hence the suit in replevin. Strange, that the great chief in his wisdom failed to bethink him that the impecunious Chapo would have been more than willing to part with this relic of barbarism for the paltry consideration of about $12.50. However, the mighty Largo had assumed his war paint, and his voice was for war. The main difficulty in the suit was in determining the brand, the particular brand belonging and appertaining to Juan Largo; for, be it known, that lank Mexican mustang was covered with brands on his hind quarters and his fore quarters, brands on the top of brands, and had evidently been in the possession of all the Hidalgos from the time of the glorious Conquistador down to the time of the humble Juan Chapo, whose brand had not been burned into the frizzled and fried hide of the poor brute, for the reason only that Juan Chapo was too poor to own a brand, and had not bethought him to borrow one. One jury failed to agree and was discharged; another was impaneled and sworn. This jury insisted on having the beast shaved in order that the brand might be more easily discovered. A requisition was accordingly made on the tonsorial skill of Peter Biggs, who, in the presence of the Court, Jury and congregated crowd of gamblers and hard cases, proceeded to denude the horrid creature of every hair, from his jaw-bones to the root of his tail, leaving him as sleek and smooth as the hairless dog Doña Concha. The Jury viewed the shorn monster and were more mystified than ever. There were too many brands. Where dim outlines of Juan Largo's brand could be traced, a half-dozen others would traverse it in all possible directions. This Jury failed to agree. Another was drummed up and mustered in, one of whom bethought him of a great expert in brands, and if Juan Largo's brand had ever been burned into the hide of that horrible horse, then Don Jose, the expert, could explain and discern it. Don Jose, who dwelt beyond the Santa Ana, was accordingly sent for. In the meantime the jury gravely discussed the momentous question. This was an "intelligent jury;" so said the Court. It was a mixed jury, so far as color and nationality went; so says the author. A very intelligent idea entered the twelve wise heads, in form and effect as follows:

They procured the services of a draughtsman and some transparent tracing paper, which was applied to the side of the astonished bronco, and a traced copy of the manifold and many brands was obtained, and spread out on the table in front of the Court and jury for Don Jose's inspection when he should arrive, it being deemed advisable for him to first pass upon the brands before seeing the horse. In due time the Don put in an appearance, only too proud to be regarded as so great an expert. The trace of the brands was spread out before him, and he was requested to explain.

He examined it in many ways; he viewed it from a front position; took an oblique squint at it; closed one eye and saw it; he examined it first one side up and then the other side. One irreverent juror was about to suggest that he had better stand on his head and look at it. An outsider said he had better put a wet blanket over his head and see it that way.

The Court finally addressed itself to the great expert, and said:

"Well, Don Jose, what do you make out of that?"

"Quien sabe," was the reply. "It greatly resembles the map of Sonora."

This jury also failed to agree, but the suit was not yet at an end. Another jury was ordered. In the meantime it was agreed between our esteemed old friend, Judge Myron Norton, who was counsel for the impecunious Chapo, and the lordly Juan Largo, that the controversy should be settled by "gage of billiards," and that the game should be played by the Judge and Largo himself. The author has no hesitation in saying that that game of billiards, played in the "El Dorado" of revered memory, was witnessed with greater interest than was ever before given to a game of equal importance. The game was long, well played, and every shot delivered with all the cool calculation demanded by the great stake played for. Every available space not required by the contestants was occupied by the eager and excited spectators; the house was crowded to suffocation; anxious faces peered in at the windows; sharp eyes peeped through every crink and cranny of the frail house. The tall looked over the shoulders of the low in stature, and for three days the game went on. Hughes' bottles were filled, refilled, and again emptied; demijons were squeezed, and Hughes sent out for a further supply, when all at once an immense cheer went up that shook the plaza like an earthquake. Myron Norton had won the game. The mustang was poor Juan Chapo's.

Norton was triumphantly raised on the shoulders of his friends; Juan Largo was carried out on a raw-hide. Cheer upon cheer went up for Norton, and Juan Chapo and the angels went on a general bust for the night. Imagine, then, the consternation of the enraged multitude when it was announced on the following day that the recreant Largo refused to abide by the result of the game of billiards, and still laid claim to the poor horse, and still pressed his suit before Judge Thompson Burrill. Judge Norton vituperated; poor Chapo swore in both English and Spanish; and the hard cases spoke in terms by no means complimentary to the lordly Juan Largo.

A new jury had been impaneled and sworn, and the gay and chivalrous Norton, and the now grim-visaged little Juan Chapo, posted on his left and rear, again came to the legal scratch. For two more wearisome days the contest waxed warm for the possession of the poor tormented mustang. The case went to the jury who were out all night (on a bust), and on the opening of Court in the morning came in with a verdict for the now exultant Juan Largo. Juan Chapo consoled himself by saying: "Well, I've lost my horse, but old Largo has to pay the costs," which was really the case, being a suit in replevin, surety for the costs had been duly filed, and oh! horror of horrors! that bill of costs! They knew then how to tax the costs, not quite so well as now, but still they knew how to pile them up in those early days of litigation, and the Doctor knew how to collect them. He and Thompson had caught a fat goose and they knew how to pluck him, and pluck him they did without mercy. The lordly Juan Largo had won a costly victory. The costs amounted to more than $3,000.

During the long and wearisome trial before the last jury, the punctilious Court, now grown impatient, fined a delinquent juror $20 for contempt. Change was so scarce at the time, that it was quite impossible to change a $50 piece, so the juror defiantly flung a slug on the table and said, "change that if you can, and take your fine," feeling confident the Court would be unable to break the coin.

"*I levy on that,*" said the Doctor, pouncing upon the slug, to the surprise and consternation of the discomfited and now thoroughly subdued arbiter of justice.

Oh! he was the very prince of bailiffs, was that "most useful man."

To the mind of an American patriot the two most important events in California pioneer history was the raising of the first American flag at Monterey and the admission of the State in the social circle of the Union, and the reception of the news of that important act of September 9th, 1850. Next in importance, politically, was the first vote cast in California for President of the United States, as aforesaid; and the transmission of the electoral vote to Washington will, in this chapter of truthful history, be the subject of a reminiscent sketch of a pioneer of ponderous political proportions. But, first, I must tell something about the first flag and the first flagstaff at Monterey. The world gives Fremont the credit of planting that historical pole and nailing thereto the flag of our country. The world in this instance is mistaken. That eminent but modest soldier and patriot, General George Stoneman, is the man in question.

There must have been an immense number of people engaged in raising that original Monterey flag, as, within the last fifteen years I've known at least five hundred persons who claimed the honor individually and non-collectively, the last of whom is Captain Lewis G. Green, the colored janitor of the Los Angeles Court House. Strange it is, but true, I have never known a man to claim the honor of firing cannon at San Francisco and Sacramento or any other place on the reception of the admission news, though a great amount of gunpowder was burnt in honor of that event. The joyful announcement reached Sacramento during the night. About the middle of October, 1850, before daylight, a cannon was, I believe, brought in from Sutter's Fort, ran into position at the foot of J street, and commencing at the exact minute of sunrise fired a national salute. Having just come down from the Deer Creek gold washings, our party was encamped under the historical live oak on the levee opposite the gun, (bad luck to the man who cut it down). Those cannoneers must have all died or disappeared, otherwise we would hear of or from them.

General Cobarrubias was the eminent character who bore the California electoral vote of 1852 to our country's capital to be cast for Franklin Pierce as President of the United States.

It was a very pretty and delicate compliment in appointing a native of California and a Mexican to cast our first electoral vote. There was chivalry in the act; and why not! Was not California then the double-distilled quintescence of chivalry? General Cobarrubias was an out-and-out representative of the chivalry of the times Elegant in his manners and appearance; speaking English and French as well as his native Spanish, a thorough politician withal, he became a power in the land, and among the politicians of early days he was of great importance.

The General was convivial in the fullest sense of the word. Yes, he was bibulous. He could drink an English lord under the table at any time, place, or under any circumstances whatever. Many is the "bout" he had with Ned McGowan, John McDougall, Elkin Heydenfeldt, Ipsydoodle Ferguson and their friends, the most eminent drinkers of the day, all of whom fell before his remarkable powers of absorption, unless, perchance, the ubiquitous McGowan.

Soon after his return from his mission to the Electoral College he paid Los Angeles a visit of honor (Gen. Cobarrubias resided at Santa Barbara), and was taken in charge by the leading Democrats of the city, and given a public dinner at the Café Barriere. Among the guests present were those renowned *bon vivants*, Myron Norton, Ezra Drown, Charles Edward Carr, Ogier and Brent, who, being aware of the General's wonderful powers of endurance, resolved to mix his wine with brandy, and place him *hors du combat*.

The festive board was spread and the guests were seated at 8 o'clock sharp, and the bibulous battle began in good earnest. At midnight many who were active at the opening of the festive artillery began to retire. Norton was top heavy; Drown was half-seas-over; Carr was waterlogged, and Ogier was in search of soundings whereon to cast his anchor. The General was as cool and level-headed as was Farragut while running the forts of the Mississippi. At 3 o'clock Madame Barriere and her corps of waiters retired from the field, leaving the level-headed Cobarrubias engaged in drawing the cork from a fresh bottle, and smilingly contemplating the maudlin antics of his befuddled entertainers. Daylight came, and the Madame heard the bell ringing in the dining-room, and repairing thither, what a sight met her astonished gaze. General Cobarrubias was sitting in his place at the head of the table, smoking his cigar and reading a newspaper, and the flower of American chivalry were laying around promiscuously, and under the table. "Madame," said the hero, gracefully waving his hand toward his fallen comrades (?), "what queer people these Americans are. They fight valiantly, but always fall early in the action. They have no bottom. You may bring me a bottle of cognac, after drinking which I can stand three soft-boiled eggs and a cup of coffee."

A great man was General Cobarrubias. The pomp and circumstance of the Democratic politicians of San Francisco escorted the General to the steamer, saw him safely quartered in the finest state-room on board, where a deluge of wine was turned on, and continued to flow until the steamer was brought to and overhauled off Meigg's Wharf, where the escort left the steamer, which majestically and like a thing of life swept past the Golden Gate, bearing Cæsar and his fortunes.

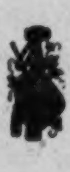
The General had the seat of honor at the ship's table, and wined every man and woman at the table who would be wined, and my memory faileth me in my attempt to remember a single soul in '52 who would refuse to be wined.

The General dispensed a bibulous hospitality in his stateroom, gave private wine suppers in the ship's cabin at late hours. The consequence was that when the steamer reached Panama the ship's storekeeper presented the General with a bill of $3,000 for wine on the fortnight's voyage. Oh! genius, where dost thou dwell, and where is the place of thy nativity? Paris? Berlin? London? or the other capitals of the old world? New York? Boston? or Washington, with thy superlative dead-head, Beau Hickman? Yes! all of you have given birth to men of genius who have electrified the world, all of whom have been pigmies as compared with this magnificent Barbareño, whose genius cropped out and made itself as manifest as a native quartz ledge, for, when this Brobdignagian liquor bill was spread out before the General he only cast his eye upon the following figures, to-wit, $3,000, when coolly and without a word he drew his check for the amount on the *National Democratic Committee*, pocketed the bill, said "*Esta bueno*," invited the storekeeper and purser to his stateroom to finish up a few bottles, then, entering a boat, the General landed at Darien to pass over the same road marked out by his illustrious countryman, Nuñez de Balboa. On the Atlantic side the same game was played with about the same result. When the steamer came to off Sandy Hook the news went flying to New York that Gen. Cobarrubias, a Mexican Grandee of unlimited wealth, was on board, bearing the electoral vote of California. The result was when the steamer drew alongside her wharf, all Tammany was on hand to receive, do honor to, and escort the General to quarters prepared for him at the Astor House. The New York Democracy had a lion for a guest, and they showed him around. His reception was equal to those given to Gen. Grant on his voyage around the world.

What! A former Mexican General, a California Grandee! New York went wild over him, and Tammany appointed a committee to escort him to the capital, and he was not permitted to spend a dollar while in the land of Knickerbocker or on his way to and from the capital. Discharging his duties at the Electoral College, by presenting the vote of California in a grandiloquent speech, in which he pledged his State to the Democracy for all time, and after lionizing in Washington, the Californian returned with his Tammany escort to Manhattan, and, being wined, dined and lionized a second time, was duly shipped off to his native State.

Drawing his check on "the Committee" at the Isthmus for his wine bill, which for the last time he repeated at San Francisco. His wine checks were duly honored by the National Committee, to the tune of about $10,000. And why not? Notwithstanding the General's acres were very wide, and his purse it was quite narrow, still he was a General, a California Grandee, and the National Democracy felt honored in having such an eminent person cast the virgin vote of the young State.

The great man is long since dead. The mantle of magnificence which enveloped the graceful form of the father has descended in diminished grandeur, and rests on the shoulders of a worthy son (a small chip of the old block), and the name of Cobarrubias is still of weighty consequence in this consequentially great country.



CHAPTER V.

Spanish Families—Good Society—A First-class Mexican Ball—Ranchero Hospitality—Captain J. Q. A. Stanley, R. S. Den, Bandini and Others—Washington's Birthday Ball in 1853—Assault and Hard Fighting—The Dead—Myron Norton Wounded—The Angels on a War Footing—Andres Pico Commands the Peace—The Mission Indians Adopt Gringo Customs and Hang a Man—Mission Squirrels Versus Mission Bells.

WHEN the writer came to Los Angeles, notwithstanding the disjointed state of affairs, society was really good; better, the writer ventures the assertion, than at present, or than may reasonably be expected within the next decade. Prior to and at that time the old wealthy and intelligent Spanish families had formed a strictly exclusive class. They went to make up the aristocracy of this country, and dispensed a liberal hospitality that did honor to them as a people, as well as to the more favored class of Americans who were so fortunate as to gain admission to their circles. Many of them, especially the well-fixed rancheros, dispensed a baronial hospitality, and they could well afford it.

Soon after my arrival in Los Angeles it was my good fortune to attend a first-class ball at the house of Don Jose Antonio Carrillo, a first-class citizen, one who had been honored with a seat in the Sovereign Congress of Mexico. He had also been the military head of the country, and was at the head of native California *ton*.

The ball was the first of the season, and was attended by the *elite* of the country from San Diego to Monterey. The dancing hall was large, with a floor as polished as a bowling saloon. The music was excellent—one splendid performer on an immense harp.

The assembled company was not only elegant—it was surpassingly brilliant. The dresses of both ladies and gentlemen could not be surpassed in expensive elegance. The fashions of the gringo world had made little innovation on the gorgeous and expensive attire of the country as to the gentlemen, while the ladies were resplendent in all the expense of fashion that could be supplied by unlimited resources. The writer had read Major Emery's book on California, in which, after lauding the California horsemen above the Comanche Indian and the Bedouin Arab, he went on to say that "the ladies excelled in dancing more than did the men in horsemanship."

Being thus prepared, the writer expected to witness reasonably elegant Terpsichorean performances, but the dancing on that occasion was something more than elegant, it was wonderful, while the most dignified and staid decorum was observed to the end of the festivities, which broke up about two o'clock in the morning. It was at this ball that I first met my old Ranger comrade, Captain J. Q. A. Stanley. Among other distinguished characters at the ball were the celebrated Juan Bandini, a learned man of the country, Doctor Don Ricardo Den of generous and chivalrous memory, who being a subject of Great Britain during the war with Mexico, gave his services gratuitously to both sides in the war, and deservedly won the love and gratitude of all, and Don Tomas Sanchez, a true son of chivalry, who had wielded a good lance at San Pascual.

Some two and-a-half months thereafter we had one of those very elegant and exclusive affairs that ended in blood, its very exclusiveness being the cause of its very sanguinary termination. The ball was given at the house of Don Abel Stearns, a very wealthy American, on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1853, and was a grand and patriotic affair, but very exclusive. Somehow or other two or three gamblers were invited guests at the ball, which gave grave offence to the fraternity in general, among whom were many first class Americans, good and patriotic fellows, who loved their country and venerated the name of the immortal hero in honor of whose memory the grand affair was gotten up. These gentlemen maintained that on national occasions one American was as good as another, and that the whole community were on an equal footing, and that to attempt an exclusive national celebration was tomfoolery of the first order. So about two hundred of them assembled to "bust up" and disperse the exclusive humbug. The first move was to get the old cannon, which had grown rusty for lack of revolutions, and place it in position directly in front of the house and bearing on one of the doors. They then procured a large beam, to be used as a battering ram when the time arrived for the general assault—all of which was done with the utmost silence.

At about midnight, when the patriotic dancing was at fever heat, and everything was hilarious within, the old gun was let off, and the battering-ram was driven with terrific force against the other door. Fortunately the cannon was badly trained, and the charge missed the door. The battering-ram, however, did its work well, and the door burst in with a tremendous crash. It fortunately happened that one game little fellow, who was one of the exclusives, was dancing directly in front of the burst-in door, and had a battery of Colts buckled to him, either of which was nearly as large as himself.

This patriotic exclusive stepped directly to the door and plugged the first gentleman who attempted to enter. Then another, and another, and by this time the affair had assumed all the beautiful proportions of a first-class revolution, and the firing became general. Of the assailants several were shot down, and the assault effectually repulsed; while of the exclusives but one man was wounded, and he the gay and festive Myron Norton, the chivalric vanquisher of the great Largo in that memorable game of billiards heretofore referred to. The brilliant Norton received a gentle perforation, that placed him *hors du combat* for some time thereafter.

For the next few days the Angels were on a war footing; the community was divided; the defeated gamblers swore vengeance; the well-heeled exclusives were on the alert, determined not to be taken unawares; a general conflict seemed imminent; on retiring at night doors were barricaded and arms carefully examined; a silent, moody gloom prevailed; the gamblers would meet in groups and menacingly discuss the situation; the business part of the community was greatly alarmed. Confidence was only restored when Don Andres Pico came out and gave the gamblers to emphatically understand that, on the first hostile demonstration, he would raise the native Californians *en masse* against them, and that he would not be responsible for the consequences. It nevertheless took months to cool off the bad blood engendered by that affair of the 22nd of February, 1853, and for some time individual collisions were of frequent occurrence.

I had now been several months in the city of the Angels, and had not as yet visited the Mission of San Gabriel. So one Monday morning I mounted a fiery mustang, and hied me over the beautiful green prairie sward to that interesting and classic spot.

The reader who now journeys over the nine miles of intervening hill and dale between Los Angeles and San Gabriel, has to draw very forcibly on his imagination to take in the landscape as it then was. At the time referred to the writer saw at least 10,000 head of horses pasturing on the rich and verdant plain, their number seeming without limit, while here and there could be seen the picturesque figure of the Lasador in the same unique costume worn five hundred years ago in the Vega of Grenada, or on the plains of Morocco. The landscape was romantic and lively in those early times, as now it is gloomy and monotonous. The lazy sheep-herder, with his dusty flock, has driven out the snorting mustang and his dashing rider.

I necessarily felt a great exhilaration of spirits on arriving at the Mission. The beautiful morning, the bracing air, the grand mountain scenery in front of me. The enlivening scene constantly present, the splendid gait of my well-broken charger (the word *mustang* would be an insult to the noble horse ridden on that occasion), all tended to inspire a buoyancy of feeling that prepared the writer to enjoy whatever of the pleasant might present itself at the Mission. I rode up to "Headquarters" and was met by a very handsome black bearded young man by name Roy Bean, brother and successor of General Josh Bean. The General had been the proprietor of the "Headquarters," the first grog-shop of the place. Roy was dressed in elegant Mexican costume, with a pair of revolvers in his belt, while a bowie knife was neatly sheathed in one of his red-topped boots. I inquired if I could get barley for my horse. "Yes," said he, "as soon as Vicente comes in."

"When will Vicente come in?" I inquired.

"When they get through hanging that fellow," said he.

"What fellow?" said I.

"Oh!" said he, "the Injuns have began to learn the white man's tricks. By ——!" said he with a laugh, "look! Isn't that rich?"

While thus conversing my attention was drawn up the road some 200 yards to the west, to a large crowd of Mexicans and Indians, men, women and children, on foot and on horseback, and when Roy laughed and said "Isn't that rich?" I saw a man go directly upward to the limb of a tree and there remain until an hour later, when, with a feeling in strange contrast with the exhilaration felt on approaching the pleasant looking place, I took my departure without getting the feed of barley for my gallant little charger. After crossing the arroyo, and being about a half mile away, I halted, turned my horse's head, and there still hung the poor victim dangling in the air. At the same time there went up a wail of despair, as though from the friends and relatives of the murdered Indian. When Roy said "Isn't that rich?" he concluded with: "Watch my front door and see that no d—d thief steals my whisky," and without another word hastily mounted his horse and dashed off to the place of execution, evidently intent on more readily drinking in the rapture of the occasion. During the hour I spent at that happy place, I learned the reason of the hanging of the poor Indian.

At the time there were three great grog-shops at the Mission; all kept by Americans; all doing a smashing business, especially on Sundays, when from early dawn till late at night these devil's workshops would be surrounded by a mass of drunken, howling Indians. About sundown the smashing business would begin in good earnest; that is to say, these gentle aboriginal Christians would commence to smash in each other's skulls. Now you see the kind of a "smashing" business carried on by our three honorable contrymen in addition to getting the Indian's coin.

The "Headquarters," the most aristocratic of the three grog-shops, was situated at the southwest corner of the then great Mission building; the sign was painted in large black letters on the clean whitewashed front of the building. The place was certainly the "Headquarters" of all the lazzaroni of the country. Judging from the crowd of vagabonds who put in an immediate appearance after the summary disposition of the Indian, Roy's head was quite level when he said "the d—d thieves will steal my whisky."

Why the place was called "Headquarters" I failed to learn, but most probably the reason was as before stated, or perhaps because it was such a famous place for splitting and quartering heads, a pastime that the elevated Indian, whose obituary I must now attend to, had been engaged in; that is to say, he quartered the head of a fellow aboriginee at the "Headquarters" on the previous night, was placed in durance, and forthwith, on the following morning, carried before His Honor Judge Dennison, a "duly elected and qualified Justice of the Peace," and Associate Judge of the Court of Sessions of the county. The Judge held his Court at the grog-shop of Frank Carroll, who hung out in the beautiful cottage residence of one of the Mission Fathers, situated in the Old Mission orange grove. Frank, with that remarkable spirit of enterprise which characterized many of our early settlers, had jumped the Fathers' cottage, and there fixed his pioneer roof-tree and hung out his sign, and dispensed the invigorating fluid to both man and beast.

The Judge, who was more towering in his ambition, jumped the orange grove, and became the original shipper of the golden fruit to the San Francisco market. The Judge was engaged in a quiet game of "old sledge" with one of Frank's customers, for the morning nips, when the Indian was brought into Court. He very gravely laid down his hand and inquired what the matter was. When informed of the nature of the offence he picked up his cards, sipped his cocktail, and remarked in Spanish: "Well, you had better take him out and hang him," and then continued his game without further interruption; and the sentence of the Court was carried into immediate execution, as before shown.

The Mission is a classic spot, and well it may be. Classical writers have written, and become enthusiastic in writing, about the old crumbling adobe walls. One of the more inspired, in referring to the old church and the churchyard, uses the following language, drawing on Longfellow for help:

"Lingering around the charmed precincts of this venerable pile (meaning the church), my footsteps led me unconsciously to that portion of the grounds set apart as the City of the

Dead. Here, among these unmarked graves, might Evangeline have come, if her long wanderings had led her to this, as they did to the 'Mission of the Black Robes,' where her Gabriel was to her so near and yet so far."

The writer assumes that Evangeline didn't come, and if her Gabriel had been laid away in that old graveyard, then Gabriel would have been in the extreme of bad luck, and the writer feels confident that the reader will readily agree with him that if Evangeline had been stationed at the "venerable pile" as a military outlook for a month or two, as was the writer, and had observed the tolling of the Mission bells at each consecutive funeral, and had observed the manœuvers of the interesting Mission squirrels that burrowed in the protecting artificial mounds formed by the crumbling walls, the squirrels coming in greedy haste at the doleful summons of the tolling Mission bells, Evangeline would have wished her Gabriel in a more secure and less frequented place.

Now, as a matter of fact, the writer, in his early military career in the summer of 1853, was stationed at the "venerable pile" as a Ranger Scout, a sort of an individual corps of observation, and while one day sauntering around the City of the Dead, making observations and taking notes in his mind, his attention was arrested by the deep tolling of the Mission bells, which gave notice of the commencement of the journey of some departed spirit to the unknown bourne. The young military observer halted, sat his carbine against the old crumbling wall of the churchyard, and with grave demeanor awaited the coming funeral.

"D-o-n-g, d-o-n-g, d-o-n-g," went the Mission bells.

"Chirp, chirp, chirp, rippity-skip," came a troupe of Mission squirrels. In a moment the wall was covered with them, all sitting as erect as a Sergeant-Major at guard-mount—their little thumbs on the ends of their little noses, while their little fingers would seem to girate in a derisive and playful manner at the venerable old coffee-colored sexton, who thoughtfully leaned on his ancient spade beside the new-made grave.

This grave historian was lost in thought. "T-o-l-l; t-o-l-l; t-o-l-l," went the Mission bells. "Chatter, chatter, chatter," sang the happy and expectant Mission squirrels.

The funeral procession arrived, each mourner in line, armed with a burning tallow candle. The solemn services of the church were soon at an end. The sepulchral sound of the earth being thrown into the grave, the "t-o-l-l, t-o-l-l, t-o-l-l," of the Mission bells, the mournful wail of the near relatives of the departed soul, the happy "chirp, chirp, chatter, chatter, chatter," of the triumphant Mission squirrels, and the sorrowful procession filed away from the grave and departed.

When the Mission bells ceased their tolling, the happy Mission squirrels galloped around the old wall, frisking and chattering apparently to each other with a seeming human intelligence.

The Mission squirrel smiles as he listens,
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows of the funeral coming,
By the toll of the bells in the holy place.

When all was silent as a grave-yard, except the chattering squirrels, the young Ranger entered, and, approaching the sombre old sexton, respectfully inquired if the squirrels always came to the funerals.

"Si, señor, siempre" (yes, sir, always), said he.

"How is it?" said the Ranger. "Why do they come?"

"Quien sabe," said the old grave-digger, "estos animalitos son muy inteligentes." (These little fellows are very intelligent.)

"Do they come at vesper ringing?" inquired the Ranger.

"Nunca," said the grave-digger, "y porque?" (Never, and why should they?)

"Do they come when the happy ringing calls the pious to mass?" asked the Ranger.

"Never," said the Sexton. "Did I not tell you they were intelligent animals?"

"And they only come to funerals then," once more ventured the Ranger.

"They only come to the funerals," said the serious Sexton as he shouldered his shovel, and with grave and measured tread left the graveyard.

This most truthful historian solemnly asseverates that such was really the case; that those Mission bells might ring all day, as they frequently did on joyous occasions, without disturbing the equanimity of a single squirrel: But just let the bell give one "t-o-l-l," and the scene that has been depicted would invariably be repeated.

Surely the old Sexton spoke the truth when he said, "these little fellows are very intelligent." Their intelligence seemed almost cannibal.

Now, does the reader for one moment suppose that if "Evangeline" had come and witnessed such a funeral as the one seen by the Ranger, she might, in the solemn hush of eventide, have

"Sat by some nameless grave,
And thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest,
And longed to slumber beside him."

Evangeline would not by any manner of means have been so stupid. She would have been frightened away by the squirrels.

Poets have exhausted their fire about the Mission bells, but it has been left to this humble military scribe to attempt to do justice to the remarkable intelligence of those Mission squirrels.

The writer, in pursuing the direct road of veracity, will not scruple in tearing off masks and fancy dresses, when presented in disguise, for the benefit of posterity, and will venture only so far as he can have the assistance of the bull's-eye of truth, and will in his truthful narration always neglect the will-o'-the-wisp of mere romance.

The classical writer of "Semi-Tropical California," who made us all rich with the flourish of his pen, goes on in rapturous musings in laudation of the "venerable pile," and says: "But it is time these musings had an end. It is vesper hour. Long, long years ago, grandees and high-born dames, men and women in middle rank in life, and peasants, some bowed with age, and children of tender years, stood round a seething furnace in Old Spain. Ornaments of gold and silver were flung into the fiery mass. Anon a chime of bells came from the master's hand. With prayer and chant and benediction, they were given to the keeping of a galleon, bound for this far-off land. Propitious winds bore them in safety to the old embarcadero of the Mission of San Gabriel. For many and many a year the bells have flung their silvery music on the evening air."

How very romantic all this would be, were it not masked in the thinnest gauze.

The writer visited Panama in 1856, and the first thing shown him by an enthusiastic Panameño was one of Harper's Monthlies, which gave the same account of the origin of the "bells of Panama," and the same story is repeated as to every bell in Spanish America, especially if written about by adventurous American newspaper romancers. If not romance, but fact, then the "grandees," "dames," and "men and women in middle rank of life," and "peasants," must have had immense superfluity of gold and silver ornaments. I do remember, however, that in 1855 there was a great earthquake, that shook the Mission bells so hard that their ancient rawhide fastenings gave way, and some of the bells came down with a crash.

CHAPTER VI.

A Grand Character—An Old-time Election in Los Angeles—Capturing Voters, the Modus Operandi—Disguising Sovereigns—Old Payuche—History Repeats Itself—The Registrar of the Land Office Dines Off the Nose of the U. S. District Attorney—The Judge and the Pet Deer—Lafayette Cotton and the Register—An Overdose of Buckshot.

THE reader is now brought to May, 1853, and all of the important transactions occurring from the time the writer arrived up to that date have been generally referred to, with all important digressions. It was the intention of this very impartial chronicler to mention several great local historical characters before touching on any other great events. One character, whose acquaintance the writer made about a month after his arrival, has been intentionally postponed from time to time, for the reason that so far he felt his utter inability to do justice to the greatest and most sublime character, possibly, the world has ever known—certainly the grandest genius the author has ever had the honor of knowing, and he has known and stood in the presence of many eminent characters, even royalty; that is to say, this humble subscriber has stood in the presence of, sat in the palace with, and drank unadulterated rum out of the same calabash with His Royal Majesty George Frederick Clarence, the great ruler of the Mosquito Kingdom, and the favorite protege of the Imperial Victoria. The reader can now readily perceive that the author has been a person of great consequence, and will wonder that any Republican American could have survived so much honor.

The writer reiterates that he has associated on terms of easy familiarity with many great and illustrious persons, extending all the way from the Mosquito King to Round-House George, but never felt his utter insignificance as an individual until brought into the presence of the great Angel of this angelic town, a man greatest among the great, one who carved his name on the history of every country he ever honored with his presence, extending all the way from the white cliffs of Albion to the piratical Soo Loo Archiepelago.

Now does the reader wonder that this timid writer has so long hesitated, and still hesitates to even attempt to give to the world the history of one so illustrious. Such a person actually dwells among us mundane angels, and the author will devote one whole future chapter in giving to posterity a true biography of this world-renowned angel, and will now proceed to inform the reader of the way, form and style of an ancient and original municipal election in the city of angels.

Los Angeles polled a very great vote in the happy times of pioneer elections. With her population of 5,000, a greater number of votes were deposited in the ballot-boxes than at present, with our four times greater number of noses, and it will now be the duty of the writer to attempt to explain the modus operandi of getting four or five votes out of each sovereign voter.

May Day election arrived. The sun of Austerlitz rose in all the splendor only known to this sunny clime. Before he cast his first glittering rays on "Gallows Hill," so styled at the time by some profane people, the whole population seemed thoroughly aroused to the importance of the great event. Anxious looking individuals could be seen with pockets full of tickets, hurrying towards the plaza, the nigger-alley corner of which was the polling place. By 8 o'clock A. M. several old army ambulances, ablaze with banners bearing the name of some candidate, commenced driving up and down the principal streets at a furious pace, while one immense wagon with a full band of Mexican circus performers, drove up and down the streets with a regular force of skirmishers and flankers thrown out, capturing and bringing in to the great wagon American citizens to be used as stepping stones to the fortune of some aspiring local politician. When the wagon was filled to its utmost capacity the music would cease, and the great vehicle would be driven in all haste to the polls, and the captured sovereigns would be taken out and marched up to the ballot-box, and after an immense amount of skirmishing and squabbling, for be it known they were not quietly permitted to vote, as the friends and strikers of opposing candidates made every possible effort to change the ticket on the voters as they stood in line waiting their turn. The duties of American citizenship were finally discharged, and one might suppose the victims were quietly permitted to depart. Not so, however, they were immediately taken in charge by another detachment of the candidates who had first made the capture and duly marched off, for what purpose, or where, only the initiated at that time could know. In a brief space of time, however, the same crowd would return to the polls, and for the second time duly discharge the duties of freemen, and will the writer's veracity be questioned when he asseverates that this herd of captured voters would be voted at least five times during the day, and every one of them would in all probability be Mexican and frequently aboriginal Indians, and in no wise entitled to vote.

The *modus* was in this wise: After voting the first time, which would be under gentle pressure, they would be taken to an improvised barber-shop, and their long hair cropped and being otherwise disguised, and then returned to the polls and voted under an assumed name; they would then return to the shaving place and go through another operation, and a possible whitewashing, another name would be given the citizen, also another drink and another dollar, and another vote would be polled for some enterprising candidate. Voting in early times used to be a lucrative business, and voters were considered valuable according to the facility offered for disguising one's self. *Old Payuche*, who at this day honors our chain-gang with his valuable services, used to be (as I am informed by an old politician, who is yet in the harness) disguised and voted five times at each successive election. Times have materially changed; at the present time the voters shave the candidates, in place of being shaved, as in the happy times long gone by.

Peter Biggs was in his glory on that election day. His shop and its various branches were crowded all day.

It was astonishing the amount of silver in circulation on that day. Mexican dollars were as abundant as $50 slugs, and more so, a dollar being the price of a vote. The reader will at once inquire, as did the innocent chronicler at the time, why so much strife, so much manœuvring, such an expenditure of cash, when the annual salary of the Mayor, who was at the head of the ticket, was only $500. The Councilmen drew no pay, the Marshal's perquisites were small; the Assessor also got $500. The explanation is that this angelic city had a grand domain to be disposed of, the foundation of future jobs, and land operations were to be planned and fixed up with a view to future profit, and that was why such stupendous efforts were made to carry the election in May, 1853. It is not necessary to inform the reader what gentlemen were honored with the people's preference on that memorable day, only, as before stated, the gay and festive hangman was elected Marshal, and the people raised Old Nick on that occasion. They set a bad precedent, that has been improved and refined, until at this day we have the most skilfully managed elections that could be imagined outside the infernal regions.

That "history repeats itself" is an undisputed truism. That "virtue hath its own reward" is a maxim even older than "Poor Richard's Almanac." That "punishment is sure to follow the wrong doer," we have all had ample experience. Then, to be brief and to the point, let me inform the reader that the same horrible punishment inflicted on the unfortunate Marshal by the infuriated Attorney, heretofore referred to as having occurred at Madame Barriere's, at the time the bar went on a bust, was inflicted on the great Federal legal light, by the enlightened and highly civilized gentleman who did such wonderful honor to the best government in the sinecure position of Registrar of the United States Land Office. Sinecure, I say, because the officers were appointed before the land was even surveyed. That is to say, the two dignitaries were quietly supping together in one of the back rooms of the "Montgomery," when the pioneer legal representative of the Government emptied a plate of soup full in the face of the Land Office man, who, not in the least disturbed in his cool equanimity, quietly proceeded to lay the attorney across the table and deliberately bite off about an inch of that great Federal nose. Unfortunately for the dignity of the Government, the amateur surgeon who stitched on that nose made a nice graft of it, only he put it on upside down, which made it seem as though the Government man was always turning up his nose at more humble persons, while the fact was that the attorney was one of the most democratic of mankind, and would drink often and always with whomsoever invited him, though of high or of low degree.

One more memorable incident in the official career of the Attorney and he will be consigned to the affectionate memory of the few who honored him as a very good fellow, as well as a first-class pensioner on a first-class and benevolent Government.

The Judge who had been raised to the Federal Bench, and Gitchell, who had succeeded him as U. S. District Attorney, started one morning on a buggy ride, and the Judge bethought himself that it would be a pious idea to go by the old brewery and take a few drinks of gratuitous beer. So Gitchell held the horse while the Judge went in the back way to the beer barrels. All at once Gitchell heard a terrible roar from the Judge, then, "Oh, Lord, Gitchell! Gitchell, come quick! Oh!, Gitchell, d—n it, come; hurry, quick!"

Gitchell's horse was somewhat restive, and Gitchell made haste slowly, notwithstanding the Judge's "Gitchell! Gitchell! quick! Hell and fury, Gitchell, come quick! Come faster, faster," and even more emphatic exhortations.

Gitchell was a long time in reaching the Judge. Imagine, therefore, his surprise on entering the back yard of the brewery to find the Judge engaged in mortal combat, gasping for breath, with his head down, his lacerated posterior well elevated, thoroughly braced, with his brawny arms thrust forward and every nerve strained in an almost vain endeavor to hold at bay a furious antlered buck. As soon as he became aware that Gitchell had arrived, he roared out "Kill this d—d thing!"

"Oh, no!" said Gitchell; "it's a pet. Confound it, Judge, let the deer go; what in the name of all that's ridiculous are you doing? Let it go!"

"Blazes!" said the Judge, "I did let it go once, and it tore me all to pieces."

Gitchell was undecided, and of all the infernal traits, indecision is the most infernal. Through his indecision the buck gained a great advantage over the Judge, and forced him backward into a steaming mass of refuse hops; but the Judge, out of breath, blown and exhausted, held on to the antlers with the tenacity of a snapping-turtle. However, the deer got the Judge down in that steaming mass of softness.

The Judge gasped out: "Oh! for God's sake, Gitchell, break its back. When I let it go it will kill me."

"Why," says Gitchell, without the least excitement, and seemingly gratified at so much dignity in such an undignified position, "why, don't you see I have nothing to break its back with? Had I better go for the Marshal?"

By this time, to the great relief of the Judge, a valiant subject of King Gambrinus put in an appearance, and drew off the enemy. The Judge was utterly vanquished. A bran new suit of clothes was ruined, especially the pants. The Judge was so badly injured that he could neither ride in a buggy nor take a seat at the table, or anywhere else, for a month, every day of which time he begged Gitchell to say nothing about it. Every day Gitchell promised, and every day the town nearly burst its sides with laughter. Gitchell never told. The Gambrinus man kept mum, but that ferocious encounter between the Judge and the pet deer has found its way into history.

The Registrar of the Land Office—only, as before stated, there was no Land Office—was an out-and-out man-of-war. He could wield a bowie; was quick on the draw; struck square out from the shoulder, and could gouge out an eye, or bite off a nose, in such a style and manner as would excite the envy of the most fastidious backwoods fighter, and withal was a man of remarkable coolness, as might be inferred from his taking the anointed nose of Government without pepper or salt. As an instance of his coolness and nerve I will relate the following incident:

Lafayette Cotton was a first-class gambler, as well as an eminent fighting man. Lafayette married a native-born damsel of lascivious mien and voluptuous proportions, and became jealous of the stalwart Registrar, who was very amorously inclined. Lafayette, armed to the teeth, found the Registrar at the "Montgomery," quietly engaged in billiards. Lafayette, greatly excited, entered with revolver in hand.

"Get out of the way; I'm going to shoot! Draw and defend yourself!" said he, rushing up to the Registrar, who was just bridging his cue for a good shot.

Without the least discomposure, or diverting his mind from the game—without as much as turning his head—he said:

"Oh, go away, and don't bother this game!"

The cool audacity of the man had such a remarkable effect on the would-be murderer, that he moodily slunk out of the room and put up his revolver, remarking: "The man must be either crazy or a fool."

The Registrar was the hero of that day, while Cotton closed his bank for nearly a month.

The Registrar was a most remarkable gentleman, and the chronicler hopes his veracity will not be questioned when he assures the reader that it took two handsful of buckshot, fired from a double-barreled gun, to kill that remarkable character, for such was his taking off.

In relation to these important transactions, the author desires to say that they occurred along toward the latter part of the summer of '53, and are somewhat out of place, as well as in advance of still more important incidents yet to be related.

CHAPTER VII.

Joaquin Murietta and His Desperate Doings—A Reign of Terror—The Rangers—Captain Hope and Others—The Twin Brothers, Green and Wiley Marshall—Green's Adventures in Arizona—Death of the Two Brothers.

AS STATED in the beginning of this history, on the arrest and confession of Reyes Feliz, Joaquin Murietta, his brother-in-law, who had for one or two years been domiciled among the angels, decamped, and was not heard of until the spring of 1853, when he commenced a succession of bold and successful operations in the southern mines, beginning at San Andres, in Calaveras County. His acts were so bold and daring, and attended with such remarkable success, that he drew to him all the Mexican outlaws, cut-throats and thieves that infested the country extending from San Diego to Stockton. No one will deny the assertion that Joaquin in his organizations, and the successful ramifications of his various bands, his eluding capture, the secret intelligence conveyed from points remote from each other, manifested a degree of executive ability and genius that well fitted him for a more honorable position than that of chief of a band of robbers. In any country in America except the United States, the bold defiance of the power of the government, a half year's successful resistance, a continuous conflict with the military and civil authorities and the armed populace—the writer repeats that in any other country in America other than the United States—the operations of Joaquin Murietta would have been dignified by the title of revolution, and the leader with that of rebel chief. For there is little doubt in the writer's mind that Joaquin's aims were higher than that of mere revenge and pillage. Educated in the school of revolution in his own country, where the line of demarkation between rebel and robber, pillager and patriot, was dimly defined, it is easy to perceive that Joaquin felt himself to be more the champion of his countrymen than an outlaw and an enemy to the human race.

About the first of March depredating commenced in Calaveras County, by the murder and robbery of teamsters and traveling miners. In April, emboldened by success, trading posts and mining camps were raided and robbed; stages were captured, the passengers pillaged and murdered, and a vessel plying on the San Joaquin River was taken and stripped in open daylight.

By the middle of May the whole country from Stockton and San Jose to Los Angeles, a distance of 500 miles, was in arms; murder and rapine were the order of the day; the bandits seemed to be everywhere, and to strike when and where least expected. About the first of June two companies of Rangers were raised, one in Calaveras, under Captain Harry Love, and one in Los Angeles, commanded by Captain Alexander Hope, a bold spirit, in every way qualified by nature and experience to grapple with the desperate characters who held the country absolutely at their mercy, laughed at the officers of the law and bade defiance to the civil government.

To show the value of our company and our appreciation, I am permitted to make the following extract from Colonel John O. Wheeler's great newspaper of the day, "The Southern Californian," of date October '54.

"Los Angeles Rangers.—In our last week's issue we regret to say that we neglected to notice the active and prompt assistance rendered by the Los Angeles Rangers in assisting in the arrest of some of the most dangerous desperadoes in this county, and who are, no doubt, in some way connected with the brutal murder of Mr. Ellington, of the Monte, two of whom are at present undergoing examination before our courts of justice. Our only excuse to offer to the Rangers is, that the actions of this company are so prompt, active and secret, that in almost all cases the company is out on scout, returned, and the prisoner arraigned, before our citizens are aware of an outrage having been committed in our community. Within the last few days parties of the Rangers have been scouring the country in search of murderers and robbers from the north, who are said to be at present in or near this county, and so far have assisted in the capture of some, and driven others across our border who were lurking here and trying to escape from justice.

"We are proud to think that this troop has the full confidence of our whole community, and the cry is on all such occasions as we were under the necessity of recording last week, 'Where are the Rangers?' In all of their excursions, which have been many, their success, as our records in court will show, have been indeed wonderful. Only three or four days ago, on the arrival of a Sheriff from the north in search of a murderer, two parties started in pursuit, one party with Under-Sheriff Hanniger, after a band of horse thieves who had stolen some horses from Hon. A. Stearns. They returned successful with both the thieves and horses, and the other remained on scout until the murderer was taken.

"Last year our Legislature made a small appropriation for the use of this efficient troop, part of which has been spent for forage for the horses, equipage, and for necessary expenses while in the field, leaving a balance on hand in the keeping of the Treasurer of this county, which will be used for similar purposes, not one of the troop having received one cent of recompense for their services, as some of the Rangers in the north did.

"We again say that we are proud of this little band, and assert that this company at the present time can vie, under the present Captain, with any company in this State. Our citizens and rancheros have formerly contributed to the support of this company, and we hope they will continue to do so.

MR. EDITOR:—We wish, through your columns, to tender our heartfelt thanks to the Los Angeles Rangers, for the prompt assistance rendered by that efficient corps to us, in ferreting out the murderers of the unfortunate Major Ellington.

Yours, with respect,

THE CITIZENS OF THE MONTE.

The company carried 100 names on its rolls, and the author hopes that, having been a member of that pioneer military corps, he will be pardoned for the assertion that they were as bold a band as ever flashed a sabre or answered to the blast of a bugle. Alas! few of that gallant troop remain. Many followed the fortunes of the "gray-eyed man of destiny," and their bones moulder in the tropical damps of Nicaragua. Others fell beneath the treacherous blows of the bloody Apache. Others were traced to the battlefields of the great Rebellion,

A few were known to have fallen in personal broils. Most of them died in the saddle, but not one of that old Ranger band was ever known to find his way ignominiously to the interior of a prison, and the few that remain are of the most honored of our citizens, and if the city of Los Angeles ever had anything to be proud of, it was her heroic Ranger defenders who rid the country of an innumerable horde of freebooters and assassins, who threatened a war of utter extermination on the comparatively few Americans that then inhabited the Southern counties. The surviving members known to be alive are W. W. Jenkins, D. W. Alexander, Cyrus Lyon, Capt. J. Q. A. Stanley, Horace Bell, the author hereof, all of Los Angeles County; George McManus, merchant of Chihuahua; Hon. H. N. Alexander, of Arizona Territory; David Brevoort, of New Mexico, and Montgomery Martin, of Philadelphia, the colleague of A. P. Crittenden, they being the first Representatives in the State Legislature from Los Angeles County. The author wishes to say that in using the word "Mexican" he does not mean the native California rancheros, who generally co-operated with the authorities in the suppression of outlawry and contributed largely to the support of the Rangers.

Among the most liberal of the supporters of the Rangers were, in money, Phineas Banning; in horses, Don Pio Pico, the last of the Mexican Governors, Don Ygnacio Del Valle, John

Rowland and the generous Isaac Williams, of Chino. I remember at one time Señor Del Valle sent in one hundred well broken horses for the company to choose from, and take them all if they suited.

About the time the Rangers took the field, one of the up-country Sheriffs came to Los Angeles in search of some particular character, and on one beautiful Sabbath morning he was assassinated in the street. A few days thereafter, the Marshal of the city, the one who succeeded the hangman, was stabbed to the heart in open daylight, by one Senati, at the corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets. More will be said of Senati hereafter. His name figures in one of the most bloody chapters in the history of the angels, which will be disposed of in due time.

Only a few days later a cattle buyer, on his way to the city from the Dominguez Rancho, was killed and robbed by one Manuel Vergara, whose pursuit, escape and subsequent killing at Yuma will be also related at the proper time. Midnight raids and open day robbery and assassinations of defenseless or unsuspecting Americans were of almost daily occurrence in either one part of the country or another, at the time the Rangers took the field.

We had two brothers in the company who are worthy of mention, Green and Wiley Marshall, natives of Texas. Young men raised on the frontier, both members of Captain Sam Walker's famous Ranger company that gained such renown in the war with Mexico. They were twin brothers, and were never separated but twice in their lives, and the second time was the last on earth. If separated only for a day they seemed lost. A kind of homesickness would overcome both twin brothers. They always went together on all of our expeditions, riding side by side. They were recklessly brave and of course perfect in the use of arms and expert in horsemanship. Generous to a fault, the two Marshall boys were great favorites in the company. They were the beau ideal of the American frontier Ranger. In the spring of '50 they started overland from Texas to California, and before they fairly got beyond the settlements, Wiley was taken seriously ill, so much so that after halting in camp for several days, and Wiley still continuing ill, it was determined that the company should proceed overland and that the sick man should go by easy stages, being convalescent, to Galveston, thence by sea to San Francisco. After this arrangement, the brothers separated for the first time in their lives, even for a day.

Wiley arrived in San Francisco in due time, and after the lapse of ninety days from the starting overland of his brother, and no tidings (ninety days being deemed ample time for the journey to San Diego, the objective point), and a month passed and another month. Still no tidings, and Wiley went to San Diego and anxiously waited another month, and not a rumor of the lost company, and the devoted brother mounted a horse, and with a pack mule started overland alone in search of his missing twin brother.

He found him at Tucson, an invalid, emaciated and helpless, slowly recovering from a multiplicity of wounds, any one of which would ordinarily have killed a person.

Green gave the following statement of his adventures, which he related time and again to the writer, on night rides and in bivouac, and the horrible scars visible on his person needed no recital; they spoke for themselves.

Green said their journey was extremely pleasant, no serious annoyance from the Indians, fine grass for their animals, plenty of game, which kept their camp constantly supplied with fresh buffalo meat and venison. Their trip was one of unalloyed pleasure to all except himself, who felt a constant and worrisome anxiety for the loss of his brother's society. The party numbered seventeen men. They passed the New Mexican settlements on the Rio Grande, and the 90-mile jornada from the great river to the Pinos Altos Mountains, and had, as they thought, passed over half the distance from the Rio Grande to Tucson, and must have been somewhere in the vicinity of what is now known as Apache Pass. One morning, while engaged in packing up, they were attacked by the Apaches. Green was stricken down senseless, and lay in that condition, as he thought, an hour or more, when he revived and found himself in a deluge of blood and covered with wounds. Fortunately he had his canteen of water, which had been prepared for the day, and still had sufficient strength to raise it to his lips and drink. He then wiped the blood from his eyes, raised himself by a chaparral bush and bewilderingly took in the surroundings. Fifty yards from where he totteringly stood, the horrible spectacle of his slaughtered comrades, stark, mutilated and scalped, presented themselves to his horrified view. The savages were laughingly engaged in dividing the spoils of the camp. He said he must have gazed on the horrid scene for full five minutes, at the expiration of which time he began to realize his situation. He turned to move away, and at the first step he fell to the ground. He then took another draught from his canteen and crawled away, some 100 yards, when he raised himself by another bush, looked first in the direction of the bloody camp and then in the opposite direction, and to his inexpressible joy, within thirty yards he saw his own mule, saddled and bridled, and just as he had left it when the attack was made. His first thought was, would it permit him to catch it. Ordinarily it would, but his bloody condition, and the fright of the mule in the great excitement of the attack, caused him grave and harrowing doubts of its permitting him even to approach it. No time, however, was to be lost, and he first spoke to the mule, and to his utter surprise and joy, with a low bray of seeming delight, it came directly up and stood beside him. With another draught which emptied the canteen and a desperate effort, he succeeded in mounting, and the faithful and intelligent animal without any guidance, or urging forward, moved hastily away, over the chaparral-covered plains. By this time the sun had nearly reached meridian, and onward went the faithful mule, poor Green exerting to his utmost his fast-failing strength to maintain himself in the saddle. At last the poor mule quickened her pace, she had scented water. In an hour more, which brought the time to about the middle of the afternoon, the light-footed little mule brought him to a beautiful cienega (oasis) fringed with shady willows. He dismounted and quenched his burning thirst and cooled his heated head in the limpid water, and laid him down to rest in the protecting shade of one of the trees bordering the cienega. In a brief space of time he fell asleep, and slept delightfully for at least two hours. He awoke to find his faithful companion quietly grazing on the luxuriant grass that abounded in profusion. It was nearly sunset, and he began seriously and calmly to consider the situation. Another drink and he felt strong. He then proceeded to strip his mule of saddle and bridle and tie her with the picket rope, which had been coiled and securely fastened to the pommel of his saddle. The next thing was to attempt an examination of his wounds. His face and nose were slashed open horizontally across, which seemed to have been done by a lance thrust transversely under the nose, and cutting outwardly through the surface. He found three lance thrusts through his body, and one that seemed to penetrate the lungs. Fortunately he had a change of clothing inside his blankets, which had been strapped on behind his saddle, so he proceeded to remove his bloody clothes, wash himself as best he could, and bandage his wounds. He then dressed himself and felt somewhat comfortable, spread his blankets and again went to sleep. When morning came he felt the gnawings of hunger, and set himself to work to prepare his breakfast. Arms he had none, save his knife. Whether or not he had used his rifle and revolvers, he had no recollection. However, a man of his schooling is seldom without resources. He had his Mexican mecha (flint and steel), and he proceeded to make a fire. He then dug some tule roots, roasted and ate them. He then procured some prickly pears, burned the thorns off, carefully scraped them, split them in two and bound them to his wounds. He then put in the whole day in roasting tule roots for his onward journey toward the setting sun. Another night in camp, a breakfast of roots, a canteen full of water, a copious draught, and the forlorn but brave young fellow took up his line of march, determined to defy even fate itself. The first day exhausted his canteen of water; on the fourth his roots were gone, and his case seemed hopeless. The fifth day and no water, and he made a camp and passed the night in a half-delirious state. In the morning he determined to sacrifice his last and only friend, the mule; but how was he to do even that, he had his bowie knife, but not the strength to use it. After mature deliberation he securely tied the mule's head to a substantial bush, and supporting himself by its neck he drove the knife into its neck vein. It stood perfectly still, and he glued his lips to its gushing life-stream and satisfied both thirst and hunger. He then filled his canteen with the blood of his faithful companion, and by this time it sank down and expired. He put in another day in cutting up and jerking the mule's meat, and on the following day he recommenced his journey westward. On foot and solitary he pursued his lonely march. Sometimes, but seldom, he would find water. The second day after killing his mule, he struck a road and then lost it; he counted the days up to fifteen and then became delirious and insensible to all around him. When he regained his reason he found himself in a clean bed and a comfortable room, and soon learned that he was in the house of a benevolent priest of a Mexican village that proved to be Tuscon; that some herders in search of cattle had found him wandering aimlessly on the burning desert, about twenty miles from the village; had administered such relief as they could, and then brought him to the priest, under whose benevolent care he had then been two weeks.

The priest informed him that in addition do the other horrible wounds, the air passed through a great opening under his left breast to the lungs. He said it took him another full week to collect his scattered senses and remember the horrible occurrences just detailed. Late in the season Green, in company with his twin brother, arrived in safety in Los Angeles, and afterwards became members of the Ranger Company.

During the troublous times of '52, '53 and '54, sufficient excitement was furnished in the southern counties to satisfy the most mercurial adventurer, but in '55 and '56 dull times began to grow apace, and the restless spirits of the country began to cast about for more prolific fields of adventure. In the summer of '56 the Marshall brothers made up their minds to go to Nicaragua and join their fortunes with the conquering filibusters who ruled that country. Wiley went down first, leaving Green to settle up some mining business in Calaveras County. Green failed to arrive in August, as intended, and in September Wiley was appointed to the command of an important enterprise known in the history of the filibuster war as the "Hair-brained expedition of Wiley Marshall." A hundred men mounted and armed with revolvers, went sixty miles to attack a fortress defended by five times their number—one of the most foolhardy attempts—not exceeded in stupid gallantry by Texas Tom Green storming an iron-clad gunboat on Red River with double-barreled shotguns. Of course the expedition failed—a bloody repulse was the result. When the expedition left Masaya, where the writer was stationed, Wiley came to take his leave, and the writer inquired when he thought Green would be down. He answered nervously, "Oh, didn't I tell you? Green is dead."

"Impossible," said I; "did we not hear from him by the last steamer?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but he died day before yesterday, and I am only half a man now," and he smiled sadly.

"Don't look so incredulous," said he. "I knew the very moment of his death, and thought I was going myself at the time, and nothing but the excitement of this important command would have sufficed to arouse me from the shock."

Thirty hours later and Wiley was dead. His command was cut to pieces by the enemy, repulsed, driven, and followed eighteen miles by the enemy's lancers. Wiley had his thigh shattered by a ball; was mounted on his horse, and rode that eighteen miles with his shattered leg dangling at the side of his horse, all the time insisting on maintaining his position in the rear of his flying command. Arriving at a place of safety he was taken off his horse, and died in less than two minutes.

I afterwards learned that Green, the twin brother, died in California on the very day stated by Wiley, and they were 3,000 miles apart at the time. The writer relates this as a fact, and leaves it to science to explain the cause if it can.

This digression has led the reader a long way from Southern California, but when informed that many now residing in Los Angeles remember the two Marshall boys, even if not so familiar with the peculiar and mysterious affinity existing between them as was the writer, and the remarkable tenacity of life, as manifested by both brothers, was so peculiar in itself, the narrative having also a tendency to show the manner of men composing the Ranger company, and the dangers encountered in getting to this land of gold in early times, all of which is certainly a reasonable excuse for the digression.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Great Western Napoleon—The Grand Gringo Campaign Against the Desert Indians—Don Benito Wilson, the Honest Indian Agent—The Indians Steal His Horses—A Vindictive Pursuit—Don Vicente de La Osa and His Reinforcement—The Padres of Old.

THIS humble military chronicler proposes in the future, as he has done in the past, to write up all the wars and campaigns in which he has ever participated, not for self glorification, or with the vain hope of being considered a military critic, but with the unselfish desire to enroll on the page of history the names of all the great military commanders under whom he has had the honor of serving, in a subordinate capacity. In the past he has had somewhat to say of his first campaign, under the immortal Winn in his famous and sanguinary "El Dorado war," in 1850. He has written up the murderous conflict in Nicaragua, and has given to the world an unvarnished picture of the "gray-eyed man," who deluged that fair country in blood and left her proud cities smouldering ruins. In the future he proposes, in his most truthful style, to give an account of some of the grand reviews, marches and countermarches, advances and retreats, of "the Great Western Napoleon," and will dilate largely on General Banks' grand cotton grabbing expedition up Red River, and will say a great deal about the grand and splendid strategic sparring by those two great masters in the art, Edward R. S. Canby and John Bankhead Magruder, with St. Louis as the stake played for. But the present page will be devoted to the last grand campaign of the warlike angels against the barbaric horde that had from the days of "Los Fundadores," made periodical predatory raids into this fair and fat land, for the purpose of stocking their ever depleted larders with sirloins and steaks cut fresh from our noble mustangs. The noble red men of the mountains and desert had worried the haughty Spaniard greatly, was sometimes pursued by him vigorously, was often spitted on the lance of the revengeful Spaniard, who objected to having his worldly wealth driven off and converted into mince pies by those aboriginal cooks, who did not even know the use of Chili peppers. The war between the Spaniard and the desert Indian was vindictive in the extreme; prisoners were seldom taken on either side, the Spaniard, well knowing that if taken alive, death by fire and torture awaited him. While on the other hand, the Indian, if captured, was subject to a fate not less cruel, that is to say, he was unceremoniously turned over to the gentle Mission priests, was duly baptized, taught the catechism. converted into a first-class Christian and a most useful slave, and had his soul saved at the expense of his body. Lassoing converts was the most noble occupation of the time, and tradition gives the name and exploits of a certain devout friar, who earned a crown immortal by his success in capturing converts with the lasso and converting them with the lash.

The last aboriginal foray, and the first American pursuit, is to be the present task of this proud historian, who feels great pride in making known to the world that he served personally in a campaign so brilliant, so decisive, a pursuit so energetic, so rapid, so vindictive, as to ever after deter the barbarians from an attempt to steal mustangs from the descendants of Boone, Kenton and other great American backwoodsmen, who always killed an Indian before they skinned him.

To be brief and to the point (and brevity and pointedness are the greatest of all literary virtues), in the Spring of 1852, the Great Father, at the Capital of our great country, appointed our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, Don Benito Wilson, step-father to all the Indians hereabouts; and a good step-father, sure enough, was generous old Don Benito to his dusky proteges. Don Benito seemed to love all mankind. No doubt exists in the mind of this chronicler that Don Benito did love the whole human family; and Don Benito seemed to have a special love and regard for the red branch thereof—the poor Indian. He always had a smile, a kind word, and was wont to manifest his love for his charge in substantial gratuities. But one time Don Benito got mad at the Indians, and, like the immortal Washington, in his wrath he was terrible. Who can blame the kind-hearted Indian agent for getting mad at the Indians, when on their last grand raid into this happy valley the rascally redskins stole a great number of horses from Don Benito, and not even the hair of a horse did the ungrateful vagabonds of the desert steal from anybody else. The idea of Indians stealing horses from the only honest Indian agent possibly that ever breathed the foul air of the Indian Bureau—one who had never even contemplated or thought of the ease of making ten dollars out of a pair of two-dollar blankets! Don Benito, without doubt, was an out-and-out honest Indian agent, and the Indians that stole his horses, and passed through other men's herds to get at them, were the most ungrateful and rascally set of redskins that the bloody page of history gives any account of.

In May, 1853, just before the organization of the Ranger Company, the desert Indians came through the Soledad Pass, then over the rugged San Fernando mountains, rode past the many herds grazing in the San Fernando valley, came through the Cahuenga Pass, crossed the Brea Rancho, teeming with equine life, swept over the Rancho Rodeo de las Aguas, and raided Don Benito's ranch beyond, and retraced their steps by the way they came in, religiously respecting the rights of property in all others save Don Benito's. Certainly a strange freak of aboriginal human nature. When the raiders came in we were not exactly informed. They had been concealed in one of the cañons of the Cahuenga range, had stolen the horses and departed on a Sunday night, and on Monday morning the news was brought in to the indignant agent, who called for volunteers to pursue and recapture his stolen property, and to properly chastise the ungrateful wretches. In two hours the Gringo element was astir. Ferocious looking warriors dashed up and down Main street, with an immense clatter of spurs, with comfortable-looking rolls of blankets substantially strapped on behind their saddles, which said blankets had been patriotically and gratuitously given by our generous merchants. Canteens were in great demand, and when a hero was fortunate enough to secure one, away he would dash to the "Bella Union" or the "Montgomery," where the canteen would be passed in to generous old Hodges, of the former place, or to the chivalrous Getman, of the latter, and the said canteens would be promptly returned to their respective owners, filled with something more efficacious on a campaign than holy water or cold tea. Moving an army is a slow business, moving volunteers is aggravatingly slow, and several times we mustered to march, and still some sluggard was not yet ready. So it must have been full one o'clock when we boldly marched forth with the determination fully expressed in the eagle eye of our Colonel —for be it known, gentle reader, that up to that campaign Don Benito had only been a simple Captain. It was on that grand and warlike occasion, I believe, that our gallant commander won his imaginary spread eagles. As before stated, we boldly marched forth with the determination fully expressed in the eagle eye of our Colonel, and brilliantly reflected by the eyes of all that gallant band, to skin Indians enough to supply the demand for razor straps for the next generation.

We marched out in "column of fours," the brave author forming a column with the lamented Billy Reader, Bill Jenkins and Cy. Lyon. A more gallant quartette, judging from our respective opinion of ourselves, never rode forth to uphold civilization or cut down an infidel. Cy. wanted to know if we thought we could scalp an Indian without dismounting. He said he could, and his red head looked redder. Poor Billy Reader said our commander was a Christian gentleman, and would not permit such barbarous acts. Bill Jenkins, who always had an eye to the substantial, said he had no intention of either killing or scalping, but he would like to capture about a dozen or so of stout young bucks, as he proposed to commence the planting and cultivation of a vineyard, and he begged us, his three comrades, to spare our prisoners for his sake.

In two hours we were at the Colonel's ranch, where we did ample justice to well-cooked beef, coffee and tortillas. We then made inquiry as to the number of mustangs stolen, and staked our horses out to graze, by which time the brilliant orb of day had gone quietly to rest behind those horrid hills of Santa Monica. The warriors concluded to rest their weary limbs and enjoy the bountiful hospitality of our brave and generous commander, and pass the night at the ranch. Of course our fiery chargers would be in better plight for a forced march on the morrow. So, with a repetition of beef, tortillas and coffee, the brave and determined band disposed of itself for the night, before comfortable camp fires, wrapped in the most comfortable blankets, to dream of victory on the morrow. The morrow came, of course, and with it the third repetition of beef, tortillas and coffee, which was discussed with as much solemnity as was the last supper of the brave Spartan band at the pass of Thermopylæ, when their profane captain informed them that it was quite probable they would breakfast in hell. This historian repeats that we ate a hearty breakfast, for the reason that each warrior well knew and evidently realized that we were going forth from the Valley of the Angels to do battle with the savage in the great desert beyond.

We feasted like veterans; no confusion, no hurry; all coolness, except the coffee, which was deliciously hot. It must have been nine o'clock A. M. by the time our brave commander mustered his gallant band for the deliberately-planned pursuit. Our commander dispensed with the usual formality of a speech, but his manner was more eloquent than words. His unspoken words, which were mutely responded to by that heroic band of which this proud historian boasts of having been one, were: "We will let those rascally redskins know that they have no longer to deal with the Spaniard or the Mexican, but with the invincible race of American backwoodsmen, which has driven the savage from Plymouth Rock to the Rocky Mountains, and has headed him off here on the western shore of the continent, and will drive him back to meet his kindred fleeing westward, all to be drowned in the great Salt Lake."

Those were the noble sentiments that inspired this patriotic historian, and were participated in, of course, by all that devoted band on that martial occasion. We marched, we moved up that cañon, known to-day as "Beach's Cañon," until it grew quite narrow, when our cool-headed commander ordered a halt, and addressed himself to Billy Sandford, who was second in command of the expedition, and said: "I think we had better get out of this cañon and on to the ridge." While thus halted he told us a story, while the command inspected canteens, many of which, on being shaken, emitted sounds unsatisfactory to a military ear. Our commander said that on the occasion or a former raid into the valley, the Indians were pursued by a party under Andres Pico, who followed them up a cañon, and that the Indians concealed themselves in the chaparral, and after having permitted their pursuers to pass, attacked them in the rear, and tried to drive them ahead with their herd of stolen mustangs. Andres, however, objected to being driven *forward*, faced his command about, and desperately charged through the savages; and after having cut his way out, said to his subordinates, "Great God, what a magnificent escape." We all laughed heartily at the story, and our commander said he proposed to profit by the fortunate experience of the gallant Andres, and never lead an army into a cañon. Canteens were duly passed, and each warrior gazed thoughtfully at the rugged hight above, and when this pious ceremony was over, our commander took the lead and commenced the laborious task of surmounting that ridge. Owing to the density of the chaparral the ascent was terribly difficult, and had the ridge been crowned with blazing batteries, as was the famous Lookout Mountain, I doubt if we had ever attained its rugged summit. However, after hours of scrambling, we not only surmounted the ridge, but in safety stood on the summit of the Cahuenga range and gazed on the magnificent San Fernando Valley, in all its beauty, like a great green carpet spread out before us, and the Valley of the Angels and the Pacific ocean in our rear. Two hours later, in the middle of the afternoon, we drew up in martial array before the hospitable castle of the lordly Don Vicente de la Osa, the baronial proprietor of the Rancho del Encino, who cordially invited us to dismount, stake our jaded mustangs and refresh the inner man, an invitation we joyfully acceded to, for the reason that the six mile march over those rugged hights had jaded the warrior as well as the war horse.

Mustangs staked, there commenced a doleful and disappointed shaking of canteens, which the jovial old Don Vicente observing, said, "Que le hace? aqui hay bastante." (What's the matter; there is plenty here.) And in the twinkling of an eye a demijohn was duly mustered in as a welcome reinforcement to our warlike party. For two hours more those redskin raiders had a respite from that vindictive, vigorous pursuit. At the end of the two hours, however, there had been the fourth repetition of beef, tortillas and coffee. Then we held a council of war, of which Don Vicente became the principal spokesman. He said the Indians had passed his ranch at about midnight; that at daylight on Monday morning they crossed the San Fernando mountains, and were just forty hours ahead of us; that they were evidently Owens River Indians, and well on their way to that desert fastness, and it would be folly to think of further successful pursuit. We had been two days on the march, were fifteen miles from our base of liquid supplies; the ammunition carried in our canteens was utterly exhausted. We had done all that invincible gringos could be expected to do. We felt sure that gringo prestige had not suffered, even if the contributors of blankets and liquid supplies had. That the Indian raiders had made a "magnificent escape," and that they had at least suffered a great scare, this last fact being duly verified by subsequent history, this being the first time they were ever pursued by the American conquerers, and this famous raid being the last ever made by the Indians into the Valley of the Angels.

It is with the greatest possible reverence I refer to the Mission Fathers, and their manner of dealing with the Indians. My opinion of and respect for those holy men is such that, feeling my matter-of-fact, prosaic style wholly inadequate for expression, I have therefore enlisted in that behoof my poetic friend, Albert Fenner Kercheval, and will finish this chapter with his lively poem.

THE PADRES OF OLD.

They were merry old fellows in cassock and gown,
Those jolly old knights of the smooth-shaven crown,
Those lion-souled, eagle-eyed Padres of Spain,
Who lorded it grandly o'er mountain and plain;
As ready with fair Señorita to dance
As grant absolution, or balance a lance;
Whose churches and missions impregnable stood,
And did to the heathen what seemed to them good;
They brought up proud sinners with sharp, sudden pulls,
And lassoed their converts like broncos and bulls,
Or gathered confessions from red, rosy lips,

To hoard as the treasure the honey bee sips,
With hands that were ready and hearts that were bold:
How I envy those clean-shaven Padres of old!

With fair purple vineyards and wide-spreading flocks,
They sighed not for riches, they cared not for "stocks"—
Not "Comstocks," at least, though they bellowed and gored,
And fought for a "rise" at the Devil's "Big Board"
With a genuine reckless "Bonanza King's" greed,
And cornered the stock in eternity's "lead,"
Refusing all offers of Satan to sell
"Salvation's" sure stock, though they "shorted" on "Hell,"
And played for the kingdom, with Satan and sin,
When souls were the "divvys," and gathered them in;
With stores of frijoles and flagons of wine,
They craved not the treasures of city or mine;
With princely possessions to have and to hold,
They were bully old fellows—those Padres of old.

CHAPTER IX.

The Great Ohio Mail Robber Seeks Refuge in Los Angeles and is Arrested—The Royal Bengal Tiger—A Stir Among the Angels—A Cool Lawyer—Fourth of July Celebration at San Pedro and Los Angeles—Alexander & Banning—Don Juan Sepulveda and the Patriotic Spanish-Americans—A Reminiscence by an Old Mexican Captain—Commodore Mervine's March on Los Angeles—His Repulse—Patriotic Mexicans Fire a Salute Over the Americans Killed in the Battle—Brave Higuera—A Curious Court Scene.

IN MAY 1853, we had a very illustrious accession to our gringo element in the person of General O. B. Hinton, formerly of Ohio, and one of the great western orators of the early times. The General was accompanied by his wife, a most lusciously beautiful woman of about eighteen or twenty summers that seemed to have passed gently over her fair form and face. The General was rough and grizzled with the storms of over half a century of rugged western winters, and registered himself at the Star Hotel, as "Samuel B. Gordon and lady, Portland, Oregon," and at once gave out that he was an Oregon lawyer of lucrative practice, and had only sought our genial clime on account of the fair flower that accompanied him being too delicate to withstand the chill fogs and Siberian blasts of Oregon. In a brief space of time the General became proprietor of the hotel, in which he placed the "Royal Bengal Tiger," by name, Abdul Crib Mullah, as steward, and hung out his shingle as one of our pioneer attorneys, and was the first to file in our court a divorce suit. Everything seemed to flourish with the distinguished gentleman for a time. The Fourth of July rolled around in its usual way, and Samuel was the orator of the day. It so happened that we had one Dave Rhinehardt here, who had, in the prosperous days of the eminent gentleman, rendered service in the capacity of coachman, hostler, or something of the sort, and it still further happened that Samuel B. had, most unfortunately for himself, failed to pay Dave for the same service, and it still more unfortunately happened that the great Oregon lawyer was a great offender against the Government, and a fugitive from justice, and Dave knew all about it. So one morning while Samuel was trying our first divorce suit, that of Malcom vs. Malcom, the frail defendant being one of our fair California Spanish ladies who was proven to have played false to her marriage vow and to her noble gringo master. The elegant John H. Hughes was on the stand as a witness and had just sworn to his personal knowledge of the defendant's delinquency, when a Deputy United States Marshal laid heavy hands on the great fugitive and read to him his warrant of arrest. Talk about self possession, but I assure the reader on the honor of a veracious story-teller, that that lawyer showed no manner of trepidation, uneasiness or discomposure, but politely requesting the astonished official to excuse him until he had discharged his duty to his client, quietly resumed his case which was argued and submitted, and then he, with a polite apology to the officer for having kept him waiting placed himself at his disposition, was taken to the old adobe on the hill, was tenderly chained and staked out on that old historical pine log, and then the inquiry went like wildfire, "Who is he ; what has he done?" And the arrest caused quite a stir among us gentle angels. It required about two days to learn all about the strange old man and his previous history, his crimes against the government; his arrest, escape and flight, and his final capture in the manner and place above described.

General O. B. Hinton was a distinguished Ohio politician, a great mail contractor, and owner of many stage lines in the western states, was a United States mail agent, and had successfully robbed the mails without being suspected, for a succession of years, was at last suspected, decoyed and entrapped; was arrested and thrown in jail. His sons were men of means. The jailer was supposed to have been bribed, and the distinguished captive escaped, got on board a New Orleans steamer, from which he transhipped to a Havana steamer, and in safety walked the soil of the faithful isle. He was followed to New Orleans, and a steamer was chartered and pursued him to the harbor of Havana, but the great mail robber was safe for the time being under the crown of Spain. This occurred, I believe, in 1849 or 1850. The fact of his being so vigorously pursued gave him a bad notoriety in Cuba, and he was placed under surveillance. The Government secretly offered $40,000 for his arrest and delivery; he fled from Cuba and came to San Francisco, and the first man he met recognized him. Whither to flee he knew not. He saw a steamship with her smoke stacks emitting volumes of black smoke, and as soon as he could rid himself of his old acquaintance, he walked on board without inquiring the destination of the craft, which turned out to be Portland, Oregon, where he arrived and remained, went into business, prospered, married the fair creature who accompanied him, and continued in Portland until again recognized; took the steamer to San Francisco; and the steamer to Los Angeles being the first to leave, he came here as above stated. General Richardson, the United States Marshal, came here in person for the eminent ex-politician, appointed a squad of special deputies, of whom the pious writer was one, to convey him safely on board the steamer at San Pedro. The Marshal safely arrived in San Francisco with his important charge, and two days thereafter he, the mail robber, was on his way to the Sandwich Islands, having escaped the meshes of the law on a writ of habeas corpus. That was the last ever known of our illustrious quondam Fourth of July orator and hotel proprietor. His fair young wife eloped with a gambler and went to San Diego, which was the last known of her.

It transpired that Dave Rhinehardt interviewed the great fugitive, and promised if he would pay his past indebtedness his secret would be kept, and if not mistaken, I believe he paid Dave, who afterwards gave information to our convivial and warlike United States District Attorney. This incident has only been related to show what a great loss we sustained when the General was taken away from us. Generals were Generals in those days, and we deeply felt the great loss we sustained on that occasion. What eminence the General might have attained among the angels is hard to say. It is quite certain, however, that, had he remained and taken up with the noble trade of office-seeking, he might have attained eminent local distinction.

Speaking of Fourth of July celebrations, reminds me of the most particularly convivial one that this very patriotic historian ever participated in, which occurred at San Pedro in that memorable year 1853. That ancient commercial entrepot was larger then than at present, the founding of Wilmington not having as yet been projected by General Banning, its illustrious founder and patron. The glory of San Pedro, as that of imperial Rome, proud Venice and expectant San Diego, has departed, the author fears never to return; Carthage had her rival in Rome; San Pedro had a merciless rival in fair Wilmington, and now you behold a dilapidated sheep corral that seems to say in solemn silence, "Here stood San Pedro, the peerless."

San Pedro was at the time referred to a great place; it had no streets, for none were necessary. No prison admonished the evil-doer to give San Pedro a wide berth. No church invited the piously-inclined to seek religious consolation at the lively port. No! there was nothing of that sort, but the author solemnly asseverates that there was a liberty pole at San Pedro, from which proudly floated the Flag of Freedom. That there were two mud scows, a ship's anchor and a fishing boat, a multiplicity of old broken-down Mexican carts, a house, a large hay-stack and mule corral, and our old friend the gallant *Laura Bevan*, floating swan-like at her anchorage, on that beautiful Fourth of July.

Alexander and Banning administered the government at San Pedro at the time mentioned. Don George Alexander, he of the big heart, worthy brother of the generous Don David, a noble, whole-souled, true-hearted American, bursting and boiling over with love of country and patriotism; and ardent Phineas, who was not then even a captain, and did not dream of ever adorning his well-developed shoulders with stars plucked from the American constellation. Phineas Banning has, since that memorable '53, risen to the rank of General—an honest and well-merited distinction, merited if for no other service save the princely hospitality dispensed on our first national feast day above referred to, which he has continued to the present day. It is useless to say that Banning is still on hand on every patriotic occasion; but generous old Don George, after a quarter of a century of usefulness spent among us betook himself to some other field of enterprise, and is, I believe, yet living, and may God speed him—for a truer patriot or better Christian never dwelt in the blessed land of the angels.

For a week or more the patriotic proprietors of San Pedro gave out by word of mouth, and published in both English and Spanish, a general invitation to the whole county and the counties adjoining, and to the world, including San Bernardino, then exclusively Mormon, San Diego and Mexico, to come to San Pedro and assist in the patriotic demonstrations to be then and there held. On the morning of the 3d, Alexander and Banning's stages left the Angels for San Pedro crowded with guests, and returned for another living freight; every imaginable conveyance to be found in the city, from Lanfranco's pioneer sulky to a Mexican cart, was pressed into service, and troops of gaily dressed and splendidly mounted caballeros, accompanied by light and airy equestriennes, were seen taking up their line of march to the place of promised festivities, while old Uncle Dave Anderson, boiling over with patriotic music, was seen going out of town prominently seated in a grand improvised music car, accompanied by the *elite* of our angelic musical world, while the whole country seemed to be on the move by noon of the 3d of July. The happy and light-hearted rancheros who, up to that time, knew not of trouble, hard times or oppressive taxation, turned out in force to assist their new-made kinsfolk, the liberty-loving Yankees, in celebrating the common birthday of liberty, and by the time the shades of evening fell on the patriotic city, 2,000 guests, of all ages, sexes and nationalities, had paid their respects to their liberal entertainers, who, until the evening of the 5th, dispensed a hospitality more than princely. It was superlatively royal. It was grand, full-handed and without stint.

That gallant old Yankee skipper, Captain Morton, put in an appearance several days prior to the Fourth with his beautiful little clipper the *Laura Bevan*, freighted with good things both edible and drinkable for the grand and hospitable occasion. The unpatriotic reader will naturally inquire where we all ate and slept when there was but one house in the city. Answering for one patriot, the author will say that he did not sleep during the time spent in merry-making, and as for eating, it was one perpetual eat. The long dining table was kept going every hour, night and day; the musicians and dancers relieved each other; those not engaged in eating or dancing were engaged in toasting, responding to toasts, speech-making or singing patriotic songs. A crowd of Americans roared "Hail Columbia," another crowd the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee

Doodle;" a knot of gay Frenchmen made night melodious with the soul inspiring "Marseillaise," while the patriotic Mexican kept up the "Ponchada" and

"Marchamos Mexicanos,
Marchamos con valor,
Y viva la libertad."

In this manner we passed the night of the 3d. On the morning of the 4th a grand procession was formed with jovial old Judge Dryden on foot as Grand Marshal. Over a thousand patriots were in line. We did not march through the principal streets, but marched around and around the liberty pole, hurrahing and cheering all the time the gay flag of freedom that so proudly floated over us. The procession then formed a grand hollow square and each patriot was given a bottle of champagne with the cork started and a glass. When this disposition was made, Don George stepped out in front of the hollow square and requested the attention of the guests. Every man was silent attention. Then said patriotic Don George, and his words were duly interpreted into Spanish and French:

"Gentlemen, I will give a toast which when drank will be followed with three cheers. Gentlemen, here is to the President of the United States." Every man drank, and three immense cheers followed. Every man drank, and cheered except one, Tom ——, he who pitted himself against old Dimmick in defense of the Rangers when arrested for cat-hauling the city Marshal heretofore referred to. Tom stood grim and silent until the cheering had subsided, when he deliberately smashed his bottle on the ground, tossed his glass to one side and swore he wouldn't drink to any d—d loco foco. Frank Pierce was President and Tom was a Whig. Not a word from that crowd of patriots; all was dignifiedly silent, and Don George, without so much as a ripple on his serene countenance, requested the grand Marshal to dismiss the parade. Don George was greatly annoyed, as the sequel will show, although too well bred to notice the breach of patriotic good breeding at the time, but two years thereafter he played even on Tom, as I will yet inform the reader. After the dismissal of the grand parade as above stated, Captain Morton announced his vessel as ready to give such as felt so disposed a sea trip, while the writer accompanied Don Juan Sepulveda to Dead Man's Island, to fire a national salute. Don Juan in the exuberance of his patriotism, had unearthed a venerable field piece which had enjoyed the silence of the grave since it had fired its last shot in defense of Mexican Territory. Captain Sepulveda mustered and embarked his command on a large boat and proceeded up Wilmington Bay, where he embarked his artillery and sailed for Dead Man's Island, where, after infinite labor, he succeeded in mounting his battery on the highest point of the island, and all being ready, we let loose such a thunder as was never exceeded by one gun. It seemed that we would wake the seven sleeping heroes who so quietly reposed on the little barren rock. Don Juan said the firing would serve a triple purpose, it would dissipate the last vestige of unfriendly feeling that may have lingered in the bosoms of the sons of the country towards the United States; that it would serve to express our gratitude to the great founders of modern liberty; and it would be an appropriate salute to the seven brave mariners who lost their lives in their country's service, and after the first salvo, and while paying our respects to our liquid ammunition, Don Juan proceeded to tell us how the seven sailors came to be killed. Their wooden head-boards stood in line in front of us. Said Don Juan: "El Comodoro (meaning Commodore Mervine, U. S. Navy), made his advance on Los Angeles. He made his first halt at Dominguez' Ranch, and camped for the night. In the morning he took up his line of march, with the Californian horsemen in front, flank, and rear. The Californians, poorly armed, mostly with lances, had an extravagant idea of Yankee prowess, and kept at a safe distance until the Commodore had reached a point near Compton, when we commenced to harass him. We had this same gun mounted on a Mexican carreta, and at the first discharge, shiver and down went one of the wheels, and the gun being practically dismounted, our General (Carrillo) ordered it to be abandoned, which was being done when one Higuera left the ranks of horsemen and swore that if the Yankees got the gun it would be over his dead body. With his own hand, unaided he loaded it just in time to let drive at the head of the Yankee column and killed seven men, "estos mismos" (these same). The heroism of Higuera so inspired the Californians that they rushed in and bodily dragged the gun away with their lazos, and then so vigorously assailed the invaders that they were forced to fall back, carrying these poor fellows with them, and were glad to get safely on board their marine fortress. The old gun was subsequently buried near my house, and after a nap of six years, here it is, and here am I, and others who dragged it away at the time; and here we are, all of us, the old gun, the old enemies, now friends; and here is brave Higuera, firing a salute of honor over our former foes, who fell in battle. What do you say, boys? Up, Higuera! "Viva Los Estados Unidos!" "Viva Mexico Somos Amigos!"

The author feels great satisfaction in informing the reader that brave Higuera, a true hero, can be seen at any time on our streets, a quite old man, that one would not suspect of ever having had the courage, single-handed and alone, to face an army of gringos. Napoleon, for the act, would have conferred on him the "Cross of the Legion of Honor."

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The music and festivities kept up all day, all night, and most of the day of the 5th; but during that day, sleepy and worn out patriots wended their way to Los Angeles; and so ended this grand and patriotic affair.

About two years thereafter a convention met in Los Angeles to nominate county officers. Don George was a delegate, and Tom —— was a candidate for Sheriff.

Tom met Don George with all the winning smiles of a candidate, and said: "Don George, I am a candidate, as you are aware, and of course can count on your vote."

"No, sir, you cannot," said Don George, emphatically.

"Why, Don George, what can be the matter? I am astonished; pray explain."

"Well, Mr. Tom ——, I hope I may forever lose my rights as an American freeman when I give my vote to any man who would refuse to drink to the President of the United States on a Fourth of July. Good day, Mr. Tom ——; I am not your man."

One more anecdote of Tom.

In 1856 Tom —— was a Deputy U. S. Marshal under McDuffie, and a crowd of Los Angeles men, including Tom, were the guests of old man Armstrong of the revered St. Nicholas at San Francisco. Tom broke his cane and gave it to an itinerant tinker to be fixed; the cane was duly fixed and returned but not paid for. The day following the tinker dunned Tom, in the presence of other gentlemen, for four bits, and for his audacity was knocked down by Tom with a chair. Tom was arrested and duly appeared before the Police Court for trial. When called up, Tom said: "Judge, is there any law against a United States Deputy Marshal knocking a Dutchman down?"

Now it so happened that the great Vigilance Committee was in session at San Francisco, and it still further happened that Old Coon was Police Judge, and Old Coon had an idea that a Dutchman had rights in this country that even a United States Marshal was under obligations to respect; so Old Coon said, "Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of $20 against Mr. —— for contempt of Court."

Said Tom: "Well, by —— Judge, that's kind of rough."

"Enter a fine of $40 against Mr.—— for contempt of Court."

"Well," said Tom, somewhat bewildered, "Judge, how is this, I want to know?"

"Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of $10 against Mr. ——. Now, Mr. —— what have you to say about this assault and battery?"

"Guilty, sir, guilty," said Tom desperately, "but may it please the Court, that is not law in Los Angeles."

"Fine you $10, sir, and advise you to return to Los Angeles."

A quarter of a century glided by and the author, in his professional capacity of attorney, had been employed to procure a United States patent to a Mexican grant belonging to many owners, all of whom agreed to contribute their pro rata of expense in the matter, except one, a tall, middle-aged woman, who maintained that she, for twenty-five years, had a patent to her part of the land in question. That an officer from Washington had personally placed it in her hand, and that it bore the great red seal of the Government. When this information was given, the lady informed the author that on a future visit she would show it to me and hoped I would be satisfied. After a while the fair possessor of the Government patent came into my office with "Ahora Veras," "Now, sir, see," and she drew forth from a bundle of faded calico a formidable looking document which, on inspection, proved to be a certified copy of a decree of divorce in Malcom vs. Malcom.

CHAPTER X.

The Phantom, Spectre, or What is It?—Great Estampida—Excitement Among the Vaqueros—Bill Solves the Mystery—John T. Lanfranco's Pioneer Sulky—A Sharp Briar and Pious Fraud—A Sermon to the Rangers—A Large Collection—A Midnight Raid and Important Capture—The Jackass Lawsuit—Drown and Thom—An Irishman Can't Give Evidence in this Court—A Test of Blood.

AT THE time referred to in this chapter (July, 1853), the plains between Los Angeles and San Pedro presented a lively spectacle, and the stranger who made the short journey at his leisure was constantly interested, and always felt compensated. The vast herds of horses, and their number seemed absolutely without limit, the many picturesque horsemen driving the neighing and snorting herds in all directions, the retainers of the Lugos, the Dominguez, Avilas and Sepulvedas, the Stearns and Temples, all of whose herds ranged over the plains referred to, made quite an army, and from early dawn to the shades of evening were continually on the move, with their jingling spurs, cavorting steeds and whizzing riatas.

A day or two after the grand Fourth of July celebration at San Pedro, described in the last chapter, there occurred a most wonderful and unaccountable stampede in those grand herds, the whole of which seemed to have lost their senses, and the equine paterfamilias seemed to have lost entire control over their unnumbered wives and sweethearts; old mares in mad frenzy trampled under foot their tender and cherished offspring; the herds of Dominguez wildly mixed in with those of

Sepulveda, the Lugos with the Avilas; and so wild and unaccountable was the stampede that the old major domos, with their well-trained and disciplined underlings, utterly failed to subject to control the wild, frightened, terrified mustangs. Said one old lazador, "The devil surely has got among the manadas," and he piously crossed himself. Along toward the afternoon of the day of the grand stampede, the major domo of old man Lugo, with the whole troop of vaqueros at his heels, rode wildly up to the ranch house, seemingly scared out of his wits, and said, in response to his angry master, the imperious Lugo's inquiry of "En el nombre de Dios, que hay?" "A phantom! a phantom!" "El Diablo," said a vaquero, out of breath; "Una Espanta, muy grande," said another. And it required all of the authority of the astonished old master to learn from his much-trusted servant that an unaccountable something—a kind of a what-is-it—had appeared among the herds, and had caused the utmost demoralization, not only to the horses, but also to the vaqueros.

Fortunately "Bill, the Patron Saint of Los Cuervos, or Bill the Most Remarkable," in memory of whom a whole chapter will be devoted in the future, was at the castle Lugo, and mounting the old Don's favorite charger, which, according to custom, was held in constant readiness for the master's use, set forth in quest of the phantom, espanta, or "what is it?" which had produced the unaccountable hubbub. Bill was not afraid of phantom, ghost, or dragon dire, and like St. George, went forth to fight and conquer the monster in whatever shape he might present himself. The bravery of Bill so inspired the major-domos and vaqueros, that in a short space of time he had quite an army at his heels, and at sunset returned to the ranch leading as gay an old mustang as the reader can imagine, with the late John T. Lafranco's pioneer sulky in good order and condition, safe and sound, hitched to him. The jolly laugh of Bill, who had conquered, subdued and captured the nondescript, explained everything. Lanfranco, returning from the Fourth of July festivities at San Pedro, landed on the roadside, and the gentle old mustang, whose forte had been for years to chase his fellows, feeling himself free, took to the herds as naturally as a duck to a mud-puddle; the plains were level and smooth, the sulky kept its legs, so did the old horse, and the herds, frightened at the strange appearance, wildly ran away, and the old horse, equally astonished at such manifestation of unfriendliness, wildly followed from herd to herd, and caused the strange commotion as above stated. The "phantom tarantula" was the by-word and joke of the day for a long time thereafter.

John T. Lanfranco, an enterprising young merchant of Los Angeles, in all truth a fortunate fellow, was paying court to the beautiful Doña Petra, daughter of Don Jose Sepulveda, del Rancho Palos Verdes, on San Pedro Bay. Notwithstanding he was a fine horseman, on one of his visits to San Francisco he espied the "phantom," and was so impressed with the advantage its possession would give him, purchased and shipped it to Los Angeles, and, after an infinite amount of trouble, found an honest old mustang, who was induced to submit to this queer change in the programme of his usefulness, and permitted himself to be harnessed to the "phantom," and the happy possessor of this novel way of ambulation became the envied of all the fashionables of the city, gringo as well as to the manor born. Lanfranco married Doña Petra. "*Tempus fugit*;" so says the old school-book, which reminds this happy historian that his experience extends somewhat into the, to some, dim past, yet, feeling all the bloom and flush of youth, looks back through those twenty-seven years as to a midsummer night's dream, shaded by the fleecy clouds of gently flitting time. But alas! when he sees the children and grandchildren of John T. Lafranco and the beautiful Petra, he is forcibly reminded of the text that "*time flies*," and has taken a very long flight since the "phantom" so frightened the herders and stampeded the herds on our sunny southern plains.

Many, yes! too many, of the promising incidents of those happy times terminated in unfortunate ways. Not so this marriage. Both husband and wife have passed hence to the spirit-land, leaving four daughters well provided for, the three eldest of whom have married—the first to Mr. W. S. Maxwell, "a native son of the Golden West," and the pioneer exporter of wheat from Los Angeles; the second to Walter S. Moore, Esq., Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue; and the third to Mr. Samuel C. Cook, of New York, while the last is yet a schoolmiss.

Alas! alas! the author, by the above, is sadly admonished that, when time shall have taken another such flight, if still an inhabitant of this land of magnificent promise, he will have become an *old* pioneer.

Says the lamented Los Angeles centenial historian: "The first Methodist sermon was preached June, 1850, by Rev. J. W. Briar, at the adobe house of J. G. Nichols, where the Court House now stands." This pious historical fact reminds the truthful historian of a very sharp sermon preached by a divinely sharp practitioner in 1853. Judging from the prickly name of our pioneer preacher, we are free to surmise that his preaching must have been pointed and sharp. To say the least it was the entering wedge of that powerful politico-religious corporation, the great Methodist church that now wields so much influence among us wayward angels.

In the summer of '53, on a Sunday forenoon, quite a number of Rangers were congregated at that old pioneer place of resort, the "Montgomery," engaged in slinging slings, sipping juleps, and rolling ten-pins, when a tall, lank, well dressed, reverend looking individual, with a stiff white necktie, a stiff stove-pipe plug, with long black hair parted in the middle, and reverendly combed and brushed back behind his ears. The reverend looking gentleman walked past the bar into the great ten-pin alley, and addressing the crowd said: "Gentlemen, pray don't allow me to trespass upon your valuable time, but, after the game is concluded I have a request to make." So saying, he sat himself down on the big redwood bench, so well remembered by the Montgomery's surviving patrons. The game at once stopped for the reason that the strange appearance and the strange request of the stranger, at once excited general curiosity, and Getman requested the gentleman to proceed. The stranger, rising to his feet and divinely smiling, said: "Gentlemen, I have a favor to ask which I hope you will pardon, and at the same time grant. It is now five minutes past eleven. I was announced to preach in the Court House at eleven o'clock sharp. Punctual to the minute I was at my post, but not a soul confronted me to hear the word of God on this holy Sabbath. Gentlemen, I came here to preach, and I am going to preach, even if to dumb adobe walls, for you know the old saying that 'walls have ears.' Now, gentlemen, I ask you to do me the favor to come in and hear me preach, if for only a half hour."

"Woo-wu-wi-will you st-sta-sta-nd the drinks if we do?" said stuttering Aleck, looking wistfully toward the bar room.

"Silence," said Getman; "no irreverent joking here. Come, boys, all of you take a drink, and let's go in and hear one up and down old fashioned sermon; may be it will remind us of the old folks at home. I am going to close the house on this special occasion."

One adobe wall separated the Montgomery from the Court House, and after having imbibed freely of fluid inspiration, one and all betook themselves to the rude temple of the law to drink in the promised words of holy inspiration so freely offered. When all were quietly seated, Getman, who as well as being proprietor of the Montgomery, was Lieutenant of the Ranger Company, suggested to the pious pioneer that if he would only postpone his services for half an hour, recruiting parties would be sent out to drum up a respectable congregation. The proposition being acceded to, parties were dispatched, one to the Plaza de Toros, one to Nigger Alley, another to the Ranger Barracks, another to Aleck Gibson's, and one to drum around generally. Within the half hour the reverend stranger had a most rousing and interesting congregation, composed almost exclusively of Rangers, sports and general hard cases, and divine services were commenced. The gifted divine preached from the text "Jesus wept," and well he might, says this righteous Ranger. The sermon was good, it was entertaining, argumentative and persuasive. The gist of the argument was that even angels wept at the general depravity of poor human nature, as seen at the profane Sabbath exhibitions of bull and bear fights, maromas, Mexican circuses, horse racing and other kindred entertainments, which were the pride and glory of our angelic population at the time referred to. He eloquently exhorted us to abstain from tenpins, mint juleps and gin slings on the holy Sabbath; also to beware of billiards, to close the monte-banks, and fail to patronize on that day the iniquitous places of amusement above enumerated, for, said the holy man, "Jesus weeps at such unholy profanations." The eloquent gentlemen made us all feel kind of ashamed, for every one of us was guilty of some of the "unholy profanations," and when the service was concluded, Getman made a few remarks and solicited a contribution for the strange preacher, and took up a hat into which the ever generous Cy Lyon tossed a slug. The hat went around and the gold fell in plentiful profusion, one conscience smitten gambler, it was said, put in two slugs, and when the hat had concluded its grand rounds and the proceeds were handed over to the impressive preacher he had a stake that would have gladdened the heart of the most sanguine missionary. The gentleman thanked the congregation for their noble generosity and said "the pious fund should be properly invested;" said he "would visit San Diego and endeavor to return and preach on the following Sabbath," pronounced his benediction, and the congregation dispersed. The week rolled around and many of us looked forward with no small degree of interest for the return of the strange and interesting missionary, but he failed to connect, and another week or two rolled by, when it was ascertained that the miserable wolf in sheep's clothing, the vagabond who had assumed the livery of heaven to be used in the service of hell, was a notorious up-country gambler, who, coming among us terrestrial angels flat broke, had successfully played us for a stake, had invested the "pious fund" in aguardiente, red shirts and striped calico, and had gone to the Colorado to gamble and trade with the Indians. We were all utterly sold and swindled, and well did we merit the outrage, and for the following reason: About six months prior to the happening of the sad event just related, that eminent christian and pioneer missionary, the Rev. Adam Bland, had flung his banner to the breeze and was then struggling like a hero to establish in an humble way the first Protestant church among us, and would have regarded as a great godsend the handsome sum thrown away on that itinerant vagabond. We deserved to be cheated, for the reason that we should have supported Mr. Bland and helped him along in the good cause in which he was so energetically engaged.

"Reminiscences of a Ranger" suggests to the reader border warfare, bloody raids, reprisals and hand-to-hand conflicts, and all of the Bombastes Furioso paraphernalia of yellow-backed literature, so appetizing to the hoodlum element of our modern population; and after the relation of one more pacific and legal exploit of the Rangers, the thirst of the impatient reader shall be appeased with *blood*. The author confesses that this history so far has been more of lawsuits than of war. He has written of the great court-martial that tried and sentenced the

City Marshal. He has told of the first divorce suit tried and determined in our pioneer courts, and of other suits. He wore out a brand new pen in giving to the world an unbiased and impartial history of the terrific struggle between those pioneer legal Titans, the immortal Juan Largo and the long since dead and forgotten Juan Chapo, for the possession of that historical old mustang, that was the stepping-stone to the downward career of the two litigants. The great Largo, in sheer desperation, threw himself into the mad maelstrom of politics, and was swallowed up in its hungry vortex. That great historical lawsuit and the loss of that $10 mustang so preyed upon the mind of the poor, impecunious Chapo, that two years thereafter he was sent to the State Insane Asylum and died. That horrible legal battle ought to compensate the reader for oceans of blood. The gentle author could have told in the meantime of bloody broils, of assassinations without number, of travelers waylaid and murdered almost within hearing of the old plaza church bells. He could have written of men's ears cut off, strung on strings, and paraded as trophies in our halls and bar-rooms. He could have horrified the Christian reader by telling of men's heads severed from their bleeding trunks, and used as foot-balls on the public highways; of women outraged and murdered in our very streets; and of untold horrors, which the writer hopes will remain untold on this earth forever. The writer abhors the recital of such bloody horrors, but he delights in taking the ludicrous side of the horrible history of pioneer times, and will proceed to relate the brief facts of another great legal conflict between the Ranger Company and a pioneer Irishman for the possession of an innocent old jackass, after which he will give the reader some blood.

The Rangers went on a midnight secret raid about the month of August '53, of course, a strong impression prevailed that Joaquin was in the city. So it was arranged that the whole Ranger Company, mounted and on foot, should make a midnight sally and search every suspicious house and place within the city limits. High expectations of success were entertained. At the hour of mid-night three parties on foot set forth to operate in Nigger Alley, Sonora and other inside places, while parties of horsemen made rapid raids on all the *Jacals* and vineyards, the suburbs and out of the way corners. The search was well conducted and thorough, but utterly without fruits, and at daylight all the Rangers had reported back to headquarters, crestfallen and disappointed, all without captures and trophies, except that one party brought in a forlorn-looking jackass that was promptly spouted in Nigger Alley for aguardiente, and became the prolific source of the remarkable lawsuit that is now the subject matter of history. On the day following, an Irishman discovered and laid claim to his ass-ship, which said claim was vigorously resisted by a ferocious looking Sonoreño who kept a cantina in Nigger Alley, and had advanced the liquid loan on the jackass security. That great and humorous pioneer lawyer, General Ezra Drown, appeared for the defendant Mexican, who called in the festive Rangers to defend his right to the possession of the embargoed burro. I believe Cameron Thom represented the Irish plaintiff, and a native Californian presided as Justice of the Peace. The Rangers chivalrously backed up the defendant, and threatening to maintain legal title to the bitter end, demanded a jury trial. All parties being present, including the Constable and jackass, and the jury being duly sworn to try the case and true verdict render according to law and evidence, the plaintiff Irishman was sworn and opened out, but before he could say jackass, defendant's attorney brought him up on a legal round turn, and asked him where he was born. He answered that he was born in County Downs, in the ancient and honorable kingdom of Ireland. Defendant's attorney then objected to the admission of the evidence on the ground that defendant was a citizen of the United States, and that the constitution of our great country precluded Irishmen from giving evidence against an American. It was very up-hill work in getting at justice in that Court for the reason that neither of the attorneys could speak a word of Spanish, and the Judge could not understand a word of English, and the two lawyers had to make their arguments and present their authorities through the medium of the "most useful man," who was the court interpreter on that great trial. The legal blows dealt and returned were ponderous. The authorities cited were voluminous and heavy; how they were interpreted and presented to, or understood by the Court are to-day enveloped in the mists of mystery and sleep in the grave with the "most useful man." Suffice it to say, that after two days of Herculean legal conflict, the Court rendered its judicial fiat on the legal fate of the irate and game son of Erin by saying, "that he himself, the Court, had personally read the great treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and knew that by said treaty the defendant was a full-fledged American citizen, and as plaintiff's attorney had failed to present any manner of treaty whatever that made the same transformation for the Irishman the Court was reluctantly forced to the exclusion of the evidence offered," and so the Court ruled. The game Irishman, not in the least discomfited by being legally sent to grass, at the call of time came smiling to the scratch and presented two stalwart Californian boys to prove his legal ownership to the contested property. Defendant's attorney, fully alive to the great responsibility resting on his broad legal shoulders, dealt plaintiff a stunning blow by objecting to the proposed evidence on the ground that the witnesses were not white men, and that defendant being a white man, none but white men could testify against him. Plaintiff's counsel maintained that having assumed the affirmative the burden of proof rested on defendant to prove the witnesses not to be white men. Defendant's attorney accordingly produced as experts in physiology the three learned men of the city, Doctors Swim, Gardner and Hannum, who, after testifying to their scientific attainments, were asked if they could by any scientific physiological certainty, determine the line of demarkation between a person of pure white blood and a mongrel. Answering emphatically in the affirmative, they were required to examine the two witnesses and inform the Court if they were white men or mongrels. For the information of the reader of more modern importation it is proper to know that at that time California was an ultra white man's government. The learned trio conferred together for a minute, when Dr. Gardner came up to one of the witnesses and seizing him by the nose and chin, ordered him to open his mouth, the witness indignantly resented the familiarity and glared defiantly on the learned man in physiology, laid his hand threateningly on the knife that was so conveniently sheathed in his leathern legging, and said: "Que quieres tu?" (What do you want?) The learned man, somewhat taken aback at this unexpected opposition to his scientific demonstration, called on counsel and Court for assistance and protection. The Court very sensibly inquired of the doctor the object of his unceremonious interference with the witness' legal right to protection from rude personal violence. Said the doctor, addressing himself to the interpreter, "Inform his honor that I was about to demonstrate to the Court the difference in the six salivary glands of a white man and those of mixed blood. Say to the Court that in a white man the sub-maxillary gland, which is situated within the lower jaw anterior to the angle and which opens into the mouth by the side of the frænum linguæ, and the lingual gland which is situated between the mucous membrane on each side of the frænum linguæ are elongated; in the mixed breed they are round." This scientific lecture being duly interpreted to the Court, the Judge said, "No entiende," and looked worried.

Defendant's attorney then inquired of the learned experts if there was no other way of determining to a scientific certainty the great question at issue, and the grave and reverend seignors again mysteriously consulted. Then Dr. Gardner answered and said, "Yes, certainly there is," seizing the upper and lower eyelid of the other witness and turning his eye-ball inside out, and was greatly astonished at the subject springing to his feet, with tears streaming from one eye and sparks of indignation flashing from the other, and yelling carajo! The Court ordered the interpreter to inquire of the learned physiologist what he meant by such unseemly conduct, and through the same channel of converse the doctor addressed himself to the Court.

"Inform his honor that I was about to demonstrate that in a white man the two small orifices called punctalachrimalia, at their intersection with the nasal ducts, that is to say"—

"I am afraid," said the defendant's attorney, "his honor will be unable to understand a scientific anatomical lecture through the medium of an interpreter. Is there no more practical manner of settling this question?"

"Oh, yes," responded the doctor, drawing from his pocket a formidable pair of old pullicans; "you see, in the white man the wisdom teeth grow straight down into the body of the jaw, and have three strongly developed roots; in the black or mixed breeds the wisdom teeth grow solidly and firmly into the *ramus*, and have but one root, and to settle this matter definitely I will now proceed to extract a wisdom tooth," and the doctor returned to the charge, but the birds had flown. The prey had escaped, and from that day to this the author has never heard of any of our local courts settling that interesting question. The witnesses saved the Court the trouble of passing on their legal status by passing beyond the Court's jurisdiction. The game Irishman was knocked out of time, and having no bottle-holder, flung up the sponge, and the custody of the jackass was legally awarded to the constitutional American citizen, who called on the Constable for the property. The Constable was found drunk at the Ranger barracks, and on the day following, the jackass was found in an up-town cantina, where the Rangers had a second time spouted him for a liquid advance, and the Constable had fallen a victim to the speculation. Another suit followed, not less interesting than the first, and while that was in process of litigation the jackass was again abducted, and served to keep up steam at the Ranger barracks both night and day for over a fortnight.

Reader, bear with me another law suit and then we will have reached our bloody chapter. B. Cohn, a noted merchant, was at Ehrenburg, Arizona, and got into a law suit in a Justice's Court. The Constable was a Mexican. Cohn had no lawyer, while his opponent was represented by the celebrated counsellor, Charles Granville Johnston, Esq., who mounted his legal high horse and was demolishing Cohn with quartz-crushing power. Cohn stepped outside the court-room door and beckoned the Constable to him, and slipping a coin in the ever open official palm said, "Do you see that fellow cutting up so there?" "Si Señor, como no?" (and why not), answered the Constable. "Well," said Cohn, "I want you to take that fellow to the lock up." "Da me un papel pues;" (give me a paper), said the Constable, and B. Cohn stepped inside the court room for a moment and returned with one of his printed bill headings and gave it to the Constable, who said "Esta bueno." Then the Constable invited the counsellor outside of the court room and called a couple of stalwart Sonoreños and informed them that he had a heavy and refractory prisoner to carry to the calaboose, and desired their assistance, and the three piled in on poor Johnston and yanked him off to jail so fast that he hardly knew how he got there, and long before he regained his liberty Cohn had vanquished his opponent and won his suit.

CHAPTER XI.

A Bloody Chapter—Murderers and Bandits Flee From San Luis Obispo—The Rangers Capture the Whole Band After a Sharp Skirmish in Bliss' Vineyard—A Female Fighter—All Taken to San Luis Obispo and Hung—The Murder of Porter and Pursuit of Vergara—Stanley, Banning and Winston—A Ride for Life—Hand to Hand Fight—Vergara Escapes, Reaches Yuma and is Killed by the Guard—Don Santiago Arguello—Major Heintzelman.

THIS chapter is to be a bloody one. Contrary to th natural instincts of the chronicler, the truth of history demands that once more he is to draw the attention of the gentle and refined reader from ludicrous legal exploits of pioneer lawyers, to a bloody relation of murder, rapine, treachery, midnight robbery and assassinations most bloody.

In September, 1853, the country in the southern mines became too hot for many of the bad characters who had operated under the famous Joaquin, and small bands would fly from the central organization and drift southward, signalizing their passage by deeds of blood and pillage, and woe be to the unfortunate gringo who fell in their way. Cattle buyers on their way south in parties of one, two or more, were invariably met and murdered by these fleeing bandits. One party of seven, including one woman, whose name I knew, but forget, murdered a party of Americans somewhere not far above San Luis Obispo, after which they halted long enough in the town to dispose of some of the effects of the murdered party and then continued their march southward. But few Americans then resided in San Luis Obispo, and the Sheriff feeling too weak for successful pursuit took passage on the steamer bound south, landed at San Pedro and arrived in Los Angeles late on a Saturday evening, and at once made known the object of his visit to Captain Hope, of the Rangers, whose name and the fame of whose company had become a household word with all the American settlers in the counties south of Monterey, and a like terror to the bandits. Detectives (and we had detectives, and money with which to pay them) were sent out to inquire if such a party had as yet made its appearance in the city, and at noon on Sunday it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the identical party was then encamped under the sombre shades of a great willow hedge in the rear of Mr. Rowland's (now Bliss') vineyard. That they were on the *qui vive* was a matter of certainty, for, said the informer, "The horses are all saddled, and the men booted and spurred." Our captain accordingly made his dispositions to successfully bag his game.

The first move was to send a party by way of Old Aliso street to Boyle Heights, there to lay in wait, anticipating that if the party escaped from the vineyard they would flee in that direction. Smaller parties were then sent down San Pedro street and came up in the rear of the villains, and were to be given sufficient time to get into position before the main move was made directly from the barracks to the robber camp, under the captain himself. At the appointed time the captain moved quietly down Alameda street and into Rowland's vineyard, and by the time we had well passed the house we heard the clatter of fleeing horsemen through the cornfield, inside the willow hedge. We had started the game, and one long blast of the bugle notified the watchers on Boyle Heights and the parties in waiting on the south to look out for the enemy, and the pursuit commenced. Did the reader ever engage in a cavalry skirmish in a cornfield? If not, he has failed to participate in one of the most exciting pleasures that it is possible to conceive;

as the girls say about dancing, "it is perfectly splendid." In a few moments the pop, pop, pop, of the revolver, the answering yell and hurrah of the intercepting Rangers, the defiant carajo of the robbers, and the crashing of the breaking cornstalks, admonished the captain that the game had become interesting, and in a moment he was among them. In less than five minutes you could hear the pop of the revolver, the yell and carajo, in every direction for a half mile or more away. The thieves having broken and scattered, nothing could be seen. The corn, the hedges, the vineyard and trees, would occasionally and momentarily reveal a flying and pursuing horseman. The Rangers separated, each bent on securing his man, and the chase became intensely exciting. More corn was trampled down, more grapes destroyed, in the skirmish and pursuit, the writer ventures to say, than were ever paid for. By sunset the Ranger company had reported back to headquarters, and the whole party of robbers, horses, bag and baggage, were our prisoners, and were duly placed under guard, including as pretty a little brunette woman as ever excited the lustful desires of a Mormon missionary, and, strange to say, the latter was the last to surrender, used her revolver like a trooper, and was the only one that escaped to Boyle Hights, which she did, and fell unexpectedly into the arms of the disappointed Rangers who were there in anxious waiting. The seven who appeared at San Luis Obispo had increased to ten, not counting the woman.

On Monday morning rumors of lynching began to circulate, and by noon it became quite evident that unless the robbers were protected by the Rangers their doom was certain. The United States District Attorney, however, went among the lynchers, and represented to them that the people of San Luis Obispo had the best right to administer justice in this instance, and it would not be neighborly courtesy for us to intervene in so delicate a matter, and that "it was not our hang," and Captain

Hope informed them that the Rangers would deliver the prisoners to the Sheriff of San Luis Obispo on board the up-bound steamer, and would furnish him a guard, if necessary, on the passage up. On this emphatic assurance the lynchers subsided, the prisoners, including the amorous-looking little brunette, were safely delivered on board Haley's little steamer, were so securely ironed as to obviate the necessity for a guard, and arrived at the landing of San Luis Obispo. The town being seven miles from the landing, the Sheriff sent out for a guard to safely escort his prisoners to town, and the steamer waited. Haley was the most accommodating captain that ever ran on this coast, and somewhat more will be said in due time of this gallant old salt, who has so gracefully converted his old marine charts into legal parchment.

With the least possible delay, a detachment of citizens came down to assist in safely landing the chained bandits, and then safely escorted them to the first tree that presented itself on the bleak, treeless plain, and in the most gentle but positive manner possible proceeded to string up the whole party, including that game little vixen aforesaid—that frail, gentle looking brunette—and so endeth the first act in this bloody chapter.

About the same time an American cattle buyer named Porter, while coming from the Dominguez ranch to the city, was murdered and robbed in the outskirts, on Alameda street, by a man who had accompanied him in the capacity of servant and interpreter. The writer, on his way from San Pedro to Los Angeles, was informed at the Dominguez place that the American and his servant had just left for the city, and rode hard to come up with them, for the sake of company, but took the road that came in by way of San Pedro street. Dr. Wilson Jones, riding in from the Lugo's at about an hour before sundown, came on the murdered man, dead and bleeding, in the middle of the road, and rode rapidly to town to give the alarm. Ranger parties were at once sent out in all directions, although it seemed most certain that the assassin would go toward San Diego. Accordingly a well-mounted party, under Lieutenant Stanley, took the road in that direction. Stanley always was a hard rider, and I presume that, notwithstanding the silver threads of time that now besprinkle the head of the gallant old Ranger, denoting the approach of an honorable old age, Stanley, if called on by duty or necessity, could make the same ride again. Phineas Banning, always ready to ride with the Rangers as well as to supply them with means, and Dr. Winston, then more of a light weight than at present, were of the party, and I believe the two Marshall boys were also along. The party rode all night, and ate a hasty breakfast at San Juan Capistrano, where they learned that the fugitive murderer was only a half hour ahead of them when they entered the little mission town. In the meantime it had been ascertained in the city that the murderer was one Manuel Vergara, a most notorious up-country assassin and robber, who had in some way ingratiated himself into the confidence of Mr. Porter, and in riding into town as above described had, from behind, shot him through the head, and robbed him of a considerable amount that he carried with him to pay on any purchases of cattle he might make. Lieutenant Stanley, who had intended procuring fresh horses, at once mounted his men, and driving their spurs in the bleeding flanks of their highly-groomed and well-fed, choice mustangs, without the loss of a minute dashed out of the village in hot and eager pursuit.

The fugitive was now an hour ahead of his pursuers, and the great fear of the Rangers was that he would procure a fresh horse, and gain this great advantage, otherwise they felt confident in their ability to overtake him. The Rangers had the best horses the country afforded; they were well-fed, groomed and exercised every day, and were in good keeping to be pushed to the utmost endurance of a California mustang, and it is conceded that a well-kept California horse will endure the most incredibly hard rides. The Rangers pushed on, and as they came in sight of the Mission of San Luis Rey they were gladdened by the sight of a horseman riding rapidly away. Then commenced the race for life. The fugitive was a mile ahead of Stanley's party, and, finding himself pursued, made every effort to gain on his pursuers. But the Rangers gained on him; every mile reduced the distance, and five miles from the Mission the Rangers, sometimes one ahead, sometimes another, commenced to fire on him with their revolvers, and at every shot the desperate scoundrel would howl back his defiant carajo, and so the chase continued for another five miles, when one by one the Rangers' horses commenced dropping behind, and the murderer's horse seemed as fresh as ever. The distance passed over in that flight and pursuit was full one hundred miles, and the writer would shrink from the relation of such a personal exploit, but not being of that party he declares the truth of what he writes. One Ranger's horse, however, continued to gain on the fugitive, and soon the two were far ahead of the other Rangers. Whether it was Stanley or one of the Marshall boys, or Banning, who continued to gain on the fleeing murderer, the writer is not sure, but is under the impression that it was Green Marshall. Finally the pursuing Ranger came so close up to the pursued, that he turned in his saddle and commenced to fire back at the Ranger. And thus the race continued until both had fired their last shot without effect. And let the reader be informed that men so blown and excited, so worn out and unsteady, are apt, under such circumstances, to shoot wide of the mark. The Ranger continued to gain on the fugitive until the two were brought side by side, and commenced striking at each other with their empty revolvers. Their horses were staggering and reeling, and about to fall exhausted on the plain.

The Ranger, out of breath, demanded the surrender of the fugitive, who, with glaring eyeballs and bated breath, hissed defiance through his closely set teeth. At last the Ranger seized the rein of the fugitive's bridle, and while holding on with one hand he tried to beat him down with his revolver in the other. Vergara was a full match for his antagonist, and succeeded in drawing his bowie, and in making his first cut at the Ranger cut his own bridle-rein, which freeing his horse from the hold of the Ranger, who in the conflict had dropped his own rein, the two became in a moment separated. Vergara drove his spurs into his horse and he shot ahead like a bomb-shell, the Ranger's horse veered off to one side, and in a harsh endeavor to bring him up, he reeled, fell and lay exhausted on the plain. Vergara, with a triumphant shout, pressed forward, and when the fagged out Rangers, who had been left behind, came up, the fugitive murderer had passed out of sight and escaped. Being unable to procure fresh horses for the pursuit the disappointed Rangers, utterly fagged out, exhausted, on foot, leading and urging on their broken steeds, managed to reach San Diego and laid the matter of their pursuit before that sterling old patriot, Don Santiago Arguello, who procured an Indian and paid him a large sum to carry a dispatch to the commanding officer at Yuma, and to double the amount if he should reach there ahead of Vergara, surmising correctly that the fugitive would make his way to that place. Procuring a fresh horse Vergara pushed on to Fort Yuma, where he camped on the edge of the river, just below the ferry. Major Heintzelman, who commanded at Yuma, had in the meantime received Don Santiago's dispatch, the Indian having successfully accomplished his mission, sent a Sergeant and file of soldiers down to bring the suspicious looking Mexican to headquarters. Vergara refused to go, drew his revolver on the Sergeant, and was shot dead by the soldiers.

CHAPTER XII.

The Murder of Jack Whaling—An Army of Fair and Frail Sisters—Moreno's Band—Robbery of Lelong's House—Moreno Kills His Comrades for Blood Money—Capture of Moreno—The Whole City on Guard—Solomon Lazard's Bravery—Mayor Nichol's Message to the Council—All is Mystery.

WHILE the Rangers were yet in pursuit of Vergara, poor old Jack Whaling, a brave, honest Irishman who had succeeded the Arkansas man as City Marshal, was assassinated boldly and publicly, in open daylight, on a corner of our most public street. His assassin, by name Senati, wiped the blood of the victim from his knife, gave expression to some fierce maledictions against the hated gringos, quietly mounted his horse and rode away. The town was thrown into an intense excitement, a meeting was held, a committee of safety was appointed, and it was resolved to purify the city and banish all the bad characters. Then, after a reconsideration of the subject in secret conclave by the committee, it was agreed that the step resolved upon would be dangerous, for the reason that the bad characters were evidently in the majority, and might turn out and banish the committee and their backers. The Rangers were all out, and the utmost alarm pervaded the civil part of the community. And now a digression is proposed, and the reader—especially the mercantile reader—is informed that the first commercial failure in Los Angeles was that of a Mexican merchant, Atanacio Moreno, who failed about August, '53, and not only disappeared from commercial circles, but also from the city. Moreno was a tall, straight, fine appearing white man, belonged to the best blood of Sonora, and up to the time of his disappearance stood well in society, and was highly respected. Every few days after the murder of Whaling, a robbery, or a murder, or some other outrage would be reported from some part of the county. The Rangers were kept busy but failed to make any important discoveries or captures. Sometimes they would be sent to the Soledad Cañon, or the Santa Clara Valley; sometimes to San Juan Capistrano and around the country generally, following the Will-o'-the-wisp of some false alarm without any important result. In the meantime, news came of the killing of Joaquin, and the dispersal of his band in Monterey county, and that the frightened bandits were making their way southward. The excitement and alarm was fearful, the city was actually in a state of seige, business was at a standstill, and so October passed and November set in.

And now for another digression. In the month of November the steamer brought a small army of fair and frail sisters from San Francisco, the pioneers of the foreign element in the propagation of the social evil in our angelic and highly refined civilization. We had thieves and cut-throats of all nations under the sun, but up to November, '53, the monde and the demi-monde was represented by ladies to the manor born. The frail pioneers established themselves in a large house on Upper Main street, and made their debut by giving a grand opening ball, to which they invited all the principal gamblers of the city, and on the night of the brilliant affair, when dancing and drinking had grown to a fever heat, when mad revelry had run riot, a loud knock demanded admittance to the ball-room. On the door being opened a dozen Mexican bandits, armed to the teeth, marched boldly into the room and covered the astonished revelers with their revolvers and carbines. The leader was masked and spoke English. He informed the gamblers that the house was surrounded by a hundred armed men, and if they offered the least resistance they would be murdered without mercy, but if they submitted quietly they would be spared. ~~The~~ robbers, for such they were, then went through and plundered the house, finding most of the gambler's overcoats and revolvers in the adjoining wine-room. After which they passed the gamblers out of the ball-room into the wine-room, searching and robbing them one by one until the last man was fleeced, when they proceeded to search and rob the frail sisters, stripping them of their valuable jewelry and money. They then bade the household "buenas noches," mounted their horses and rode away.

The robbers betook themselves to the vineyard of a well-to-do Frenchman, who dwelt in that old-fashioned adobe house that now stands on the south side of New Aliso street, just beyond the venerable old Aliso tree, under the sombre shades of which the thieves halted and dismounted, and one part of the band holding the horses, the others entered the house, and after binding the owner, proceeded to search the house for money and valuables. By dint of rifling drawers and trunks, and by threats, they succeeded in obtaining a considerable amount of coin and valuable jewelry, among which was a valuable gold watch. They then perpetrated the last outrage on the poor wife of the Frenchman, and being now near on to daylight, they mounted and left the slumbering city.

The audacity of this exploit, the mysterious coming and departure of a band so formidable, and handled with such military discipline, the *finesse* and *sang-froid* with which they robbed the gamblers, who greatly magnified their number and formidable appearance, whence they came and whither they went, the dark mystery surrounding the adventure, led one to inquire of another, "Well, what next?" Alarm was changed into consternation, and general gloom and terror pervaded the gringo part of the population, especially those who owned stores and merchandise. The writer uses the convenient phrase "gringo" to signify the whole population except the Spaniards. The gringos at once assumed a bellicose attitude. All citizens were under arms. The Rangers were constantly in the saddle, and well does the writer remember the warlike appearance of Mayor Nichols and Solomon Lazard, as on a stormy night the two heroes, muffled in storm and rain-protecting blankets, weighed down with side-arms, and each with a double-barreled shot-gun carried at a "secure arms" to protect them from the pelting rain, marching to their respective stations on the hills west of the city to do picket duty; and how a cordon of armed citizens guarded every approach to the angelic stronghold; how the heroic and vigilant Lazard shot a brave old bull, who came lost and straggling into town on that eventful night; how the Rangers, in detachments, went into the country on the same rainy night; and how, to the utter surprise of the whole city, especially the Spanish part of the population, the robbers entered the city, raided Sonora, sacked several Spanish houses, and carried off forcibly several girls. Whence they came and whither they went was veiled in the mists of mystery.

When Mayor Nichols was on his picket post the City Council sent the Marshal to bring him to the council rooms, where they were discussing measures of general defense and required his counsel and advice. "I will send them a message," said the Mayor, "and will send it verbally. Tell the honorables that the most proper measures for the defense of this city, would be for them to join the Rangers as volunteers or shoulder a shotgun and close the municipal shop for the present."

This raid on Sonora occurred about a week after the foray made on the gamblers and Frenchman. The angels became nervous, excited, feverish and impatient; a spirit of disappointment fell upon the Ranger company, constantly kept going on false information, always to be disappointed. They would occasionally jump an armed horseman who was so wary and skillful in his manœuvers that not a single capture was made. That a formidable band of robbers were within easy striking distance of the city was a conceded fact. Where they were, none could tell. Wild and magnified rumors and reports of murders here, robberies and outrages there, were spread, with still wilder rumors of a Mexican invasion and expulsion of the gringos, all of which time the bandits were encamped within ten miles of the city.

How the spirit of cupidity gave birth to dark and bloody treason, and how the leaders of the robber band were murdered in cold blood, will now be in order.

When Senati murdered the Marshal, the Sheriff offered a reward of $1,500 for his arrest and delivery, dead or alive. Two months had elapsed and no account of the fugitive assassin. One rainy morning in December, when the excitement raged fearfully and anxiety became unbearable, the news spread like wildfire that the jail yard was full of dead robbers, among whom was Senati. A general rush was made for the jail, where in the yard in front of the jail door was found a Mexican cart, with the gory corpses of five bandits lying piled one on top of another, stiff and stark, exposed to the driving rain and presenting all of the horrible contortions in form and feature of men who died in fear and agony. An Indian boy drove the cart to town, arriving between midnight and daylight. The cart was guarded and escorted by a solitary horseman, and that horseman was Atanacio Moreno, the broken merchant; and this is the report he made to the Sheriff. He said that about a month previous he was taken prisoner by the bandits, who, supposing he had means, demanded a ransom, kept him a close prisoner, and threatened to shoot him unless the ransom was paid; that he watched and waited for an opportunity to escape; that Luis Vulvia, who had been Joaquin's Lieutenant, was Captain of the band, and Senati was Lieutenant. Moreno further said that his capture was subsequent to Senati's assassination of the Marshal, and he knew of the price set on his head by the Sheriff, and in sheer desperation he determined not only to escape, but to carry Senati's head with him as a trophy. With this determination he watched and waited for a favorable opportunity, which never came. Growing impatient and still more desperate, the band having gone on a foray and he being left alone with Senati and two guards, by stratagem he succeeded in obtaining possession of their arms, and killed, first Senati, then the two others. That the Captain, Vulvia, at this critical juncture unexpectedly returned to camp, and by a stroke of good management was also slaughtered, with his attendant, by the brave Moreno. This all occurred in one of the cañons in the rear of the Brea Rancho, and after his brilliant exploit the freed and exultant Moreno accidentally encountered the Indian boy with the ox cart, pressed him into service, drove to the robber camp in the cañon, loaded on the slaughtered bandits, drove to town as above stated, and now demanded the $1,500 from the Sheriff in conformity with his offer. Moreno was a hero.

In less than two hours the Sheriff had raised the money and paid it over. The town took a long breath of relief. The great agony was over, business began to resume its sway, and the excitement somewhat abated. About a week or two thereafter, Charlie Ducommun came, out of breath, through the back way into the drug store, at the corner of Commercial and Los Angeles streets, where he found Captain Hope and two Rangers. Hope understood that some one was robbing Charlie's crib, and biding him return quietly by the way he came, Hope, with his two Rangers, hastily proceeded up Commercial street. A horse was seen standing in front of Charlie's shop with the rope leading inside, which showed that a man was inside holding the rope. Arriving at the door, the man inside went for his revolver, but before he could draw he was seized, and after a desperate resistance was overpowered, and, to the surprise of all, he proved to be the hero Moreno. Then Ducommon explained that the prisoner offered to pawn the valuable gold watch stolen from the house of the Frenchman before referred to; that he at once recognized the watch, and pretending to go into his back room for money, had ran to the drug store and given information. Moreno was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary for the robbery of the Frenchman's house. He then confessed that he himself had been the captain of the robber band, and that Vulvia and Senati were *his Lieutenants*, that he was the commander of the robbers when they went through the gamblers and frail dames, and at the outrage at the Frenchman's; that, tempted by cupidity he had slain Senati, to effect which he sent the band out on service, retaining Senati in camp with three pickets posted on the mountain sides. The two being alone he killed Senati with a rear thrust with a sabre, and to his surprise Vulvia returned to camp and was treacherously shot down by his captain. The three pickets hearing the shot in camp, came in and were treacherously murdered in detail. The ox cart was procured as above stated, and the dead robbers brought to town. After being about a year in prison, Moreno and the veteran San Francisco forger, old Captain Tuft, attempted to get up an insurrection, disgracefully failed, and were severely punished. He was, after about four years' service, pardoned by the Governor, and was taken to Sonora by his friends; returned again to Los Angeles; recommenced his old tricks and was again sent up, and again pardoned in 1867, which is the last the writer knows of Moreno.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Post of Jurupa—Captain Lovell—Military Discipline—A Gay and Festive Quartermaster—Smith—Attempted Robbery of Mrs. Iverson's House at San Gabriel—Robber Camp at Temescal—The Rangers, Regulars and Mormon Contingent Make a Night March on Their Camp—Escape—On to San Juan Capistrano—Juan Forster—Juan Avila el Rico.

"Time at last sets all things even."

THERE was but one military post within the limits of Los Angeles county at the time referred to in the previous chapters, and the domain of Los Angeles was then very great, including San Bernardino and the greater part of Kern counties, as heretofore stated. The post of Jurupa was established, I believe, in 1850, and was continued until 1857. Fort Tejon was not established until 1854. Jurupa, being an infantry post, could lend little or no assistance in breaking up the robber bands that so occupied the Ranger company and kept them so constantly going. Captain Lovell commanded at Jurupa—a sedate, methodical, sober kind of an officer, who seemed perfectly content to sit in his elegant quarters, issue orders to his little army of a dozen or so of well-fed, clean-shaved, white-cotton-gloved, nicely-dressed, lazy, fat fellows, who were seemingly happy and content on their $8 per month, while even a Digger Indian would naturally expect to earn even more than that sum in a day in the mines. They all, from Captain to Corporal, seemed resigned to a life of well-fed indolence.

Captain Lovell was sedate and sober, and comported himself with as much military decorum as though on duty at the War Department, and under the immediate eye of his illustrious commander, the lordly conqueror of the mighty Aztec capital. Captain Lovell exacted from his subalterns the utmost military punctilio, and ruled the military roost at Jurupa with all the rigor of a martinet. Every military collar at Jurupa must stand with the most mathematical uprightness; every military button, every military brogan, and every military tin cup, must be burnished daily in such brilliant style, so as to serve, if so required, as a mirror or shaving-glass. Quarters were daily inspected, and the whole camp subjected to the most rigorous military police. Kitchen, mess pans and camp kettles would receive the most critical attention from this model commander, whose daily custom was to visit the military kitchen and rub the kettles, plates and pans with his immaculate white handkerchief, and woe be to the delinquent cook if the perfumed linen should be soiled or smutted by its contact with his kitchen kit.

Lovell had one officer, however, whom he could in no way manage. Military discipline was not the *forte* of this officer, and although Lovell tried every means from commands to court-martials, Smith (such was the Lieutenant's name) was utterly incorrigible. Smith was so hard a nut that even Lovell couldn't crack him. Smith would consent to the wearing of a military jacket, but Mexican calzoneros, Mexican buckskin leggings of the most approved style and finish, Mexican jingling spurs with six-inch rowels, Mexican sash, Mexican hat, Mexican horse, saddle and bridle, and a brilliant Mexican blanket, a navy revolver belted to his side, and an elegant bowie neatly sheathed in his Mexican bota, went to make up the personal trappings of the gay, festive and roystering Quartermaster of Fort Jurupa, a boon companion of the gifted Myron Norton. Smith, with all his fondness for gay Mexican trappings, was also inordinately fond of Mexican women. "Wine and women" didn't begin to express the festive character of this gay son of Mars, who would start from Jurupa at sunrise and ride to Los Angeles, fifty miles, for breakfast, and empty two military canteens of double-proof Mexican aguardiente on the way, and then drink two bottles of first-class California wine at the breakfast table, which he was wont to designate as an appetizer to prepare him for drinking with his friends until dinner time, when he would do his principal drinking. Smith's fondness for women got him into serious difficulty with Lovell more than once, and one time in particular, he was restrained of his liberty and ordered to remain within the limits of his own quarters. A court-martial could not be convened and the District Commander, John B. Magruder, was appealed to by Lovell. The Colonel came to Jurupa and made himself the guest of the bejugged Quartermaster for about a week, during which time Magruder waived rank and he and Smith made night melodious with their roysterings. On taking his departure the District Commander released Smith from durance, which was the last time Lovell attempted his reformation.

Smith was very fond of the Rangers, and always, when opportunity offered, would accompany them on their expeditions. When he came to town he was the more than welcome guest of the company, who would lavish all their generosity on both master and horse, and the generosity of the Jurupa Quartermaster to the Rangers was without limit. If there were any extra rations, extra blankets, or other kinds of military stores at the post, they would be hoarded with miserly care for gratuitous distribution among the Rangers when opportunity offered. Smith was the prince of good fellows and the son of a Governor.

Smith entered the army as a private soldier during the war with Mexico, and for personal gallantry, and not through political influence, at the end of the war was promoted to a

Lieutenancy in the 2nd Infantry. His father was Governor of Virginia, and was known as "Extra Billy."

During the hot times described in the bloody chapter, the robbers made a raid on the Mission San Gabriel, and among other outrages attempted the robbery of Mr. Iverson's house were gallantly repulsed and driven away by Evert, a boy of fourteen years. The robbers went toward the upper Santa Ana, and "Don Julian del Chino" (Isaac Williams) sent a trustworthy Indian to inform Captain Hope that a large force were in rendezvous at Temescal. Hope accordingly made his dispositions not to disperse, but to bag the thieves in their camp. An express was accordingly sent to Jurupa asking the assistance and co-operation of Captain Lovell, as also that of the Mormon authorities at San Bernardino, who were requested to rendezvous at Jurupa at night, with such auxilary force as they might be able to furnish. Fort Jurupa was ten miles below San Bernardino on the Santa Ana river, and the robbers, camp at Temescal was only about twelve miles from Jurupa.

The Rangers arrived at the Fort at ten o'clock at night, having left Los Angeles late in the afternoon, so as to make the latter part of the march under cover of darkness, and not be seen by the vigilant bandits. At the Fort we found the gallant Smith in all his glory, with half the garrison mounted on wagon mules, and ready to move. A half hour later, Cliff, the Mormon Sheriff, reported with a splendid company of mounted Mormons, and at midnight, under the guidance of the Indians sent by Colonel Williams, of Chino, we moved rapidly on the robber camp. The night was clear and calm, the moon shone brightly, and the burnished muskets of the soldiers, flashed warning signals as they gleamed and glittered in the moonbeams. The road was hard and rocky, the sharp clatter of our well shod mustangs, and the heavy tread of the wagon mules, assured us that only by a rapid and direct movement could we expect to surprise the robbers.

The camp was located in the valley just above the Temescal hot springs. Entering the valley we went on a full charge up the road, leaving Smith's mounted infantry, but not Smith, far in the rear, and turning a bend in the road just below the hot springs, we came in sight of the burning camp fires. The game had escaped. The bandits decamped, and when quiet and silence had been restored, we could hear their retreating clatter as they went up Coldwater cañon. Pursuit was impossible at night, owing to the roughness of the mountain and mountain gorge in which the robbers had taken refuge. We accordingly made our camp, fed our mustangs from the wallets of barley furnished by the provident Smith, and while some boiled coffee in their tin-cups, others, fatigued with the more than sixty miles gallop, were soon quietly resting in the arms of Morpheus. With a breakfast of coffee, Mexican cheese and Jurupa hard tack, at daylight we took the trail of the retreating bandits, and followed it up Coldwater cañon, sometimes in the bed of the stream, and sometimes clambering along the brink of some frightful precipice. In a little while Smith sent his infantry back to the fort, they being unable to follow the difficult and dangerous trail. After an infinite amount of scrambling, danger, and hard labor, we stood on the very summit of the Temescal mountain, now by some called Santiago mountain, and called by Captain Bonneville, nearly fifty years before, San Juan mountain. The day was clear and beautiful, and we were repaid for our difficult ascent by the same view as described by Bonneville, the original American explorer, who said: "Standing on the summit of the San Juan mountain, with my face towards the sea, I behold the great Pacific ocean with its numerous islands spread out before me, while to my left are the limitless plains of San Luis Rey, and to my right the great volcano and lava fields of San Gabriel," all of which that Ranger-Mormon infantile army beheld with pleasure (a sublime view, more than worth the journey and ascent), save and except the "volcano and lava fields" described by the adventurous Captain Bonneville—because there were none; Bonneville was mistaken. Resting a few minutes, we followed the trail along the ridge, bearing to the east, for several miles, and then descended to the plains, and by the time we were well out of the cañons and foothills the sun had gently gone to rest, and another beautiful moonlight night set in. Our poor mustangs were jaded, still we pushed on, and reached San Juan Capistrano late at night, and aroused Juan Forster ("Bless his old soul!"), who inhabited the only inhabitable part of the old, dilapidated, vermin-infested, tumbling-down Mission buildings that Truman, in his "Semi-Tropical California," gets so enthusiastic over. When speaking of the Mission and Juan Forster, he says "Bless his old soul," meaning Juan. Juan Forster was not blessed by that Ranger-Mormon expedition on that occasion; neither did Smith "bless his old soul," as the sequel will show.

We roused Don Juan up. He had no knowledge or information as to thieves. He guided us into an old open courtyard, with old, broken-down corridors, dusty, dirty, brick floors, that had been inhabited by hungry hogs and mangy curs since Don Pio had laid his despoiling hand on the doomed Mission. We were worn out, hungry and sleepy; still, having a little barley, we tied and fed our worn-out mustangs, spread our blankets, and were soon sound asleep, regardless of the fleas, tarantulas, lizards, or any other kind of vermin.

We slept, with what degree of comfort I will not pretend to say; nevertheless, we slept until about four o'clock in the morning, when it commenced a cold, deluging, driving November rain, and in a little while we were all on our feet, shivering with cold and drenched with water. What with our fatigue and want of sleep, we had lain under our blankets until half drowned and frozen, and when daylight came we presented a pitiable spectacle—our poor mustangs, drawn up, hungry and half-frozen, our blankets soaked and muddy, and the rickety old roof above us pouring down deluges of water. Our Captain said: "Don Juan will be out presently, and will furnish us with better quarters, and whatever there may be of good cheer in the Mission, Don Juan will supply." (Bless his old soul!) Capt. Hope didn't say that, but doubtless, at the time, he meant it.

Time wore apace, but Don Juan failed to put in an appearance. We were hungry, we were wet, cold and chill. We tried to saddle our horses, but our fingers were so benumbed that we could scarcely use them. The poor horses refused to move, but would herd and huddle under the lee side of the wall for protection against the driving blast. Finally, our Captain lost faith even in the proverbial hospitality of an old English salt, and detailed a foraging party which, in the course of an hour, reported back with a sack of barley, an armful of jerked beef, and some dry willow poles ruthlessly torn from one of Don Juan's corrals, ("bless his soul.") We still had some coffee and we had our tin cups, and after many failures we succeeded in starting a fire, and having an abundant supply of water, we went to boiling coffee, fed our horses on barley, masticated jerked beef, and anathematized the soul of Juan Forster, who was still hibernating in his own hole. Hot coffee is a great restorer of circulation, and in a little while Smith and Cliff and one or two Rangers sallied forth in search of adventure, while the others continued to brew and drink coffee. The day wore on, mid-day passed, the storm increased in violence and Don Juan Forster hybernated, the Smith-Cliff party returned with a goodly supply of aguardiente in canteens. We held a council of war, some suggested calling Juan Forster out and demanding shelter, which he could have afforded, others that we saddle up and leave; but where were we to go to, even if our horses could travel? Finally our Captain said that he would not force the hospitality of any one who by all moral obligation should be more than willing to accord That Don Juan Avila el Rico, who dwelt at the Aliso Rancho, only eight miles on the Los Angeles road, had a large house and always kept an abundant supply of forage and provender, and that we would feed our mustangs on what was left of our barley, fortify ourselves with what was left of our coffee, and light out, trusting to a kind Providence and the hospitality of Juan Avila el Rico. The rain still poured down in torrents, we kept the fire burning in a kind of a sheltered corner. Smith was the first to saddle. His horse, whom he called Vallo, was a noble animal, and Smith was as devoted to him as was ever a Bedouin Arab to his courser. Juan Forster's principal room fronted on the Mission square, and had a large, unglazed, open, iron-barred window, and Juan Forster had been seen sitting at that window during the day. Smith had imbibed freely from his canteen, and while we were still brewing coffee and getting ready, Smith went out and took position in front of the large, open window and bawled out at the top of his voice: "D—n Juan Forster! —d—n Juan Forster!" which he continued for a full hour, vociferously roaring, "D—n Juan Forster,"—and a general d—m—g, by which time we emerged from the miserable old corral, in the most dilapidated and wretched plight that it is possible to imagine, and in doleful procession filed out of the Mission square, passing Juan's open window, and joining in chorus with Smith's doleful refrain, "D— — — —n Juan Forster."

As night set in we reached a haven of rest, a place of full-handed hospitality, where we were received with hearty, christian welcome, and although our party was large the generosity of our noble host was yet larger, and the household and Don Juan Avila, "bless *his* soul," went to work in good earnest to ameliorate our wretched condition, and when the sun burst forth in all its glory on the following morning, with well-fed mustangs, dry clothes and full stomachs, we saddled and took up our line of march, the Mormons to San Bernardino and the Rangers, accompanied by Smith, to Los Angeles.

The most of that Ranger-Mormon party have crossed over the river. Juan Forster owns a princely estate—fifty miles of the Pacific Coast. The generous Don Juan Avila stands in the presence of Him who rewards all acts of generosity. The gallant Smith left the army and joined the legions of the Lost Cause, and I believe is yet living. He was brave, and more than generous, and during the bloody days of fraternal strife I could imagine seeing him leading where only the brave dare follow, with his terrific battle-cry of "d————n Juan Forster."

"Time at last sets all things even."
—*Mazeppa.*

CHAPTER XIV.

El Vijeo Lugo—His Vast Wealth and Great Generosity—His Death-Bill, the Most Remarkable—Omar Pacha—Louis Napoleon—U. S. Grant—Knights Ferry—King Gumbo Jumbo and Kahmehameha—A Wonderful Saint—Chebang—Boom—My Compadre—Another Pacha who Decimates a Turkish Regiment.

SOON after my arrival at the Angels it was my good fortune to visit the home ranch of possibly the most eminent Spaniard in California, Don Antonio Maria Lugo, by the Spaniards designated as "El viejo Lugo," by the Americans as "Old man Lugo," the patriarch of the numerous Lugo family, once so rich, powerful and influential. Don Antonio Maria Lugo was eminent, not as a politician or as a man of learning, but as a man of princely possessions, of great generosity and unblemished honor. To be a kinsman of old man Lugo, in the remotest degree, was an assurance of an ample start in lands and cattle with which to commence the battle of life. To give the reader an idea of his great importance, it was always said, and I believe truthfully, that old man Lugo could ride from San Diego to Sonoma, a distance of seven hundred miles, sleep every night on his own land, change horses every day from his own herds, and eat beef slaughtered from his own cattle on the entire journey., As a man of vast possessions, of unbounded generosity and strict integrity, old man Lugo was without a peer on the whole California coast. Originally a Spanish soldier, he obtained his discharge, settled in this country, commenced the business of stock-raising, was sober, industrious, managed his herds successfully, extended his landed interests, and founded a family whose present numbers and various ramifications exceed any other family in the State. "Los Cuerbos," where Compton is now situated, was the home rancho of old man Lugo.

The old Don, then ninety years old, was tall, straight and supple, with a splendid military carriage, elastic step and measured tread, which gave evident proof that the training received in the King's army had made such lasting impression as would endure to the end of his life. When mounted, the old man was the beau-ideal of a horseman, and was the envy of all the young Dons, who were emulous of acquiring the style and carriage known and designated as "el cuerpo de Lugo"—the carriage of the Lugo.

The old hero died, I believe, about 1860, at the age of 98 years, maintaining up to within a short time of his death all of his physical vigor, and could ride on horseback, and, if necessity required, could swing and throw the lasso with as much vim and precision as the most expert youngster. His mental faculties, of the highest order, were perfect and unimpaired until the last minute. Old man Lugo died comparatively poor; but he left a heritage to his legion of descendants, if only understood and appreciated by them, worth more than leagues of land or cattle on a thousand hills. He left a name that stands honored, unsullied, and a bright example to be imitated by generations to come, and any man or woman, high or low, rich or poor, should feel proud to say, "I descended from Don Antonio Maria Lugo, who lived a century—a long life of usefulness—and died honored and wept by all, the friend of mankind, and without an enemy."

Having disposed of old man Lugo, this timid historian approaches the difficult task of trying to do justice to the most remarkable character that he has ever known, and he believes he has met and known in his thirty years of adventure many curious and strange characters. Several times has this truthful historian essayed this difficult and trying subject, and at each time his pen refused its office and flanked off on some lighter and easier task. Had Byron lived and known "Bill," he might have done justice to his many virtues; his thousand peculiarities; his eminent learning and great scientific attainments; his curious history, wonderful adventures, great knowledge of the world and mankind; his extensive travel; his great familiarity and personal acquaintance with noted persons, including Louis Napoleon and Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender; the Royal Isabella and the Duke of Wellington; King Gumbo Jumbo, of Timbuctoo, and Kamehameha, King of the Cannibal Islands. Lopez, the Cuban patriot and martyr, and Omar Pacha, had been his school fellows. He was a partner of Gen. Grant in Knight's Ferry, and mined with Jim Savage on the Tuolumne; was sailing master on the ship of the desert on her last voyage of discovery on the mythical Widney sea, and was chief architect of the construction of the Casa Grande on the Gila; and in a private letter had told Raglan how to capture the Malakoff, he having examined it professionally for the Czar, with a view to strengthening its immense defences. Having been a friend and partner of Grant when the now great man enacted the role of Charon for the wandering Argonauts, he became the confidential agent and correspondent of the Government at Washington in the dark days of the rebellion, and stood guard over the interests of the Union on the Pacific Coast, and kept a weather eye on a Governor suspected of disloyalty, and contributed greatly in preserving the integrity of the Union and holding the City of the Angels to a proper appreciation of the "best government," and preventing the actual secession of California. There is no question that Bill ran this angelic stronghold in the interests of the Union during the dark days, and but for him the angels would have gone in the interest of the Jeff. Davis Government; and during the four years of strife and turmoil, the four years that tried men's souls, and filled the pockets of many, Bill was the big dog of this boneyard. He was the boss of this burg; he ruled this angelic roost, and although he frequently begged the Government for leave to go to the battle's front, he was found to be the right man in the right place, and Grant and Lincoln implored him to stay here and fight it out if it took forty summers; and stay here Bill did, and here he fought the great battle for the Union; and though the odds were ten to one against him, still he won the great battle, and I hope his friends and all who know him will accord him the distinction, as does the historian, of being the *Boss Angel*, or *Bill the most remarkable*. Henceforth, however, the chronicler will presume on his more than quarter of a century of unbroken, uninterrupted friendship and close intimacy, and designate this grand historical character with the familiar cognomen of *Bill*.

This careful chronicler first met and made Bill's acquaintance on his first visit to old man Lugo's. I was somewhat impressed with his personal appearance on first sight. He was of medium hight, of muscular but graceful figure, with a complexion dark as a Spaniard, a head that in intellectual balance and massiveness would have equaled that of the immortal Webster, and would have made a perfect model for a sculptor in giving cast to the head of a Roman Senator, a countenance as soft and sweet as the most gentle woman, with the most peculiar eye I ever beheld in mortal man, a sort of philosophic, poetic, sleepy eye, that seemed so soft, quiet, kind, benevolent and dreamy, but still so changeable. At the slightest insult or offence those poetic, dreamy eyes would change and flash like the lighting of a match or the flashing of gunpowder. His mouth was expressive of great firmness, with a peculiar smile, so pleasing yet so dangerous to a thoughtless woman. Bill, however, had a chivalrous feeling, amounting to a kind of homage, an excessive gallantry, toward the fair sex, otherwise he would have been a rake. That mouth of his was the kind of a mouth that always leads a weak woman to her ruin. There was this much animal in Bill, and with the single exception, and that flashing of the eye that indicated kinship to the Bengal tiger, he was all intellectual. He was a scientist and a philosopher of the true school of philosophy.

As said before, I was somewhat astonished at Bill's peculiar physical and intellectual appearance, supposing him to be a Spaniard, but when he spoke in the most elegant and grammatical English, and in a manner and tone of voice that would have been the envy of the most cultivated courtier, or diplomat, my surprise bordered on curiosity, and immediately on taking our departure I inquired of my companion about him and who he was. The only information he could afford me was that he was "old man Lugo's friend, general manager, interpreter and confidential adviser; that there was an air of mystery surrounding the gentleman, that he was polite, amiable and genial, but whence he came, who he was, his nationality, antecedents, former history, *et cetera*, he kept to himself." His name was English, though surely he was not an Englishman, neither did he resemble an American. He spoke the Spanish language as spoken in Madrid, as also the French, with fluency and pure Parisian accent; still he was evidently neither English, American, Spanish or French, so the question presented itself to my mind, who and what is he? Broach any scientific subject, and he would show himself to be master of it; any matter of history was as much at his fingers' end as though he himself had made it to order; chemistry seemed to be Bill's favorite science, and he applied it to everything, from making tortillas, cooking beans and making coffee, to the making of first-class cognac brandy out of the most villainous Mexican aguardiente, and by the most simple process of distillation he would convert the crude asphaltum, with which our streets are paved, into pure and refined camphene; and thereby hangs a tale.

It is known that asphaltum exists in inexhaustible quantities in Los Angeles County, and was always extensively used in roofing houses and paving streets. Now Bill's scientific knowledge pointed the way to boundless wealth to himself and to Los Angeles County in converting the unlimited supply into pure camphene; and he would revolutionize the camphene trade, then so great. So he fitted up a laboratory in the old building that has since been so altered and improved upon, and is now known as the "Signoret Building." The main floor of the two-story frame was occupied as a drug store, while the upper story was used by an old gentleman mentioned by our deceased centennial historian as having been a most wonderful *compadre*, and of having been the padrino of more children than any other man in California, if the reader knows what that means, and his very pious and christian old wife—the couple being childless—as being a very eminent *comadre.* Now, if the reader labors under the misfortune of being a "gringo," and don't know the mearning of "compadre" and "comadre," then it is the reader's misfortune and not his fault, and the author will endeavor to throw some light on that matter.

The old gentleman referred to as having been so eminent as a compadre, lived to a ripe old age and went to his grave full of honors and was generally lamented. I could never understand how he bore up under the infliction of so many compadres. This to the author has been a long prevailing mystery. I once had a compadre who came near being my financial ruin. The author became a compadre in San Francisco in early times. To be a compadre is to stand as god-father for some one's child at baptism, then you become compadre to both parents and the father becomes *your* compadre and the mother becomes your *comadre.* Now it came to pass that I was in a solid financial situation at San Francisco, as aforesaid, and made the acquaintance of a most elegant Peruvian Don, a near kinsman and partisan of the great hero of Inca-land, the renowned

Echinique. I was very proud of my aristocratic friend, and felt a great elevation of dignity when promenading Montgomery street with this, the only man I ever saw who knew how to wear a Spanish cloak, and how to carry a cane, and who knew how to gracefully give his cigar to a person to obtain a neighborly light from, and when we, arm in arm, entered the parquette of a theatre the eyes of the audience would be diverted from the stage to gaze upon his magnificence, so thought I in my youthful pride. It so happened that my friend was a married man, and had a most interestingly languid, lisping, tropical beauty for a wife, and the high-born pair had a baby. One day my friend informed me that their niña was to be baptized and that I must stand as padrino to the child, and thereby the friendship between us would be cemented—we would be compadres. I at first demurred to the proposition, but the honor was so great that I surrendered at discretion and won the distinction of being and having a compadre, as also a comadre.

My compadre was a millionaire in his own country, but on account of the great Echinique being temporarily under a cloud, was an exile, and was living in a very modest way in San Francisco. But he received a letter from Lima by the last steamer, informing him that on the next departure of the Royal Mail Steamship a thousand doubloons would be sent to his private account, and ten thousand with which to proceed to New York and purchase arms for his great kinsman in case they could not be procured in San Francisco. All of this I learned at the time he requested me to stand for the niña. The time arrived and I was all excitement; I was about to have for a compadre a nephew of the great man at whose frown all Peru trembled.

On the morning of the important day my friend delicately hinted that a few presents to his wife, my soon to be comadre, was expected on this occasion; also some toys, a little silver plate, or some trifles for the niña. To save me the trouble he would buy them, but of course I would have to pay for them. I didn't wish to seem mean, so I inquired about how much coin would be necessary for the trifles, and he mentioned a sum that seemed to me to be very large, but, said he with a Spanish shrug of the shoulders, "que vale este," (a mere trifle). Well, thought I, such honors don't fall to the lot of ordinary gringos, and I handed over the cash. I next learned from my soon to be comadre that I was expected to make a small present to the priest, a silver service of some kind, and so grand did I feel by this time that I would have bartered away my birthright rather than to seem penurious in the eyes of such people, so away went another investment. At the hour set the company met at my friend's residence on Telegraph Hill, Lombard street. A grand dinner and confection was being served. Costly wines in large quantities were being brought in, and I was duly informed that as a matter of honor the padrino was obliged to foot the bill. By this time, however, under the inspiration of wine I felt grander than any Spanish or Peruvian grandee that ever spent his million a year, and a hundred dollars seemed to me as small change, and away went my capital.

The niña was duly baptized, and I became a compadre; went to my room about daylight, fell into a kind of a slumber and dreamed that my grand Peruvian compadre had made me the present of a fee-simple title to a great sugar plantation in Peru. It was near noon when I awoke and my aristocratic compadre was at the door. Some little bill remained unpaid and I was the only one who had the right to pay on such occasion—$40 would square the thing up. I soaked my head in a basin of cold water, went down town with my compadre, handed over the coin, felt so bad that I returned to my room and to bed. Never more did I behold my *only* compadre. My comadre ever after to me was a vision of the past; and the niña, God only knows. A few days after my accession to the honor of being a compadre, I learned that the kinsman of the great Echinique had gone to Stockton and opened a monte bank.

Bill's laboratory was in the back room of the drug store, and most fortunately the room immediately over it was the old lady's oratory (the comadre's), and was inhabited by San Francisco, the greatest and most wonderful saint, possibly, that ever took up his earthly residence in this City of Angels. This eminent saint has performed, and still continues to perform, many and wondrous miracles. San Francisco is to-day, at the very time the author is reverently engaged in writing his praise, performing miracles, occupies elegant quarters, and is ministered to daily by the kind old widow of the old departed compadre. The writer avers, asseverates and declares the truth to be that San Francisco has performed, and still continues to perform, miraculous cures, and is decorated from the top of his saintly head to the tip end of his saintly big toe with testimonials of his many and miraculous cures; and if the reader refuses to believe this most truthful writer, then let him verify the truth of history, and pay a visit to this remarkable saint, who is so famous in the City of Angels that he is as easy to find as the Round House, or the famous Round House George.

If the reader should visit this renowned saint, possibly the first thing that will attract his attention will be a beautiful golden ornament, representing a woman's breast. Now, the significance of that golden ornament is this: An Angelic lady had a badly diseased breast, which medical science failed to cure; so the poor woman was recommended to try San Francisco. She accordingly went to a jeweler and had a golden duplicate made of her well breast, and hung it up in the oratory as an offering to San Francisco. The result was that almost immediately her diseased breast resumed its former beauty, and was perfectly healed. A christian gentleman had a lung disease that was hurrying him to the grave. His physicians informed him that their efforts in his behalf would be unavailing—that he must die. He was recommended to try San Francisco, so he had some expensive ornaments made, representing a pair of healthy lungs, hung them up as an offering to that saintly practitioner, and in a twinkling his lungs were healed. On two occasions the house in which old San Francisco hung up was nearly consumed by fire. Both times the fire raged fearfully until it reached the part of the house occupied by the most potent saint, when it mysteriously smouldered and went out. Notwithstanding Bill was personally present and directed a host of fire fiends against the consuming element, the fire, as before stated, continued on its devouring course until it came near San Francisco's elegant quarters, where the good old lady was engaged in supplicating his intercession, and right there it stopped.

These are only instances of thousands of most wonderful cures effected by this most wonderful saint, and the subduing of the raging conflagration on the two occasions referred to, are only instances likewise of the potency for good of the ancient Francisco.

The reader will soon be brought to understand why it was fortunate that San Francisco was quartered in the room directly over Bill's asphaltum camphene laboratory. It was a hot day in September, 1854, that all the elegant angels of leisure were kicking their heels in the cool piazza of the old Montgomery, which was immediately in front of the house wherein Bill was industriously engaged in his laudable design of benefitting mankind in general, and himself and his adopted city in particular, when all at once chebang! boom! fire, flame, window-glass, a shivered door, and a general bust up in Bill's laboratory. It seemed as though the old frame house was lifted two feet bodily off the ground, and came down with a seeming great crash. The elegant angels kicking their heels, as aforesaid, ran to the rescue, and, in a short time, under the cool direction of Bill, who had stepped into the drug store to divert his mind in the chemical concoction of a "Wellingtonian cocktail," and was fortunately absent when the explosion took place, the fire was subdued and the question of damage was gone into generally, which proved to be quite heavy; and right here the point comes in. If Bill's works had not been directly under San Francisco, that frail old house, then new, would have been blown sky high. You know it would have been entirely out of the order of things to have blown up a saint of such great merit as San Francisco.

Bill was one of the coolest, yet one of the most determined of all the desperadoes of the southern counties. It is to be understood that Bill was not in any manner of speech a desperado, though in all truth he always got away with the desperado by whomever tackled. I will now proceed to relate a few individual instances of Bill's successful encounters with the knights of the trigger and blade. Once upon a time there was an attempt to assassinate Judge Benjamin Hayes, now deceased, one of our most eminent pioneer lawyers, which created quite an excitement. Parties of gringos went out in all directions (this was in 1851) to try to get a clue to the perpetrators of the dastardly attempt, one party under the "most useful man," accompanied by one Pete Monroe, a discharged dragoon and first-class desperado. The party brought up at old man Lugo's and interviewed Bill, who was deemed to be insolent in his demeanor to the inquisitive gringos, and was informed by Pete that if not more respectful he (Pete) would dismount and slice him with his sabre, which he carried at his side. Bill responded by stepping inside and returning with old man Lugo's long, straight Toledo blade, naked and in hand, and with one of his sweetest smiles invited Pete to dismount and try his metal. In a moment Pete was on the ground with his spurs and coat thrown aside, and as a preliminary made his bright dragoon blade describe a fiery circle as he derisively laughed at Bill and made the "right and left moulinet." Pete advanced; Bill, smilingly stood on his guard; Pete made a tremendous "right cut," intending to slice Bill's head from his shoulders; Bill turned his finger-nails down, slightly elevated his wrist, there was a slight clanking of steel, and Pete's heavy blade glanced off harmlessly, and Bill quietly remarked: "If you do that again I will disjoint your right elbow." "You will, will you?" said Pete coming back to a guard, "Now we'll see, damn you!" and he brought his "right hand to his left shoulder" with his gleaming blade at a perpendicular "edge to the left;" Bill, who stood on "guarde in carte," made a slight turn of the wrist, which brought him in "tierce," then as Pete launched forth the full force of his muscular right arm, Bill gave a dexterous turn of his wrist, slightly raised his elbow, and Pete's arm and blade fell, the sabre to the ground and his arm helplessly to his side. "Now," said Bill, "come in and let me fix your elbow, it is only out of joint." "I'll give you a thousand dollars if you will teach me that trick," said John Floyd Jones, one of the party who sat quietly on his horse. "Where in the name of all that's damnable did you learn that," said Pete, looking at his bleeding elbow that Bill was now engaged on, and demonstrating a skill in surgery not inferior to his dexterity in swordsmanship. "Learn what," said Bill, "that was nothing, I know you are a good swordsman of your school, but of my school you are mere child's play. I could take the ramrod from your carbine and disarm a half dozen such swordsmen all attacking me at once. And now," said Bill, addressing himself to John Floyd Jones, who was a well-bred gentleman: "If you gentlemen will now dismount and apologize for the rudeness of this buffoon, you will be more than welcome to the best we have on this ranch." The invitation was good naturedly accepted, the whole party turned their railery on the wounded and crest-fallen Pete, complimented Bill, and gladly partook of the hospitality of the Lugo family, and the polite and well-bred

Bill, who, like one of the knights of old would fight a man one minute and minister to his wants the next.

Bill and Joaquin were chums before the eminent cut-throat's outlawry, and Bill was suspected of over-intimate relations with "Vicenta," Joaquin's favorite and pretty sister, who at the time of the bloody career of her brother dwelt among us terrestrial angels. A surveillance was constantly kept over Vicenta, and necessarily at times fell upon my present hero, whose knowledge of the secret operations of the robber chief was not only suspected, but was known, believed, and since confirmed. Still Bill's honor and chivalry was a safeguard to Joaquin, that he must have had full faith in, for the reason that developments subsequent to his death proved that Bill, if so minded, could have surrendered the chief at many times, had not Vicenta and honor protected him.

Mike Chevallier was a renowned hero of the Texas revolution and the Mexican war, was a graduate of the most high school of desperadoes, and famous for his many exploits on the classic shores of the Bonny Bravo. Of course Mike came to California in the palmy days of gold dust, monte games, free fights and revolver rule, and took a prominent position in the upper crust of bowie-knife society. He never missed his man until he met Bill, who had been cutting up such extraordinary rusties with the fighting fraternity that his fame extended from Calaveras to San Diego, and Mike felt his prominence waning. Bill had taken all the wind out of Mike's sails, who wrote to Bill from Monterey that he "was coming to Los Angeles to crop Bill's wings, and to be prepared to give him such reception as his great fame entitled him to." In due time Mike arrived, put up at the Bella Union, and dropped a note requesting Bill to meet him at Taos', in Nigger alley, at a certain hour, and to be "heeled." Bill answered the note, and assured the gentleman who had done him so great an honor "that at the hour designated he would be there, and would be heeled."

Accordingly, at about nine o'clock in the evening, Bill might have been seen at one of the great gambling tables at Taos', looking on and bucking an occasional slug, and manifesting the most careless demeanor. Still those peculiar eyes were in all parts of the great gambling-room. Bill had a Colt five-shooter, which he carried in his sleeve—a most beautiful way to carry a knife or revolver, so convenient-like, you know. Reader, if you want to be sure of getting the draw on a man, then learn to draw from the sleeve. Bill drew from the sleeve. The quick eye of Bill soon descried Mike quietly approaching with his right hand under his coat. Mike drew from the hip. Mike's tactics were common to desperadoes, to approach Bill unseen, and say, "Draw and defend yourself," and turn loose on him. Bill went on carelessly bucking, with an eye all the time on Mike. Just as Mike was going to say "Draw," Bill faced about, and, covering him, said smilingly: "Mike, I've got the draw on you. One movement, and you're a dead man." "True as Gospel," said Mike, "you are the first man that ever got the draw on Mike Chevallier. Shoot, or name your conditions." "My conditions are," said Bill, "that you leave town before daylight, never to return. Give me your word to that effect, and you can go; refuse it, and I will shoot you dead." Mike made the promise, and Bill put up his pistol and invited Mike to drink to future friendship. The two then went off together and took several friendly drinks, and when about to separate Bill said: "Mike, do you know the reason I didn't kill you?" "No," said Mike. "Well, Mike," said Bill, "you remember that I am the Grand Master of the Military Order of the Lone Star, and that after establishing that Order in General Houston's army, after San Jacinto, that you were one of the first initiated by me. Do you remember our vow, and do you see now why it was I spared you?" "Great God, Colonel, am I to believe my own senses; I now for the first time recognize you," responded Mike. Bill now with great dignity of manner turned upon his heel, and Mike was left alone to brood over his discomfiture.

The truth of this matter is that Bill had in his former experience belonged to the Carbonari of Italy, and when he entered the Texas Revolutionary army as Chief of Engineers he translated the ritual of the Carbonari and made it applicable to his new Order of the "Lone Star."

True to his knightly word, Mike saddled his horse and left the slumbering angels before day, returned to Monterey gloomily, fixed up his earthly affairs, willed his revolver and bowie to Bill, and committed suicide by taking two ounces of laudanum. Alas, poor Mike! He for the first time in his wild career mistook his man.

After an experience of years' duration, and after mature reflection on this interesting question, this thoughtful writer feels justified in advising the rising generation of would-be desperadoes to learn to draw from the sleeve. It is a most difficult and beautiful art, but when once master of it, you always get the draw on your man. Young man, learn to draw from the sleeve.

I became very intimate with Bill, even on short acquaintance, and found him a most agreeable companion. He was a great cook as well as a great compounder of mysterious mixtures. When I say cook I wish to be understood to mean scientific cookery. Bill used to say, "No one can cook a square meal unless he is familiar with the science of chemistry; no person should be permitted to cook unless familiar with this most useful of sciences." One time this very temperate writer started to the Dominguez Ranch in company with Myron Norton. I think maybe Jack Watson was also of the party. The trio were of the total abstinence persuasion, but somehow or other when we halted at Los Cuerbos, it was discovered that we were well armed with first-class Mexican aguardiente, which we used to wash the backs of our mustangs when we removed the saddle cloth, a time-honored custom among old Rangers. You will never gall your horse's back on long rides if you will only carry some good aguardiente with you and when you remove the saddle cloth, just pour about a gill of the fiery liquid on the heated hide of your horse; good brandy or whisky will do, but don't drink the brandy—if you do your horse may suffer. Well, when the very abstemious trio halted at old man Lugo's, that most interesting ceremony was gone through with, and our horses were staked out, and we stopped for dinner, and feasted on one of Bill's favorite dishes to-wit: "Soo Loo curry." Reader, did you ever eat curry? If not, did you ever eat the Mexican national dish, "carne con chili." Now, if you ever ate "carne con chili" you need have no fear of a future hell. "Carne con chili" is moderately cool in comparison with Bill's "Soo Loo curry." Curry is hot and when washed down with aguardiente it must be, if possible, still hotter. We, however, used our aguardiente on our horse's backs, otherwise we might have "combusted."

The point this non-scientific writer is coming to is the "transmutation of liquids," which is only known to adepts in chemistry like Bill. After "curry," without having curried our mustangs, we continued our pilgrimage to Don Manuel Dominguez', leaving two bottles of aguardiente with Bill, well knowing that our heated mustangs would need some on their backs on our proposed return on the morrow. The morrow came, of course, and with the morrow came the three "sons of temperance" to Los Cuerbos, and when Bill produced a bottle of the aguardiente of the day before, we bathed the heated hides of our horses with as superior an article of old cognac as ever tempted the fidelity of a California voter or a Los Angeles Councilman—all the bona fide result of Bill's inimitable science.

At the time of which I write, Bill was about thirty years old, judging from appearances; but judging from his vast knowledge, great travels, marvelous campaigns and voyages, Bill must have been at least three hundred and sixty-five. He was born on the mighty Ganges, was the son of an officer of high rank in the East Indian service, while his mother was said to be the daughter of a powerful Begum, one of the leaders in the bloody Sepoy rebellion. After passing through Eton, Oxford, and graduating in some of the continental seats of learning, and after protracted travels in the more civilized portions of the world, our hero returned to his native jungle, and in due course of time took an official station in the East Indian service. The biographer confesses himself somewhat befogged in placing Bill in command of a British war ship, or the manner in which he attained to such high station, but such is the truth of history. The writer also declares the truth to be that the "Soo Loo" pirates had been harassing the Indian Chinese merchantmen to such degree that Bill was sent to chastise them, and what does the reader suppose my old Ranger comrade did in that emergency? To be frank, then, and to the point, Bill converted that royal ship into a full fledged pirate, he pulled down the royal cross and ran up the piratical flag of Soo Loo, made common cause with that grand and defiant horde of pirates, declared war against the world, and became the terror of the Chinese Seas.

The result was as might have been expected. In less than half a year a whole squadron of the Royal navy was hot after him, and very soon our hero found that part of the world too small for him, and so he steered for the Sandwich Islands, where he intended to refit, victual and water his ship. No sooner did he appear in Hawaiian waters than a full-rigged and heavily armed British cruiser took up the chase, and Bill headed his ship for the California coast, scuttled and burned her off Cape Mendocino, took to his boats, and became the discoverer of Humboldt Bay, where he landed with what was left of his crew, and being surfeited on adventures on the mighty deep, boldly struck out on an exploration of the then unknown interior. This was in 1842, and here comes a most astonishing assertion—that this pioneer party of fugitive Britons, fleeing from the wrath of the enraged British Lion, became the original discoverers of gold on the Trinity River. We will not claim that Bill's fugitive sailors were the original discoverers of gold in California, but, that they had all left the Trinity gold mines with their purses well filled long before Sutter's mill was even projected, and before the historical Marshall had crossed the snowy mountains. This writer was one of the pioneers of the Trinity mines, and it was well known and marveled at, at the time, that "Sailor Bar" (no one knowing how it got its name) had evidently been worked, and nearly worked out, long before the pioneers of 1850 commenced their operations.

When the great allies declared war against the Northern Colossus, Bill was on his way to San Francisco with a few thousand of old man Lugo's fat cattle which he disposed of, and when about embarking for San Pedro a letter was placed in his hand bearing the monogram of the Horse Guards. Hastily opening the missive he found it to be a letter from Lord Raglan with a request to meet him in the Crimea, with the assurance that it was all right with the Queen on account of that little Soo Loo business.

The day following, Bill was on his way to New York by way of Panama, having sent a statement of his account to old man Lugo, retaining may be $15,000 or $20,000 with which to defray his expenses to the seat of war. We will not follow him on his journey, but we next find him at the Allies Headquarters in the Crimea, where Raglan urges him to accept a position as Chief of the Royal Sappers and Miners, and his old college chum, Omar Pacha offers him the command of a regiment of Turkish cavalry, which offer, after many apologies to his cousin Raglan, he accepts, and becomes a Pacha of Three Sails, to be known thenceforth as "Gillermo Pacha." With much ceremony my friend the Pacha was inducted into his command, and to his surprise, when putting them through the drill for the first time, he found them insolent and insubordinate. After dismissal he sent for the Adjutant and Sergeant-Major to enquire why this was so, and was coolly informed by them that this particular corps was the oldest in the Turkish army, that it was once commanded by the Prophet himself, and that it acknowledged no commander save the Sultan. Said the Sergeant-Major: "When a commander is placed immediately over us who don't suit, he never lives to see his second battle."

Bill thought over this matter all night, and by morning had come to the conclusion that his old friend Omar was playing a joke, and made up his mind what to do. At the next drill he ordered the regiment to parade dismounted, and when they were drawn up in line Bill took his position facing it, and eighty paces to the front. He then ordered the Adjutant to make a detail of one man from each company, to report under the Sergeant-Major, all of which was done in a sluggish kind of way that was indeed provoking. But after awhile the Sergeant-Major reported his detail of ten men. Dressing them up neatly, Bill drew his sabre and slapped off their ten heads, ordered the Sergeant-Major to his post, and went on and put the command through their drill in a greatly improved way from the day previous.

The next day the same operation was repeated; ten more heads were cut off. The next day ten more, and on the fourth day, just as the regiment came most beautifully into line, the Commander-in-Chief, the great Omar, with his full staff, rode up. Bill saluted him, and caused the regiment to present arms. Omar inquired, "How do you like your regiment?" "I am delighted with it," said Bill. "Do they obey orders promptly?" Omar again inquired. "Most beautifully," answered Bill. "Give me an example," said Omar. There was a battery near by, with the guns loaded, and a sentry standing by with a burning port fire. Bill motioned to a Captain on the extreme right to approach. Then Bill called his First Lieutenant in the same way, and the two saluted and stood before their Colonel. "Captain," said Bill, "go and place your head at the mouth of that cannon." He obeyed. "Lieutenant, take that port fire and fire off that gun." The Lieutenant obeyed, and the Turkish army lost one of its bravest captains. Bill then saluted the Commander, and said, "You now see to what discipline I have reduced this refractory tribe, and I hope your highness is satisfied, and will approve the desperate remedy which was necessary to make them what they ought to and will be while under my command—the most perfect corps in the allied army." The great Omar did not only approve of what Bill had done, but in addition thereto sent him as a present three most beautiful horses belonging to his stud.

Does the reader now wonder at the seeming mystery surrounding this curious character, as stated at the beginning of this brief sketch of one whom this historian could write volumes about.

I have given Bill somewhat of a fictitious character, but in all truth and honesty he is one of our most honored and respected citizens, and now stands at the very head of one of the scientific professions, and one whom this old Ranger delights to call his friend and to write about.

All I have written about this great cosmopolite is true, and is vouched for on the veracity of this veracious writer, who founds his veracity on Bill's own statements. And Bill is truthful, more truthful than the average '49er, and why should he not be? Did he not first inhale the truth-inspiring air of California seven years prior to the coming of the Argonauts?

CHAPTER XV.

Attempted Assassination of Judge Hayes—Horses Stolen From San Bernardino Ranch—The Lugos Pursue, Attack and Defeat the Indians, and Massacre a Party of Americans—Adobe Houses—The Fandango—Peons and Pelados—Cascarones—The Dead Desperado.

NOVEMBER 12, 1851, late of a bright moonlight evening, standing alone at the door of his office, Main street, where now is the Oriental, Benjamin Hayes was shot at by some one within three feet, on horseback. The ball, says the *Star*, "passed through the rim of his hat and lodged in the wall on the opposite side of the room, perforating in its progress the door, which is fully an inch in thickness. The assassin (?) then instantly galloped off. A party of three, including the Sheriff, J. R. Barton, tracked him about ten miles to a house where they were received by five or six men on horseback, who charged upon them, fired several shots, and drove them from the ground. The Sheriff deemed it prudent to return to the city. He did so, obtained a posse, went back to the place of encounter, and made a search that proved ineffectual. It has always been believed that this assault was intended for another individual."

So writeth the "Centennial Historian," and hereby hangeth a tale of more than ordinary interest, of bloody import. Notwithstanding this chronicler is forced to take issue with his respected and departed friend, the lamented historian aforesaid, and maintain the truth to be that Benjamin Hayes was the very person intended to be assassinated on the occasion above referred to in quotation, and the reason thereof to be that

Judge Hayes was then the legal luminary of the city and county of the Angels, and was engaged in the prosecution of two of the numerous Lugos, charged with murdering some Americans in the Cajon Pass in San Bernardino county, and it was possibly thought best by the friends of the accused to end the prosecution by ending the Prosecuting Attorney, hence the attempted assassination. Now the reader can easily surmise why it was that the party of gringos under the "most useful man" went to old man Lugo's, and their inquisitorial intentions on that visit and the very delicate, not to say dangerous, position of Bill on that occasion, and his satisfactory definition of his position in his successful encounter with Pete Monroe, mentioned in the preceding chapter.

Sometime early in 1851, the Indians raided the San Bernardino rancho, then the property of the Lugo family, a branch of which occupied the ranch.

The successful raiders drove off a herd of gentle horses, and went out through the Cajon Pass. Two of the Lugo's, with half-a-dozen of their dependents, followed on the fresh trail of the desert Indians, and in the Cajon they found some four or five Americans, and one half-breed Cherokee Indian. The Cherokee being the only one of the party who either spoke or understood Spanish, in response to inquiries, informed the Lugos that there were only three Indians engaged in driving off the herd, and that they (the party) never suspected that they were other than vaqueros legitimately engaged. The Lugo party pressed on, overtook the raiders at the Point of Rocks on the Mojave, and at once, and without counting noses, charged them, and to their intense chagrin and astonishment found the party to consist of some twenty warriors, instead of three. A fierce conflict ensued, hand to hand, in which three of the Lugo party were killed, and several Indians were made to kiss the desert sands. Fortunately the Lugos, armed with Colt revolvers, achieved a splendid victory over the

Indians and recovered the entire herd. On their triumphal return with the gory scalps of their enemies dangling at their saddle-bows, they found the same small party yet in the same camp, when the chief Lugo demanded of the Cherokee why he had deceived them about the number of the Indians. The Cherokee replied that he was anxious to see them recover their stock, and was afraid to tell the truth, knowing that they would be too cowardly to follow a party of Indians respectable in numbers. This brought on words, which ended in the Lugo shooting the Cherokee dead on the spot. A short, sharp and decisive conflict then ensued, which resulted in the Americans being entirely wiped out, and hence the prosecution against the Lugos and the attempted assassination of the District Attorney, Benjamin Hayes. The Lugos were finally tried and acquitted, the pioneer lawyer (Brent) who defended them receiving, as the writer has been informed, $20,000 for his fee —surely a fair legal starter in a small frontier town.

One or two more reminiscences of the bloody times of 1853, and the reader will be drifted over into the more quiet times of '54, when matters became somewhat more pacific, but not less interesting.

Notwithstanding the then unsettled state of society, and the general insecurity of life in this angelic population, balls, fandangos and festivities were the order of the day.

The gringo reader may not know the difference between a ball and a fandango, and the writer will inform him thereon. The ball, or in Spanish *baile*, means the same thing as in English, a select gathering of invited guests for dancing and general jollification and amusement, and in Spanish society is even more exclusive than among the Americans. On the other hand a fandango is open and free for all. Ladies of the higher ranks of society never go to a fandango, and Dons of the upper *ton* only go in a half-way clandestine manner. A fandango of the olden time was a curious agglomeration of all the elements of the population so promiscuously thrown together in this, at that time, curious, quaint old town. Everybody then dressed extravagantly fine. It was nothing to find a señorita of the most humble walks in life arrayed in all the costly silks and satins of China and India, resplendent with costly jewelry, and to find one unexpensively clad was the exception, and always elicited remarks at her expense. Gentlemen attending the fandango were always expensively and elegantly dressed, and a fandango was a brilliant but over-crowded show. All of the old Spanish houses had one grand room or *sala*, flanked by two other rooms, which made up the front of the houses. Two large wings extending back, with rooms generally used as dormitories, and a great high wall in the rear, forming an interior court or square, with wide corridors or verandas on the three sides, both outside and inside generally paved with brick tiles, a good pine plank floor in the three front rooms, and if not in the rear dormitories, they had brick tile floors, the same as the floors of the veranda; adobe walls, well whitewashed, with chair-boards around the *salà*, good and substantial doors and windows, with shutters generally painted green, as were also the cornice and columns supporting the verandas, the whole covered with a flat roof, and now you have a description of an old-style angel habitation. The ruins of many yet remind us of the good old times. The happy days of joyous revelry; the gay *baile;* the noisy fandango and the hospitable fiesta of the times when the Spanish Californian was so full-handed and happy, that in his bountiful hospitality he gave little heed to the "sore-foot or the rainy day," and reveling in the happy present thought not of the future. Alas! the future is the present, and he has lived to see it with sorrow.

Sentimental writers speak of the "old mud hovels of the Spanish regime." No greater libel was ever perpetrated on a comfortable house than to call one of those old models of cool comfort, one of our old first-class adobes, a *hovel*. The writer hereof, although no longer a man of war, but emphatically a man of peace and of letters, is ready and willing to maintain, on foot or on horseback, that one of our old respectable one-story adobes of the olden time was the most comfortable house, one of the most enjoyable homes, the most admirable piece of rural architecture that ever reared itself from the sacred soil of California.

This writer stands by the adobe house as the coolest house, the warmest house, the cheapest house, and the most earthquake proof house (might as well try to shake down a haystack), and the best house for fandangos that ever existed in this old city, of yore so famous for her fights and fandangos. Nothing but an adobe house could have stood an old-fashioned fandango. A modern earthquake is no comparison to an old-fashioned California fandango, especially such as we had in those good old times in this angelic city. Alas! alas! we will never see the likes of them again. The old fashioned fandango is a thing of the past. Reader let us go to a fandango in 1853. Before we start let us examine well our revolvers, oil the cylinders, and see that the tubes are open, free from rust, and well capped. We will dress as we please, only we must dress expensively fine. We must be sure and wear a red vicuña hat with a broad brim and a sugarloaf crown, a gold cord wound twice around, and heavy tassels. We can either wear a blue clawhammer with gilt buttons, or a modern black frock, or an elegantly fitting blue jacket, with a little gold embroidery, a red Mexican sash, sky blue pants and a gold bullion stripe down the side will make up an *outre* fashionable fandango costume, and the last being the Ranger uniform we are in fine feather and ready for the fandango. To be elegant we must still have a shining patent leather scabbard with silver mountings for our revolvers. We are not, however, required to wear the Ranger costume, still we must have the vicuña hat and must not omit the gold cord and tassels, otherwise we may be regarded as gringos, and then we would fail to enjoy ourselves, and if we dance it will have to be with some old woman, whose jealous Don might give us a dig in the ribs with his puñal as we elbow our way through the dense crowd in taking our departure. A gringo stood no sort of a show at an old fashioned fandango.

We are now in front of the fandango house, where we elbow our way through a dense crowd of Indians, peons and pelados, the riff-raff, scruff and scum of our angel population, and amid jibe and jeer we gain the corridor or veranda, where we find rancheros on foot or on horseback, all drinking, those dismounted, however, maintaining careful hold of the hair ropes of their horses, never daring to tie them up, or the peons and pelados in the rear will run them off and spout them for aguardiente. After an infinite amount of crowding and squeezing, we gain the door, inside of which we find a dozen or more dismounted rancheros holding their hair-ropes with their horses' heads in near proximity without. As soon as discovered by the dismounted rancheros, they at once open the way with the polite salutation of "Pasan Vds. caballeros," (pass in, gentlemen); for be it known, reader, that the California ranchero was never rude. Even if he choked one with his lasso he would be polite about it. Now we are in the grand fandango room, and what do we see and hear?

The fandango is in full blast. The musicians seated in one corner of the room perform on the harp, guitar, violin and flageolet, and make very good music for the initiated; but to the gringo, somewhat discordant, especially when broken in upon with a horrible essay at vocalism. The room is packed to its utmost capacity, a waltz is going on, gaudily dressed rancheros, fashionable and unfashionable gamblers, store clerks, county officials and well-to-do merchants, with representatives from all lands under the sun, except China. John never was much on the dance (his foot and figure not being in accord with the light fantastic); Hindoostan was represented, however, in the person of Abdul Krim Mullah, called by vulgar angels the "Royal Bengal Tiger;" a brilliant array of Rangers, with quite a sprinkling of Jews and one or two young army officers, went to make up the male part of the fandango, while the female part of the house consisted of a brilliantly gaudy crowd of señoritas of various hues, ranging all the way from a beautiful brunette to the regular black diamond (that is, while at home); but the señoritas at the fandango were all on terms of the most perfect equality as far as complexion went; that is, all were of pearly whiteness, in beautiful contrast with the jet black brilliancy of their eyes and the raven color of their hair.

We pass through to the rear, but as we gain the door with our vicuñas deferentially doffed, crash comes something on our heads, and we are covered head and shoulders with a gilded covering of infinitessimally small pieces of gilt paper, intermingled with pieces of colored egg shells. We turn and see the retreating figures of a pair of mischievous-looking coquettes, who have paid us the high compliment of breaking *cascarones* over our heads.

A *cascaron* is an egg shell filled with gilt paper of all the colors of the rainbow, cut as fine as scissors can cut it, and then packed into the perforated egg shell, the open end of which is then closed up with a piece of wax, and when beautifully painted with variegated colors is ready for use at the fandango. During the carnival this custom was universal, and when a señorita broke a *cascaron* over a beau's head he, by all the rules of gallantry, was bound to respond by breaking one over her head, or maybe a dozen, which he usually did when she was wildly whizzing in the giddy waltz.

With the *fine cut* glittering on our heads and shoulders, we pass out of the grand *sala* into the open court and corridor where we find an immense throng. On our right, in the "*rincon*," we find a large table groaning under liquors and confectionery free for all, because this is an *old-time* fandango where the master paid the music and all other expenses, including refreshments. No liquors were ever sold on such occasions.

On our left a monte table is in full blast. Rancheros surround the table and are intently engaged in tempting the fickle goddess. We begin to enjoy ourselves, when all at once bang goes a revolver inside the grand *sala*, and a commotion follows, and a rush is made into the open court. Then more shots, with a profusion of oaths in English. In an hour or more quiet reigns supreme. The feminine part of the fandango have retired and the ranchero merrymakers, finding the row to be one of gringo origin and to belong exclusively to the gringos, mount their horses and quietly ride away, and then we learn the following to be the facts: In the first place we had a dead desperado, and this is the way he came to his well-merited end. Bush was a quiet young German. Nimmo was an American, ordinarily a good fellow, but with the third glass of aguardiente was ready to fight, kill and destroy the whole human family, including his grandfather or any other man. Bush had a sweetheart—a light, active, fascinating señorita—one who laid claim to the proud distinction of being the belle of the ball room. This gay bird of brilliant plumage had honored Bush with a bombardment of *cascarones*. Bush responded by breaking his last one on her head, and as she sailed past where he was a looker-on, he turned and begged the loan of one from the gentlemen present. Nimmo handed him one all painted and pretty, and as his angel swept by as on the wings of the wind, or on the wings of love, he gave her another well-directed shot, and Oh! horror of horrors! he had broken a rotten egg on the head of the one above all others he wished to honor, compliment and please. He had committed an outrage which he could never atone. Hence the shot, commotion, stampede and dead desperado. Bush had shot Nimmo dead in his tracks.

The musicians have been paid and have departed; a small coterie gather around the gory desperado as he lays stark and bleeding in the place he fell; his slayer has gone home to brood over his mishap and his first murder. Was it the last? *Quien sabe?*

We have seen an old fashioned fandango, and feel satisfied and surfeited on fandangoes—until the next, and then we are sure to go again.

CHAPTER XVI.

Alex. Bell—His Adventures—Leads a Fillibustering Expedition to Equador—Gen. Flores—Eminent Fighting Men—Walker's Expedition to Lower California—A Mexican Hercules—Battle of La Grulla—The Twin Republics—The Old Flag Abolished—The Government Starts for Sonora—Hercules Heads It Off—Major McKinstry, U. S. A.

IN AN early chapter of these reminiscences mention was made of Aleck Bell, with a promise of more anon concerning that remarkable character, who, next to my favorite hero "Bill," was the most peculiar angel that ever drew inspiration from our native nectar. Aleck was the very cream of chivalry, the beau ideal of a gentlemanly first-class American adventurer. I came near saying vagabond, but hardly feel justified in using the expression, although the line of demarkation between the one and the other is very zigzag, and a person hardly knows which side of the line he may be on. To be one he may be the other, to be the other he may be the one. In the mind of this experienced Ranger it is all about the same thing. Aleck was about the handsomest man on the coast, near six feet high, as lithe as a Delaware and as graceful as a statue, at the time of which I write about forty-five years old, and died at San Francisco in 1859, aged about fifty. However, during his whole career on this coast he would never have been regarded as over thirty-five years of age.

The first account I have of Aleck he was captain of a steamboat on the Tombigbee river. How long he had commanded the boat prior to the happening of the event which gave him a fame as wide and as long as the Tombigbee itself, history fails to inform us, nor does it greatly concern us, either. Suffice it to say that Aleck, being captain of the craft, according to his general characteristics utterly and irretrievably swamped her in hopeless debt. It was said that Aleck's steamboat on the Tombigbee became the refuge of all the impecunious deadheads, broken down sports and played out gentry in the whole region of navigation from Mobile to Montgomery, and that few passengers paid fare on Aleck's boat. Now to the point. The steamer was quietly freighting at a big pile of cotton at an obscure landing on the river, when the crew all of a sudden knocked off and demanded their full arrears of wages.

Expostulation, promises and a free distribution of whisky were of no avail; further work they refused to do. Aleck finally adopted a *ruse de guerre*—he offered them a compromise. He told them if they would stow away in the hold of the boat all the cotton then on board, that the owner of the cotton would become responsible for their pay, and would pay them when they arrived at Mobile; but he informed them that no arrangement would be made until the stowage in the hold was completed. The crew accepted the proposition and went to work with a will, and about the time the last bales were being stowed in ship-shape manner, Aleck quietly proceeded to batten down the hatches on the whole crew, consisting of mates, fireman and deck hands. He then went leisurely to work and treated with the owner of the cotton for "niggers" to finish loading and to fire up and run the boat to Mobile, all of which was accomplished in the course of four or five days, and when the boat was safely moored the famished crew, which had been all this time without food or drink, were dragged out in such pitiable condition as to create horror and indignation in the minds of the gentle Mobilians to such degree as to cause Aleck to suddenly emigrate to Texas, which was just prior to the outbreak of the war with Mexico. On the landing of Gen. Taylor at Corpus Christi with his army of occupation, Aleck joined him with a spy company, and so continued in the service with marked distinction until the close of the war, when he came overland to California.

Aleck was the original Pacific Coast Filibuster, and as I propose to give an account of all the filibustering expeditions that were in any way connected with this City of Angels, and as our present hero was in the zenith of his glory, the first man and the most prominent angel (after Bill) of our town, and as he commanded the first filibustering expedition that ever left the American Pacific coast, and as the expedition was officered generally by leading men of this fair city, I propose to relate it as legitimately connected with our angel history.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that all countries subject to volcanic eruptions are also peculiarly subject to political outbreaks, revolutions, or human eruptions. I say all countries; I will except one—Iceland. The people of that island are not eruptive, and for the reason, I apprehend, that they have been in perpetual war with the elements for the last 1000 years, and have their hands abundantly full to fill their stomachs and keep soul and body together, and to keep from freezing to death.

The distance is very great from Iceland to Equador; there is not much difference, however, between Hecla and Cotopaxi, and the only possible difference in the people is that the Icelanders are so poor that if they should attempt a revolution they would at once be "froze out," so they must perforce content themselves in collecting blubber and wondering at the eruptions of old Hecla. Not so with the favored denizens of torrid Equador. When Cotopaxi boils, bellows and fumes, Quito is quiet. When, however, Cotopaxi behaves herself and is disposed to be quiet, then Quito misbehaves, raises a rumpus, and perturbs the general quiet of the country by a political eruption. In 1850 General Flores was President of Equador. At the time of his inauguration everything was remarkably quiet save Cotopaxi, which was just going it, and things were flourishing under Flores until Cotopaxi shut down. Then the people raised a smoke, and Flores fled to Panama, thence to San Francisco, carrying with him enough of the Equadorian national finances to purchase the steamer *Lightfoot*, equip and set on foot an expedition of American patriots, who promised to reseat the exiled President and cool the ardor of the volcanic Quitoans, and if necessary "douse the glim" of old Cotopaxi itself, and stand by the President to the last doubloon. Flores had money—bushels of it. Besides the public swag he got away with, his nephew, Geronimo Elizondo, a Peruvian millionaire (years after Deputy Clerk of Los Angeles county), gave him ten thousand doubloons to assist in reasserting his right to rule those volcanic Republicans.

The expedition on the *Lightfoot* was composed of the flower of California's fighting men, numbering 250. The Owens, the McNabs, the Taylors and the Turners were of the army of restoration, and who of the olden time Californians, does not remember the great personal prowess of Billy Owens, Jim Taylor and the McNabs, the most eminent of our pioneer desperadoes? Billy Owens finally finished Jim Taylor in a pistol fight. Aleck commanded the army on the *Lightfoot*, which was only auxiliary to the main expedition that rendezvoused at Panama, composed of Spanish-American military adventurers and the political adherents of Flores, who, like himself, had fled the country. The united expedition, forming a flotilla of two steam transports, under convoy of an armed gunboat (which, I believe, Flores had purchased from Peru, that government having accorded him belligerent rights), entered the Guayaquil river, successfully engaged the shore batteries, landed and captured the city of Guayaquil, where, the strength of his army being greatly augmented, he lost no time in marching on Quito, the unquiet. Like a snowball, Flores' army gained strength as it advanced, the brave and self-sacrificing Americans forming a distinct corps and camping separate from the main army. To use the language of my old friend Albert H. Clark, of humorous memory, an officer of the American corps: "One night there seemed to be a very unusual movement in camp. We could hear bodies of troops moving, men working in different directions, the rumble of artillery, for which we could in no way account until morning, when we found ourselves corraled by the whole army, with barricades and entrenchments in front of them, all facing inward toward us, horse, foot and artillery. We were then informed that we, being more ornamental than useful, were to be disarmed, marched back to Guayaquil and shipped out of the country. Our military ardor had been very much damped by the tropical mists of the country, but this was too much; but still we bore it, because there was no way of getting around the thing. We were disarmed, marched under guard to Guayaquil and given a free passage to Panama, where we arrived destitute, disgusted and utterly surfeited with military expeditions." Gen. Flores had compromised with his rival, and they had agreed to rule jointly, and the patriotic Americans were dismissed without so much as "Thank you, gentlemen." Of the angels who went on that expedition, the only ones who returned, so far as I remember, were Aleck himself, Albert H. Clark and Frank D. Gilbert, all men of local prominence in their time. The Flores expedition left San Francisco in 1851. The patriots did not, however, get back to Los Angeles until early in 1853. Aleck's first break after his return was to form a joint stock company to work our salt works, which resulted in his effectually salting some of our solid citizens, Charles R. Johnson and Uncle Billy Rubottom in particular.

In October, 1853, the barque *Caroline* sailed from San Francisco with the republic of Lower California and Sonora on board. William Walker as President, and Watkins as Vice-President, with a full complement of Ministers, of War, of Marine, of Finance, of Foreign Relations and of State, with all their respective Secretaries, and other grave functionaries, judicial officers and so forth, and too tedious to mention, and in fixing up the departments of government, with a military establishment, generals, colonels and all such like, all of whom had to be selected from less than fifty men, it is doubtful whether there was the traditional private to stand guard. In November the government of the two republics reached La Paz, landed, scattered the inhabitants, captured the Governor, proclaimed the independence of Lower California, hauled down the Mexican flag, declared the civil code of Louisiana to be the law of the land, and ran up the flag of manifest destiny—a blue field and a lone red star. All of this was done within half an hour. A few days thereafter a great battle was fought. The ungrateful Mexicans rebelled against their liberators, two or three were killed on either side, the rebels were whipped and the government triumphed. This was called the battle of La Paz. The news of this battle caused more enthusiasm in California than did the battles fought by Taylor on the Rio Grande among the war champions in the United States. In San Francisco the national flag of the new republic was flung to the breeze on the corner of Kearney and California streets, where a recruiting office was opened and the cut-and-dried bonds of the government were put upon the market and *sold*. The war spirit ran riot. Freedom to the Mexicans and spoils to the Americans was the battle cry. Lower California must be free, and then, ho for Sonora! A league of land, with cattle to stock it, and all for the trouble of going there.

Next came the news of the battle of La Grulla, where the liberators were handled without gloves by a young Mexican Hercules named Melendez, who objected to being liberated.

"Young America to the rescue," was the cry. Men of means advanced money, recruits flocked to the standard of the government, headquarters in San Francisco were crowded, the drums clattered, the trumpets brayed and the fifes screamed. "La Grulla must be avenged! Melendez, the rebel, must be hung! The Mexican tyrants must be put down!" Accordingly, in December, the barque *Anita*, flying the lone star flag, sailed from San Francisco, carrying 240 ardent liberators. In the meantime the government, carrying the archives with it, abandoned La Paz, which is around on the gulf side of the peninsula, and came around and established the national capital at Enseñada, where it was joined by the Anita contingent.

Encouraged by this formidable reinforcement, the government, by a graceful flourish of Walker's pen, abolished the *old flag* and ran up in its stead the triple-barred and twin-starred flag, and annexed Sonora, all in a few minutes, followed by a grandiloquent proclamation, which dwelt on the "holiness of the cause;" the government was backed by the people of California, who believed in the

> "Good old rule—the simple plan—
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

All in all about five hundred men rallied to the support of the twin republics. But somehow or other young Hercules still refused to be liberated, and kept harrassing the government to such an extent that they found it difficult to forage for beef and beans, the rank and file became hungry and dissatisfied, and some attempted to desert, for which the government had them shot. Melendez, the mendacious rebel, kept pegging away at the government until it was driven from its capital, without a place whereon to rest its weary head, and so it set out on foot for Sonora. Melendez resolved to go to Sonora also, and followed close on the rear of the emigrating government, harrassed it day and night, and followed it across the United States line, the government having deflected

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towards San Diego, with Melendez barking at its heels. Maj. McKinstry, commanding the United States post at San Diego, charitably marched to the rescue and kindly took the government of the twin republics in out of the cold, and bade Hercules Melendez go home and be a good boy, cultivate sandillas and have an ever open eye for jerked beef.

The rag-tag and bobtail of the army came to Los Angeles. The government was sent to San Francisco, where it was tried and acquitted, and a year or two later went on a pilgrimage of liberation to Nicaragua, with about the same success that attended its unappreciated efforts in Lower California and Sonora.

This writer of filibusters will excuse himself for the present, and promise in the next chapter to take up and dispose of the noble Count Gaston Rausset de Boulbon, and the lamentable invasion of poor Harry Crabbe.

CHAPTER XVII.

More Filibusters—Café Barrierre—Madam Begon—The Expedition of Count Gaston de Raoussett Boulbon to Sonora—All Made Prisoners—The Noble Count is Shot and His Followers are Banished to Los Angeles—The Crabbe Expedition to Sonora—Its Objects—The Ainsa Family—Gandara and Pesqueira—The Massacre—One Survivor Tells the Tale—The Feast of Demons—Fernandez the Traitor—Alexis Godey and Kit Carson—Crabbe's Original Letter to the Mexican Prefect Announcing His Coming—Pesqueira's Proclamation.

WE WILL drop Aleck Bell for the present,in order to continue the history of the Filibusters. We have drifted out of '53 to '54, when our angel population was greatly increased by the influx of the rag-tag and bobtail of the exploded Walker Government of Lower California and Sonora, which gave up the ghost on the San Diego side of the line about February, 1854, after a brilliant existence of some four months. Many of our best citizens came from the "busted up" twin republics of Lower California and Sonora, all of whom have disappeared. The theory of filibustering, or manifest destiny was: "First, that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and we are the Lord's people; second, that all Spanish-American governments are worthless, and should be reconstructed, and that such is our mission; that the people of Lower California and Sonora are, or should be, dissatisfied with Mexican rule, and are, or should be, ripe for rebellion, and if not in terror of the Mexican central despotism would cry out for American aid to shake off their galling chains; the Sonoreños ought to rise, proclaim their independence, and cry for help from the generous Filibuster, who stood ready to help the down-trodden Mexican and to feather his own nest in particular." We were, therefore, determined to succor the oppressed people of Lower California and Sonora, who were silently praying that we might come and relieve them from their cruel yoke, and their surplus supply of horses and such like, and possess the lands of the country and receive the thanks of a grateful people after we had won their liberties and relieved them of their property. Such were the noble sentiments that inspired the champions of manifest destiny, or the spirit of conquest run riot, and culminating in those piratical expeditions of 1851 to Cuba and 1853 to Lower California.

At that time in California it was as unpopular to be opposed to fillibustering as it was to be opposed to African slavery, then our most cherished institution, and few had the courage to say aught against it. Then who should blame the man who shouldered a rifle and went to the field to maintain and vindicate the spirit of the times. As an instance of the spirit that prevailed at the time, I will state as a fact that in 1853 and 1854 Don Pedro C. Carrillo was one of the most popular and influential Democrats in the California Senate, and that when Walker was raiding and robbing ranches in Lower California, Don Pedro greatly impaired his popularity in the Senate by offering a series of resolutions in condemnation of the Filibusters. His resolutions were voted down, and ponderous blows were showered upon him as being opposed to the spirit of American liberty. Another was the judgment of Ogden Hoffman, of the United States District Court, in passing sentence upon Col. H. P. Watkins, Vice-President of the Republic of Lower California and Sonora, convicted of the crime of setting on foot a military expedition against the Republic of Mexico. Said the Judge: "From my heart I sympathize with the accused, but I am sworn to the execution of the law and must discharge my duty, whatever my sympathies may be. To the law and to the evidence, then, we must turn our exclusive attention. I may admire the spirited men who have gone forth upon these expeditions to upbuild, as they claim, the broken-down altars and rekindle the extinguished fires of liberty in Mexico, or Lower California. It may be that they are not adventurers gone forth to build for themselves a cheap fortune in another land. But even were such my opinion of their purposes, and their objects as glowing and as honorable as depicted by counsel, still, sitting as a Judge, I should regard only the single question, has the law been violated?" The Vice-President was convicted by a jury, and fined $1500 by the Judge, not one cent of which was ever paid, neither was there an effort to enforce its collection, and no imprisonment followed. Walker, the President, was afterward tried in the same Court, under a like indictment, and acquitted. To sympathize with filibustering at the time was popular. An actual Filibuster was a lion—a hero.

In the latter part of 1854 we had a most delightful accession to our angel population from the burst-up French filibustering expedition to Sonora under the leadership of the noble Count Gaston de Raousset Boulbon. Our population generally, when not engaged in broils, was, at the time, jovial, light-hearted and happy; but the arrival of some two hundred rollicking sons of Gaul gave additional zest to our happy times. The fifty per cent. of those Gallic vandals who came to our town were of the very essence of chivalry, gallantry and good humor. The most of them went to cooking and keeping restaurants, some to work in the vineyards and at wine-making, while not a few procured shotguns and made war on the rabbits and hares and other convenient small game with which the country at the time greatly abounded. The accession was valuable, and every Frenchman did his best to make himself not only useful but ornamental and agreeable. Who of the *bon vivants* of the time does not remember the inimitable *cuisine* of that great master in the art, Cascabel, who was *chef* at the famous restaurant of Madame Barrierre. Cascabel was a gentleman—a *chevalier*—and had been a line officer in the army of Algiers, had in some way or other drifted out of the service and into California, embarked in the expedition and, like all noble Franks when in reduced circumstances, took to cooking as naturally as a duck to a mud puddle. Myself, my legal friend, A. J. King, Esq., and the noble cook formed three of a company in January, 1855, to explore the Kern river region, until then a *terra incognita*, since which I have had no account of Cascabel. I think the good cooking of the eminent artist added greatly to the venerable appearance of that prince of good livers, Judge Myron Norton, who was a generous patron of the Cafe Barrierre.

Of all that Frankish immigration I believe there are only two survivors in our city, and one is Madame Begon, who is the owner of a very pretty property on Castelar street, in the upper part of the city, and the other is one of the prominent vignerons of the Vineyard city. At the coming of the French Filibusters the Madame was in the very prime of buxom womanhood, and started a small restaurant at the place where the Ferguson & Rose stable now stands, and for a reasonable compensation would give you, in addition to a well cooked dinner and bottle of wine, a vigorous lesson in rapier exercise, for which purpose she kept on hand a pair of gloves, foils and masks. The Madame was a master in the use of the foil, and my ideal hero, Bill, was the only one I knew who could stand up to her. The Madame was emphatically a *militaire*, had served twenty years in Algiers as a *vivandiere*, and as a natural consequence took easily to filibustering. How the Madame came to California I am unable to say, but should the reader be curious to know, let him call on the fat old gray-haired dame who reclines in her easy chair and lives easily off her rents, at her residence on Castelar street. As far as the French Sonora filibustering emigration to Los Angeles is concerned, Madame Begon stands high.

Count Raousset was also an ex-French *militaire*, and of former high rank—how high I could never learn, but I am free to maintain, on the honor of a truthful chronicler, that if not so high as general it was certainly above that of corporal; and had fortune prolonged his days of usefulness to the present, and to our city, he would have been at least a colonel. How the noble Gaston came to California it is not necessary to inquire, but it is fair to presume that like all of us, from the noble Duke of Sonora to the humble writer of these reminiscences, he came to better his condition, and the first step in that direction was into the kitchen of a French hotel in San Francisco, where he became chief cook. Our climate, however, having an elevating influence on the illustrious representative of the noble house of Boulbon, as well as on Americans, and pining for conquest, his first capital was invested in a shotgun, with which he sallied forth to war on the myriads of aquatic fowl which covered the face of the deep sloughs across the bay. The Count was successful in his new venture beyond his most sanguine anticipations, counted his accumulations by thousands, and thereby counted up a good bank account and sighed for worlds to conquer.

About this time the San Francisco world was venting its ridicule on the exploded Walker twin governments of Sonora and La Baja, which led the ambitious Boulbon to conceive a scheme of conquest worthy of the mettle of French valor. So having the ins and outs of cookery in San Francisco, he easily cooked up a kitchen cabinet and resolved himself to be Governor-General and Military Dictator of Sonora. With Gaston de Raousset to resolve was to act, to act was to achieve. So early in the season the ship *Challenge* spread her canvas to the breeze and sailed out of the Golden Gate, carrying "Cæsar and his fortunes," backed up by four hundred bristling bayonets. The noble Gaul was on his way, fully bent on ruling or ruining the Sonora roost. The Count was beyond question a good cook, and had counted on dishing up the Sonoreños like beef *a la mode*. But that peculiar people, being adepts in the business themselves, most effectually (as the sequel will show) cooked the poor Frenchman's goose and sent his scullions to h—— Los Angeles.

What the complications were that surrounded the expedition of Raousset de Boulbon were never fully understood, and if known at the time would have doubtless been forgotten. But if my memory serves me—and I only write from memory—I believe there was a rivalry between two military chieftains in Sonora, Yañez and Blanco, and one Don Luis del Valle represented that the gentle Sonoreños were honestly crying for help from the galling despotism of some one or something, (Don Luis was Mexican Consul at San Francisco); that every man, woman and child had a pair of old-fashioned plow clevises securely riveted on their ankles, with great Down East log chains imported for that particular purpose, welded into each particular clevis, which each particular man, woman and child in Sonora were compelled to drag around in all of their business, agricultural, commercial, domestic or mechanical, chafe or no chafe. Hence the wail of despair, the cry for help, as represented by the patriotic Don Luis. "A burnt child dreads the fire." The Americans had burnt their fingers in attempting to strike off the shackles of despotism in La Baja, and we would place our thumbs on our noses and gyrate our fingers at Don Luis when he talked about chains, and we would say, "Tell that to the marines." But the polite Frenchmen, not understanding our slang, fell into Don Luis' trap and so got their fingers burnt. The chains were red hot.

After landing at Guaymas a severe and hotly contested battle was fought between the Mexican regulars and militia under General Yañez, to the number of about four hundred, and Count Raousset and his unfortunate followers, of the same number. The battle lasted three hours, the Mexicans using artillery.

The Count's men were dumbfounded at being attacked, whereas they had expected to be received as liberators. This surprise gave the Mexicans the advantage. The Count performed prodigies of valor, and after a loss of forty-eight killed and seventy-eight wounded he surrendered, was tried by military commission, condemned and shot on the beach at Guaymas, meeting his fate like a christian hero. He met his fate with so much dignity and firmness as to excite only admiration and respect on the part of the gentle people whose chains he wished to break.

When I come to think of it I remember that Don Luis del Valle was arrested, tried and convicted in the United States District Court for setting on foot a filibustering expedition. But as neither the District Attorney, the attorneys for the defendant, the judge or the jury could understand head or tail of the "complications," as they called them, the whole question was dismissed, greatly to the relief of all concerned, the government in particular.

Thenceforth for two long years the oppressed people of Sonora patiently bore their ills. Not a wail or cry for help was heard from that down-trodden people. The harsh clanking of those horid down East log chains that encumbered the limbs of the athletic Yaquis and their kindred, and dragged at the heels of the fair ladies of the land as they whirled in the giddy waltz, failed to reach the ear of the liberty-loving Filibuster, and Sonora was left to fight it out in the fashion of the Kilkenny cats until Crabbe put in an appearance early in 1857. Many deny that Crabbe was a Filibuster, but I affirm that he was, and the assertion is based on the following facts:

In 1856 the Walker government in Nicaragua was a conceded success, and filibustering was popular. Crabbe was a disappointed politician, having aspired to an election as the Know Nothing candidate for United States Senator on the meeting of the Legislature of 1856. He was ambitious and poor, and had married into a ruined family—that is, once rich, now poor and proud. Walker had conquered a firm footing in Central America, with the capital of Mexico as the objective point of his career of conquest. Crabbe would start in on Sonora, wage his conquests southward, and meet and greet us as common brothers in a common cause, and celebrate the conquest of Central America and Mexico in the ancient capital of the Montezumas. How do I know this as being the ambitious dreams of Crabbe when he left San Francisco for Los Angeles? This is the way I know it. Being in Nicaragua at the time, we received letters from our friends, members of the expedition; one in particular from Admiral Gift—that is, the late George W.—who was to command the navy of the grand invasion that was to "throw thirty thousand men into Mexico before the heat of summer falls upon us." In Nicaragua we had the secrets of the invasion, and were bantered as to who would be first at the feast in the City of Mexico. Crabbe was a Filibuster, and why not? Were we not all Filibusters at the time?

The Ainzas were a family of Manilla Spaniards, an old man with three highly educated sons and several beautiful and accomplished daughters, the oldest of whom married Crabbe, the next married Racey Bevan, the third a gentleman named Cortelyou, the fourth a Dr. Talliaferro, a member of the Legislature of 1856. Cortelyou went with Crabbe to Sonora, and was killed. The sons were afterwards arrested and imprisoned in Sonora, and were released on demand of the United States, they being naturalized citizens. The Ainzas came from Manilla with immense wealth, and settled in Sonora, investing all of their capital in mines and lands, which were, in the due course of revolution, confiscated, and the family came to Los Angeles as refugees, afterwards settled in Stockton, and later in San Francisco, where they dwelt in 1855-6. In 1856 there was a rivalry between two chieftains in Sonora—Gandara and Pesqueira. Gandara was in, Pesqueira was out. So Crabbe made an arrangement with Pesqueira to help him oust Gandara, and Pesqueira was to restore the confiscated Ainza estate and reward Crabbe's followers with land grants, and horses, and such like privileges. That was only the entering wedge to the towering ambition of Crabbe, who was a man of confessedly great ability.

It seems that when Crabbe's plans were perfected he had about one thousand men enlisted. Possibly some two or three hundred went to Yuma, where some defection took place, and many abandoned the enterprise. Crabbe, like Pizarro of renown, gave all who chose the privilege of backing out, but informed them that after once breaking camp at Yuma all would be subject to strict military discipline, and desertion would be punished with death. He set out from Yuma, however, with about one hundred men, and made a temporary camp at a place on the Gila known to the present day as Filibuster Camp, in order to rest and prepare for the march across the arid desert intervening between the Gila and Sonora.

In the meantime, Pesqueira and Gandara had made up their quarrel on the common basis of "death to the Filibusters." On reaching the frontier town of Sonoita Crabbe was first made aware of Pesqueira's treachery, and that the compact between the two patriots was to be sealed with the blood of himself and his followers. He had gone too far to retreat. Crabbe was a man of true metal, and being in for it he determined to do or die. He accordingly issued a proclamation, here given word for word, setting forth his peaceful and legitimate object in coming, his determination to stay, his ability to defend himself if attacked, and then pushed forward to Caborca.

SONOITA, March 26, 1857.

Don Jose Maria Redondo, Prefect of the District of Altar:

SIR: In accordance with the colonization laws of Mexico, and in compliance with several very positive invitations from the most influential citizens of Sonora, I have entered the limits of your State with one hundred companions and in advance of nine hundred others, in the expectation of making happy homes with and among you. I have come with the intention of injuring no one; without intrigues, public or private. Since my arrival I have given no indication of sinister designs, but on the contrary have made pacific overtures. It is true that I am provided with arms and ammunition, but you well know that it is not customary for Americans or any other civilized people to travel without them; moreover, we are about to travel where the Apaches are continually committing depredations. From one circumstance I imagine, to my surprise, that you are preparing hostile measures and collecting a force for destroying me and my companions. I know that you have given orders for poisoning the wells and have prepared to use the vilest and most cowardly measures. But bear in mind, sir, that whatever we may have to suffer shall fall upon the heads of you and those who assist you. I could never have believed that you would defile yourselves by such barbarous practices. I also know that you have not ceased to rouse against us, by mischievous promises, the tribe of Papagos, our best friends. But it is very likely that, considering my position, your expectations will be baffled. I have come to your country having a right to do so, and as has been shown, expecting to be received with open arms; but now I conceive that I am to encounter death among enemies destitute of humanity. As far as concerns my companions now here and about to arrive, I protest against any evil procedure toward them. You have your own course to follow, but bear this in mind: should blood be shed, on your head be it all and not on mine. Nevertheless, you can make yourself sure, and proceed with your hostile preparations. As for me, I shall lose no time in going to where I have for some time intended to go, and am only waiting for my party. I am the leader, and my intention is to obey the promptings of the law of nature and of self-preservation. Until we meet at Altar I remain,

Your obdt. servt.,

HENRY A. CRABBE.

This letter is given to the Warden of Sonoita, to be delivered without delay to the Prefect of Altar. H. A. C.

Four days later Pesqueira issued the following modest *Proclama* to the gentle people of Sonora [Translation]:

YGNACIO PESQUEIRA,

Substitute Governor of the State and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the Frontier, to His Fellow-Citizens:

FREE SONORENOS! TO ARMS, ALL!!

The hour has sounded, which I lately announced to you, in which you would have to prepare for the bloody struggle which you are about to enter upon.

In that arrogant letter you have just heard a most explicit declaration of war made by the chief of the invaders. What reply does it merit? That we march to meet him.

Let us fly, then, with all the fury of hearts intolerant of oppression, to chastise the savage Filibuster who has dared, in an unhappy hour, to tread our national soil, and to provoke, insensate, our rage.

Show no mercy, no generous sentiments, toward these hounds!

Let them be like wild beasts who, daring to trample under foot the law of nations, the right of States and all social institutions, dare to invoke the law of nature as their only guide, and to appeal to brute force alone.

Sonoreños, let our conciliation become sincere in a common hatred of this accursed horde of pirates, destitute of country, religion or honor.

Let the tri-colored ribbon, sublime creation of the genius of Iguala, be our only distinctive mark, to protect us from the enemy's bullets as well as from humiliation and affront. Upon it let us write the beautiful words, "LIBERTY OR DEATH," and henceforth it shall bear for us one more sentiment, the powerful, invincible bond that now unites the two parties of our State, lately divided by civil war.

We shall soon return covered with glory, having forever secured the welfare of Sonora, and having, in defiance of tyranny, established in indelible characters this principle: The people that wants liberty will have it.

Meanwhile citizens, relieve your hearts by giving free scope to the enthusiasm that oppresses them.

Viva Mexico' Death to the Filibusters.

YGNACIO PESQUEIRA.

Ures, March 30, 1857.

Upon entering Caborca he was attacked in front, flank and rear, desperately fought his way to the plaza, and was there forced to assume the defensive, which was successfully maintained against twenty times his number for several days, and finally, under solemn guarantees and after more than half his men had been killed, and nearly if not all wounded, himself included, his ammunition exhausted, the house in which he had taken refuge burning over his head, Crabbe laid down his arms and surrendered. Within less than twelve hours the whole party, the well and the wounded, were murdered in the most barbarous manner. Their heads were severed from their mutilated bodies, *and the head of Henry A. Crabbe was placed on a dish to adorn the head of the table at the grand dinner celebrated two days after the butchery*, and over which his former ally, Ygnacio Pesqueira, presided. The bodies of his followers were left on the ground to be devoured by the swine, and of course in some degree contributed to the general weal of the good people of Caborca.

While Crabbe was besieged at Caborca a small party of about twenty men, under my Ranger comrade, Grant Oury, whose name I unfortunately omitted in naming the survivors of the Ranger company—Grant is now member of Congress from Arizona—started from Tucson to his relief, and reached the vicinity of the town just before the surrender, but could in no way aid him. They were surrounded by Mexicans and had to fight their way the entire distance to the American line. On his march Crabbe had left two sick men at a ranch on the American side of the line—men who never saw Sonora. A party of Sonora chivalry came over and dragged these two sick men from their beds and brutally murdered them. There was one survivor of the Crabbe party, a boy named Evans, aged fourteen years, who was permitted to witness the butchery of his companions and to be present at the feast of reconciliation. In the summer of 1857 I met this boy Evans, from whom I learned the details above stated, and which I believe are in the main correct. The reader will lose no time in coming to the conclusion that Pesquiera was a very great villain, whose true merits might be given the meed of his just deserts only by a second Shakspeare—an ordinary pen would fail to do him justice. The true actor and superlative villain in the horrible conspiracy and tragedy was one Fernandez, whose full name I forget, but whose antecedent history I am quite familiar with, and will proceed to give it, although it carries me back to the first exploring expedition to the then unknown region in 1844 by John C. Fremont.

Fremont says in his narrative, (which I have not seen since 1850,) that on his way from Los Angeles to Santa Fe in 1844, on reaching some springs somewhere in our present Arizona, he found a party of Mexicans recently murdered by Indians; that one very small boy, four or five years old, had escaped the general massacre, and when discovered was clinging to the body of his dead mother and crying piteously. The sight of the dead mother and living infant excited such sympathy and indignation in the minds of the brave men of Fremont's party that Kit Carson and Alexis Godey obtained permission to pursue the murdering savages, which they did (the two men only), following the trail for two or three days. They overtook, surprised, killed and routed the murderers, recaptured and brought back the horses of the murdered Mexicans—one of the most brilliant exploits recorded in the annals of Indian warfare, and places the names of Carson and Godey at the head of the column of American pioneer heroes. The little Fernandez was tenderly cared for, taken to Washington, adopted in the family of the great Benton, raised and educated as a gentleman. Attaining manhood he came to Los Angeles, and afterwards went to Sonora. It was he who negotiated between Pesqueira, the Ainzas and Crabbe, and procured the assistance of Crabbe for Pesqueira. It was he who negotiated the terms of peace between Gandara and Pesqueira, to be based on the massacre of the Crabbe party of Americans, and it was he who acted as chief butler and master of ceremonies at the feast of demons. Far better for the good name of humanity had Fremont been a day late at the scene of the murder of the boy's parents, in order that the jackals or vultures could have feasted on his infant carcass, and saved the world so great a shame.

The exploits of the pioneer heroes of the former great West, to us the East, has been the theme of song and story, as will our history of Indian fights, adventures and escapes of the early pioneers of California in crossing desert and mountain. Having in this chapter made a digression to record that marvelous performance of Carson and Godey, it will be quite *apropo* to relate two wonderful adventures in digger-land as related by D. M. Adams, Esq., the biographer of A. W. Potts, Esq., who has been Clerk of Los Angeles County for so long a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, a pioneer of '49, and one whom the people so love and honor, that he could be Governor of our great State but for his excessive modesty. Says his biographer:

"One evening, along in July, 1849, the train to which young Potts belonged went into camp on the banks of the Upper Humboldt. Not a stick of wood was in sight except on the opposite side of the river, which was running bank-full. Not even a handful of buffalo chips—the campers' last resort—could be found. It was plain that the crowd would have to go without coffee, slapjacks and fried bacon, as matters stood. But on the other side of the river stood a perfect thicket of partly-burnt, dead willows—just the thing for a good camp fire. Young Potts, who always was an expert swimmer, proposed to strip off, swim across and get enough to boil coffee with. And he did so—that is, he stripped and swam across, after which (and being naked) he walked some distance to where the willows stood, fearing no danger, although they were right in the midst of the Shoshones. He had just commenced breaking some willows when from all sides and within twenty or thirty, yards arose a perfect forest of Indian heads, and simultaneously, a wild, blood-curdling war-whoop from a hundred lusty throats, burst upon the air, and the way young Andrew Wilson Potts almost jumped out of his skin (all he had on) and cut for that river, was a caution to the jack-rabbits and telegraph lizards of that delectable region. The startled sage-hen whirred away in alarm, and the usually happy horned toad stopped short in his amorous antics and gazed in petrified amazement at the spectral form flying by with the swiftness of the wind. He reached the river; a plunge, a splash, and he was safely across, he hardly knew how. After reaching his own bank he ventured to look back, and there he saw a host of dusky maidens and warriors laughing loud and laughing deep, holding their very stomachs to keep from falling down, in their convulsive he-hawing. The aboriginal jokers of the desert had played it on him—had simply yelled to see him run—and were having their fun out at his expense. Of course they could have shot him dead at first if they had wanted to.

"But A. W. subsequently got even on the redskin race for this practical business. After he had reached California, and had been here two or three years, he was engaged in mining on the Upper Merced. He and his partners had taken out considerable coarse gold from a bar in the stream, below which there was a very deep hole in the river. Some one suggested that a large quantity of the precious metal might have washed down and lodged on the bottom of this hole, and it was finally determined to get a diving apparatus and prospect the dirt at the bottom. A diving suit of guttapercha, completely enveloping the wearer, with huge round glass eye-windows, and a tube leading up from the head to let in the air, having been procured, one day one of the partners went down to bring up some of the dirt at the bottom of this deep hole, to see what was in it. Wilse sat on the bank holding the signal-string leading down to the diver. While thus occupied a lot of Indians, men, women and children, came along. Thinking Wilse was fishing, and taking great interest in everything having little work about it, they, too, sat down to look on and see if he would catch any fish. After awhile a jerk was felt on the signal-string. One of the bucks who could talk a little English remarked: "Heap big bite; heap catch em big fish!" Wilse nodded, and began to pull up. The Indians were all eyes and mouth in expectancy. But when the great, big, slick, black, devil-looking sort of a thing shot out of the water, with its great, round, glaring glass eyes, as big as saucers, words fail. A scream of terror, a yell of horror, and the Indian outfit disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as though a ton of nitro-glycerine had burst in their midst and annihilated them. No Indian was ever after seen around that camp. One sight of the water-devil was enough."

It is written that in the early services of George Washington an Indian exhausted his ammunition in firing at him, but was unable to hit his mark. That afterward the Indian told the illustrious George that the Great Spirit had reserved him for some special purpose, for some great good; that he was not to be killed by a bullet. We are safe in surmising that the generous Potts in surviving those two remarkable adventures related by his biogragher, was reserved for much good to his fellow man, and in Mr. Potts, as well as in the immortal Washington, the same has been verified. We infer that in thankfulness to an ever protecting Providence in saving him from such dire danger the subject of the above sketch has almost devoted his life to the service of suffering humanity. His generosity is without limit. The Creator never made but one A. W. Potts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

More Filibusters—The Expedition of Admiral Zerman to Lower California—"The Stern Admiral"—Gen. Blancarte Traps and Sends the Party as Prisoners to Mexico—Bob Baldwin—John Cullen—Smith and His Bloody Record—John Temple and the Plan to Rob Him—His Vast Wealth—End of Smith.

THIS chronicler of the salient features of pioneer times thought he had disposed of all the filibustering expeditions that had in any degree been connected with our angel history. But alas! for human calculations; he had reckoned without his host. After having disposed of the Flores expedition, the "twin republics" (our nearest neighbors and kindred), the unfortunate Gaston de Raousset and the ill-fated Crabbe, all of which required two chapters of truthful history, he congratulated himself and the reader on having reached the last of the filibustering angels, when lo! the expedition of Admiral Zerman looms up and illumines his memory. The kind of an Admiral Zerman was this historian will not vouch for, only that he was a Mexican Admiral, of Mexican fame, if not Mexican name, and as the unnautical editor of *El Clamor Publico*, in the times of the Crimean war, said of Rear-Admiral Bruce, so the writer declares of Zerman, that he was a "stern Admiral," for the reason that in point of achievement Zerman was certainly a long ways "astern" of any Admiral who appears on the pages of history. The only connection Zerman's expedition had with Los Angeles was that it carried away three of our most esteemed angels, the first a gentleman, one of two brothers, Doctor and John Cullen. The Doctor was the pioneer in the wool trade of Los Angeles county, and John, a noble fellow, opened the first grocery and provision store in this City of Angels. His specialty was not a success, as our angels then, as now, had human appetites, and in addition to their fondness for Chile peppers, partook largely of imported articles in the provision line, so poor John fell a victim to misplaced confidence and noble generosity, and got "busted" in business. That is to say, he believed in angel honesty, and gave credit to angels "to the manor born," as likewise to the gringo, and was thereby driven by a cruel destiny to close business, and cast his fortunes into the maelstrom of manifest destiny, and like thousands of noble spirits of the time, was swallowed up in its remorseless vortex. The next was young Bob Baldwin, a true son of an honorable ancestry; that is to say, Bob belonged to one of the "first families of Virginia," and was a runaway from the University of that old State. When here Bob was about eighteen years of age, and was a firm believer not only in manifest destiny, but in his own star, believing that it was his peculiar destiny to become eventually, by some hook or crook, the ruler of Mexico. Poor Bob! what has become of him? I saw him at Vera Cruz in 1859 as a Lieutenant of artillery under Juarez, when that great defender of Mexican national integrity was besieged by Miramon. Bob had then been three years in the service, and had risen from the ranks, where he entered upon his release from his Mexican prison. He said when he reached a captaincy he would feel himself on the highway to the goal of his destiny. Poor Bob! I fear he never reached it. The third angel who went away with Zerman was Smith, and to distinguish Smith from all other angel Smiths, I will here assert that Smith was an angel blacksmith, and worked for John Goller and Jim Baldwin, on Los Angeles street, and was a very peculiar angel, and went filibustering just because it was born in him. Smith was a rover, out and out. Having met him in 1859, in Minatitlan, on the Coazacualcos River, the dividing line between Vera Cruz and Tabasco, and having known him here in Los Angeles, I gained his confidence, and not only obtained the history of the Zerman expedition, but his own private experience and exploits in California and elsewhere. He was the greatest rascal I ever knew, and as he told me so many peculiar circumstances connected with his own fortunes, after having told of the Zerman expedition I will relate a few of them—only a few of the least bloody ones.

In October, 1855, the brig *Archibald Gracie* sailed out of the Golden Gate, carrying Zerman and his foolish followers, to the number of about one hundred, bound for La Paz, which proved to be anything but a haven of "peace" to the great stern Admiral and his luckless expeditionists. Zerman claimed to have a commission from some high Mexican authority to rule Lower California, and on landing at La Paz presented his authority, sealed with the great seal bearing the symbolical nopal and Mexican reptile, to old General Blancarte, who ruled with a rawhide and laid the said rawhide on hard and heavy on all occasions. I say when Zerman presented his patent of authority and told Blancarte to get out, Blancarte called a file of ragged ruffians who collared Zerman, and Blancarte told Zerman to get in, and he was accordingly tumbled neck and heels into the La Paz lock-up, where he signed an order for his followers to land without arms and form in front of the Quartel General, which being in due form accomplished, old Blancarte had the whole batch of fools securely ironed and sent in to keep company with their *stern* leader. The upshot of all this was that the whole party were finally shipped across the gulf to San Blas, and compelled to foot it all the way to the City of Mexico, each patriot carrying a chain fastened to his ankle and conveniently thrown over his shoulder by way of ornament. Smith, who was refractory to the utmost degree, was specially honored with a pair of the aforesaid chains, one on each leg, and fastened together in the middle. They were imprisoned in the City of Mexico, and kindly treated, long enough to enable the proper authorities to inquire the reason of their foolishness, when they were released, the most of them finding employment, those who were mechanics, among whom was our angelic Smith, being placed in the government shops and foundries. Some took to the army, like poor Bob, others, following the bent of their inclinations, went to running their faces and playing monte, as had been their wont in this land of gold.

And so ended the ambitious designs of the stern Admiral on our poor neighbors of Lower California, whose poverty alone should have been a sufficient safeguard against the cupidity of the adventurous knights of manifest destiny. May they ever rest in their poverty *alone* is the wish of this writer of reminiscences.

Smith was a Maine man. I might have said "State of Maine," but why people should say State of Maine any more than they would say State of California, State of Kentucky, or State of Missouri, I could never understand; but hereafter, as now, I will simply say Maine, just as I would say California, always leaving out "the State of" as three words too many to express the same meaning.

Smith was a natural born cut-throat, but otherwise honest, save in one or two particulars, which manifestly, and on all occasions cropped out. He left Maine suddenly, between two days, and left blood behind him. That is to say, some old man refused to permit Smith to wed his daughter. Smith got mad and killed the old man, and then left his country for his country's good. He got on board a lumber vessel about to clear for California, in 1849, and, concealing himself, until the vessel was three days at sea, made his appearance and begged to be permitted to work his passage to the golden land. The murder not having been heard of on board, Smith was quietly and willingly disposed of in the forecastle.

As a sailor, however, Smith was a failure. He was insubordinate, and in constant broils, and while rounding Cape Horn knifed the second mate. As a consequence he made the remainder of the voyage to Valparaiso in double irons. The vessel dropped anchor in that great Chilian port at about dark, and about midnight Smith, having slipped his irons, slipped over the bow chains, dropped overboard, and swimming to the shore boldly struck out for the interior, and stood not on the order of his going till he reached Santiago, the capital, where he readily found employment in a government foundry. Forming a convenient connexion he lived happily until, coming home one evening, he caught his mistress in the very act of criminal infidelity. In a twinkling he stopped the wind of the luckless wight who had violated the sanctity of his garden of Eden, and then wrung the neck of the frail fair one as he would have wrung the neck of a Maine goose, and, leaving the two lovers to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, took up his line of march for Valparaiso, only killing one man on the road. He reached the port just in time to smuggle himself on board a steamer bound from New York to San Francisco.

On his arrival he at once struck out for the mines, and brought up at Rough and Ready, where he killed a gambler who had cheated him, before he had been there a week. The fellow beat him out of his money at monte at a gambling house. Smith waited outside until the game closed, and when the gambler came out he struck him on the head with a stone and killed him instantly. He said thereafter three Mexican gamblers beat him by cheating, and he waylaid them one at a time and killed the whole trio. In the last he was discovered, fled, and was pursued from camp to camp with "hue and cry," but succeeded in reaching San Francisco and went over to Marin island, then the penitentiary, where he found refuge, obtaining employ as a guardsman. Who would seek for a fugitive from justice among the guards of the State prison?

How long Smith remained in the employ of the State is not necessary to inquire. Suffice it to say that in 1852 he became a first-class angel, remaining here about two and a half years, and went away with Zerman. At Minatitlan Smith informed me on his honor that he had never killed any one in Los Angeles, notwithstanding, as he expressed it, he had "put the light out of at least a dozen while in California. However," said he, "I once went for old Temple's scalp, and but for an accident would have raised it, and made my pile to boot."

This is the way it was: Old John Temple used to bleed this county at the rate of about $100,000 a year, money received from his immense sales of cattle, all of which he would carry to the City of Mexico for investment. Dave Brown, Smith and another prominent person determined to waylay Temple on his way to San Pedro, murder him if necessary, but without fail to secure his bags of gold. Temple would start in the morning about sunrise, and the arrangement was that Smith, Brown & Co. would leave town during the night and lay in wait in the high mustard down about Florence, stop Temple and rob him, convey the cash to the river bed and bury it in the water and sand, and wait and take their chances. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the reader may choose to regard it, about twilight on the eve of the contemplated robbery, Dave accidentally let his revolver go off on the sidewalk in front of the Bella Union and shot himself in the foot, a circumstance well remembered by many pioneers. A lucky shot for old John Temple, surely.

Temple was at one time the richest man in Mexico. He almost owned the whole Mexican government; foreclosed a mortgage on the Mint at the City of Mexico, and coined money on his own account. He owned four hundred miles of seacoast territory above and below Acapulco, was a brother of the late F. P. F. Temple, of La Puente, and was the cutest monte dealer that ever flipped a card for an angel to bet his pile on.

I will now go back to Mexico and finish up Smith. Our gentle angels finished Brown before Smith left, as will be hereafter and in the proper place fully related. When the Zerman prisoners were released in the City of Mexico, Smith, who was an excellent mechanic, was employed, as before stated, in a government foundry, where he formed the acquaintance of an English expert, who inducted him into the mysteries of coining money, and the partners were soon flush and bet their coin freely at the monte banks. It was only on Sundays and saints' days, however, when the foundry would be closed, that the twain would steal in, fire up, melt their metal and mould a supply of dollars. To the great honor of the saints, Smith and his pard had plenty of time in which to ply their vocation, only that the police were always vigilant to see that a proper respect was shown each particular saint, and to arrest any one who would profane the day by doing work. So on one occasion the police discovered and arrested the two worthies who were trying to turn an honest dollar, and on the following day they were roundly fined by the irate alcalde, who honored the saints, one and all. "Well," said Smith, with a grin, "we paid our fines out of the money we had struck off that day, and had a good stake to run on for a month or two."

Times got so hot for Smith at the capital that he lit out for Vera Cruz, where the Mexican detectives shadowed him. So he sailed for Minatitlan, where he started a shop and did work for the mahogany cutters, but kept an eye open for an opportunity to "shove the queer." One evening in the soft tropical moonlight in front of Jim Rawle's hotel in Minatitlan, while listening to Smith's bloody adventures and talking about Los Angeles, the Rangers, and of familiar persons, a portly looking Mexican walked past us and into the bar room. "D—n him," said Smith, "I know him, and will put his light out in less than a week." "Who is he?" said I, "Why," said he, "he's one of them City of Mexico detectives and he's after me. I'll get him." Smith did get him in less than a week, by knocking him on the head and throwing him in the river. The steamer from Vera Cruz had arrived during the day on which the portly Mexican had come as a passenger. On the return of the steamer to Vera Cruz the author was a passenger, and saw no more of our Los Angeles journeyman blacksmith or of the mahogany cutters of the Coazacualcos. But in January, 1862, I met Jim Rawle in New Orleans and talked of matters in Minatitlan, and inquired for Smith. "Ah," said he, "two days after you left he killed a great Mexican detective, was arrested, taken to Vera Cruz, and shot at the castle of San Juan de Uloa."

The reader will of course grieve after our lost angel, and lament our bad luck in losing a fellow citizen who, had he been spared us, might have become so conspicuously prominent. This truthful historian begs the reader's pardon in carrying him so far away, but why should so shining an example as the gentle Smith be lost to posterity?

CHAPTER XIX.

Revolution—The California Spaniard—His Patriotism—The Great Gringo Nation—John Raines—Guadaloupe Sanchez—Organization of Patriots—The Plaza Occupied "Viva la Republica" and "Death to the Gringos"—General Littleton to the Rescue—Raid on the Bella Union Bar—Mayor Hodges in the Field—Firing on the Plaza—The Gringo Phalanx Routed—The Mayor in a Bomb Proof—The Phalanx Triumphant—The Killed and Wounded—Doña Maria, the Lady Mayoress, in Peril—Littleton Relieves Her—The Last Outrage—The Angels Redeemed—"All is Well that Ends Well."

THE California Spaniard was in the olden time an over average Christian and good fellow, full of jovial good humor, hospitable even to a fault, patriotic, liberty-loving, and jealous of the integrity of his native land to such degree as made him fly to arms and unfurl to the balmy breeze the standard of revolution on the slightest possible pretext, and sometimes without any pretext whatever. In a past chapter I gave a truthful account of the sanguinary rebellion of the angels under Castro against the Mexican satrap, Micheltorena, culminating in the grand battle of Providencia and the improvident slaughter of that patriotic Mexican mule, the expulsion of the Mexican tyrant from the sacred soil of California and the elevation of Don Pio Pico as the last of the domineering Dons, to be soon thereafter succeeded by the anti-revolutionary gringos. In those glorious old times before the coming of the gringo, revolutions were of ordinary happening and generally harmless. The soil of our angel land is fertile, naturally so. The soil of this beautiful land was never fertilized to any great extent by the blood of tyrants and their minions, slain by the irate sons of the soil in their resistance to the Mexican oppressor. Ante-gringo revolutions in California were as frequent and harmless as raids on hen-roosts in the sunny South at the present writing. Still the olden-time Californian could no more exist without his periodical revolution than he could without his bull-fight, his game of *monte*, his horse-race, or his *gallos* on St. John's day. The gringo nation is great, the affirmative of which this military scribe is free to maintain on horseback or on foot, with spear or pen, because he belongs to that immaculate race himself; but there is an old adage which is as truthful as the writer hereof, and that is, that "the gringo spoils all other peoples with whom he is brought in contact."

The noble race of California Spaniards has greatly deteriorated by its association with the conquering gringo. The truth is, "the gringo *spoiled* him." He isn't half the man he was in the days of revolutions and rawhides. The author has heretofore referred to the Jack Powers revolution in Santa Barbara, and will hereafter relate the revolutionary effort of Juan Flores. But this most truthful chapter will be devoted to John Raine's revolution, which occurred in the city of angels in December, 1852. Times were lively; money was most abundant; *monte* dealers and merchants were waxing rich; the cattle market was buoyant. Fandangos and fiddling was the order of the day; festivities throughout the land ran high; everyone seemed happy, everybody was over-prosperous, and everyone ought to have been happy. The California Spaniard was the most prosperous mortal on the footstool, and should have been the happiest. He had everything his longing heart could crave, except his revolution; that was his dearest and most sacred privilege, and the only one the generous gringo refused to accord him. When the gringo planted his liberty-pole on Fort Hill, he sealed the doom of revolution in California. Still the noble Dons pined for a revolution, as the Jews hungered for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Guadaloupe Sanchez, with a half-dozen hot-headed followers, raised the standard of liberty one beautiful summer's night in '52, occupied the plaza, fired off their revolvers, gave the *grito de libertad* and *muere los gringos*, got gloriously and patriotically drunk, trailed their banner in the dust, and so ended that revolution. John Raines was an untamed mustang, full of mischief, and up to all kinds of deviltry. The angel city was full of idle, wild, harem-scarem fellows, of the vagabond persuasion, who did little else than play at billiards, buck at *monte*, kill time and have a good time generally. No better material could have been found anywhere, and John concluded to edify the longing Spaniard with a revolution as would be a revolution.

So the bold leader put himself about organizing. Two weeks were thus occupied. Two hundred men were enrolled. The utmost secrecy was observed; not a soul but the initiated knew aught of the plot. Hodges was Mayor. The eventful night arrived as they always do. At midnight the revolution broke forth in all its fury. The plaza was occupied, and "*Viva la Republica y muere los gringos*" burst forth on the midnight air, rekindling the dormant fire that slumbered in the patriotic bosom of the slumbering Dons, and carrying dismay to the uninitiated and surprised Gringo awakened from his sleep by this pandemonium let loose. In fifteen minutes fifty indomitable gringos under Jim Littleton stood in defiant phalanx in front of the Bella Union, determined to maintain gringo supremacy, even if they sacrificed the last bar-keeper and bottle in all angel-land. A detail was accordingly made to raid the Bella Union bar, and another to hunt up the Mayor to take command and oppose the uprising. In due time both objects were accomplished, and wine flowed as wine had never flowed before, and whisky was free. By this time the gringo lement was awake; the clatter of cavalry resounded on the midnight air as they dashed up and down upper Main street. A hurried council of war resulted in the conclusion that the cabildo and the court house would be the first objects of attack. So armed gringos were hastily thrown into those places. The jail on the Hill was also occupied. Then the Littleton phalanx, leaving a reserve at the junction of Main and Commercial, with a picket at Commercial and Los Angeles streets moved bravely to the plaza, the Mayor marching valiantly at the head of the column; he however suggested that Jim Littleton should be the commander in action, and should be entitled to all the honors consequent on victory, while he, the Mayor, would be present and sanction any and all measures necessary to an effectual suppression of the revolution. Reaching the corner of the plaza where the Pico House now stands, the Littleton-Gringo-Phalanx were received by a scattering fusilade from all quarters of the plaza, with the battle cry of the revolution: "*Viva Mexico y mueran los gringos,*" and a stentorian voice roared out "rodealos, rodealos," anda "cavalleros!" (surround them! surround them!) and the clatter of cavalry was heard going through Nigger Alley like a tornado, which causes the General to order the phalanx to fall back, which it did in quick time, as the question was which would reach the Baker Block corner, first—the rebel cavalry or the gringo phalanx. Intermediate between the plaza and Arcadia street, stood at that day the first monument of gringo enterprise, a brick culvert, which ran diagonally across the street and was about forty feet long, four feet wide at the base, and forming an arch, which was just high enough to admit a person in a low, stooping posture. Now that old culvert was a most infernal nuisance, being frequented by vagabond Indians as a place of convenience, which rendered the interior thereof unpleasantly odorous. General Littleton, finding that the cavalry would reach the objective point first, came to a sudden halt at the culvert, and seizing the Mayor by the arm, said: "Hodge, it's our only chance; get in, quick; we're cut off, sure." To hesitate was, as the Mayor thought, certain death, so into the culvert went the chief gringo of this semi-gringo city, bearing the honors of the great gringo nation on his broad back. His honor was safe, and the phalanx, dividing itself, took position at either end of the Mayor's bomb-proof, and opened a defiant fire on the exultant rebels, who now charged them on all sides. The conflict was terrific; the din of battle was fearful. Above all could be heard the lion-like roar of Jim Littleton as he urged the phalanx to stand their ground and "Remember the *Alamo*," and let the last man die rather than yield. The Mayor was safe. He was as snug as a bug in a rug, and never a word did speak, until an immense gringo cheer announced victory to the phalanx, and a few scattering shots gave proof that the rebels had been repulsed. Then his honor emerged from his place of refuge and rejoined the victorious gringos with the inquiry, "How many are killed?" "Are we all right, Jim?" Then the commander ordered the phalanx to fall back on the reserve at Commercial street—an order easier given than executed—as the wounded were so numerous that the movement was consequently slow and painful. Several were left dead, or apparently so, at the culvert, the Mayor suggesting that "no further harm could befall the poor fellows."

Samuel Arbuckle's store at the corner of Commercial and Main was the gringo headquarters, and the back rooms thereof were converted into a hospital, whither the Mayor was conducted. On entering all the horrors of war presented itself to his terrified gaze. Surgeons with sleeves tucked up, bloody bandages; wounded men, groaning in agony, lying around everywhere, while every minute some poor fellow would be brought in by his comrades in a desperate condition. The doctors had their hands full.

Some one said to Doc. Jones, "The Mayor is wounded; why don't you attend to him?" upon which said suggestion two or three sympathetic attendants laid hold of his honor with a view to removing his coat and vest, when all at once they hold up their hands to the light and commence an examination thereof, with exclamations of "P-e-w! Great eternal polecat, where has he been? No blood! but what?" Then "the most useful man" put in, "Why, Hodge, what does this mean? It's awful." "It is that infernal culvert," responded his honor. "Them d—d injuns; I always wanted the Council to abate that culvert as a nuisance, and by the holy poker, if I live, and if we save the city, I'll bet they don't use that culvert for that purpose again. But it was a fortunate thing for us to-night, sure." Then his honor bethought himself of Doña Maria, the fair and frail sharer in the dignities and profits of the Mayoralty. The lady Mayoress was in imminent peril, and might fall into the hands of the rebels. Doña Maria dwelt near the plaza (at present a fair dame of Los Angeles street), and she must be rescued at all hazards; but who would take the risk—the danger was great; yet the attempt must be made, Littleton called for volunteers, and five heroes stepped forth from the phalanx ready to immolate themselves on the altar of chivalry; and with an assuring word to his honor, the brave fellows, with Jim at their head, set forth on their mission of gallantry. They were gone an hour, during which time desultory firing, cheers, vivas and carajos were heard all over the city, and the Mayor was in awful suspense concerning the lady Mayoress. Every few minutes some bleeding victim of the revolution would be brought in, and the doctors had their hands full. It was now near daylight and at last Jim Littleton came in with the lady Mayoress, who was received with every demonstration of delight by his honor, the Mayor, whose first inquiry to the weeping lady was, "Ah, Querida mia, they have hurt you." whereupon the lady turned bitterly upon Jim Littleton with the exclamation of "Ah que sin verguenza." (You shameless vagabond.) Doña Maria had fallen a victim to the fury of the revolution and the Mayor was as mad as a hornet. Daylight dispels the sombre shadows of night. The orb of day gilds the Eastern horizon. The verdants hills smile in beauty when kissed by the morning sun. Peace reigns supreme in the Angel City. The night of disorder is succeeded by the morning tranquility. The trembling señora peeps timidly forth from her window expecting to see the prickly pear flag of Aztec land floating from every adobe wall in the redeemed city, but, alas! nothing of the kind is to be seen. Grave Dons and frightened gringos appear on the streets to inquire for the dead, but no dead are to be found, unless, perchance an over-patriotic gringo was found dead drunk. No blood was to be seen anywhere. Was all this a dream; certainly there was no reality in it. The Mayor went to the culvert and found no blood, notwitstanding when he retreated from that glorious battlefield only six hours ago the ground was covered with dead heroes. Men whom he had seen under the surgeon's hands, in the agonies of mortal pain, now smilingly greeted him with, "Hello! Hodge, old boy, how goes it?" Their recovery had been miraculous. His honor would willingly believe it all to be a nightmare only for the queer accident that had happened to Maria, and he was certain there was no nightmare about that.

It was a sell, an out and out sell, gotten up by John Raines and Jim Littleton to sell the town generally, to sell the Mayor in particular, and to relieve the general monotony of the California Spaniard, and gladden his heart with a first-class revolution.

Revolutions are not revolutions without their usual concomitant of outrages, and of course there must of necessity be some kind of an outrage to give respectability to our present one. So Jim Littleton, to carry out the simile, had perpetrated the last outrage of revolutionists on Doña Maria, the lady Mayoress of the City of Angels, which was all that was real in the whole affair.

CHAPTER XX.

Bull Fights—Romance of Spanish-American Conquest—Gran Funcion de Toros—The Gran Toreador—Plaza de Toros—The Debut of Don Jesus—"The Bravest Man in the World"—A Furious Bull—A Desperate Encounter—The Lazadores, Picadores and Banderilleros—The Gran Toreador Gets a Raise—The Battle Over—The Gringo's Revenge.

THIS historical Ranger in his juvenile days and before visiting this semi-Latin land, had been an ardent and enthusiastic student of Spanish history, and was a great admirer of the chivalry of the race, the high tide of whose civilization had, before the Mayflower was wedded to the salt sea wave, penetrated to the very heart of what is now the United States; of the marvelous achievements of the Great Conquistador and his handful of followers, whose unparalleled audacity led them into the very jaws of a powerful and cruel despotism, there to assume the role of dictator, was so wonderful that to my mind the words "Spanish Cavalier" meant all that was brave, enterprising and chivalrous; of the deeds of Vasco Nuñez, Pizarro, and others of minor note in the subjugation to the dominion of the cross, the vast empires of Darien and Peru filled my mind with the highest possible opinion of the descendants of those mighty adventurers; while the insane wanderings of Ponce de Leon and De Soto seemed to give the only true romantic tinge to our own matter of fact conquistorial history. So when the chronicler made his advent into this old-time Spanish capital, this angel city, handed over to the rule of the Saxon, he was prepared to admire anything that had the glare and glitter of Mexico or of Spain, as well the rodea, the annual execution of that ancient rapscallion Judas Iscariot, the cock-pulling feats on St. John's Day, the Maromas, the fandango, the sanguinary encounters between bulls and bears, and more important than all, the bull fights, wherein man, the image of his Creator, boldly enters the gladiatorial arena to meet in mortal combat the noble lord of the animal kingdom, the untamed bull. Therefore, soon after my induction into angel society I was raised to the seventh heaven of delight in beholding the announcement in largely lettered placards, "Gran Funcion de Toros, el Domingo proximo a las tres a la tarde;" (grand bull-fight on Sunday next at 3 o'clock,) with a list of the renowned Dons who would participate on that important occasion, with a great flourish about a very brave and eminent Don bearing the name of "Jesus," who was represented to be the most intrepid of all the *toreadores* who had carved their names on the temple of fame for heroic deeds done in the *Plaza de toros* of the City of Mexico. This important announcement was made about midweek, and immediately thereafter active operations commenced and a great fever of excitement possessed the angel mind, gringo as well as native. Great speculation was indulged in as to who the mighty hero bearing the Holy Name could be, and every stranger Don felt complimented when some knowing one would suggest the possibility of his being the "gran toreador" from "la capital de Mexico." On Saturday the arena was complete—a fence built of green willow posts set in the ground to which were lashed, with raw-hide thongs, stout poles forming a circle about forty feet in diameter. On one side elevated seats were arranged, one above the other, in theatrical style, for those who were to pay; while the rabble had the privilege of peeping through the poles without price. At one end of this improvised dress circle, a canvas enclosure was made for the accommodation of the toro and the toreador, the lazadores, the banderilleros, the picadores, and the master of the arena, in order that they might be obscured from vulgar eyes until their grand entrance into the arena of blood and battle. In order that the bull and bull-fighters might meet as utter strangers, and on the theory that familiarity breeds contempt, a rag petition divided the belligerents. On the right flank of the dress circle are seated, on an elevated platform, the musicians, who discourse Mexican national airs, while, to the great disgust of the grand marshal, the gringos possess the poles of the willow fence, smoke their cigars, and are all on the tip-toe of excitement, and this truthful historian is carried back in imagination to the geography pictures he used to gaze at with such reverential awe in his school-boy days. "Now," thought I, "we are to behold a bull fight such as were formerly seen in glorious Madrid," and my excitement knew no bounds.

The music ceases, and the herald proclaims the grand entry. The canvas door is thrown open, and the *lazadores*, with gilt and glitter, spangles and spatters, lance and pennon, mounted on elegantly-caparisoned, high-mettled steeds, enter, followed by the *picadores a pie*, and the *banderilleros* and the *matador*, all radiant in green silk, tinsel and stripes. The brilliant outfit are all, in glittering array, ranged before us, save and except the "*gran toreador*" and the *toro*, which in rude Saxon means Jesus and the bull. The music bursts forth in patriotic and warlike strains, the señoritas wave their handkerchiefs, and the rabble cry "*viva!*" Again the herald waves his baton of office, the music stops, the señoritas cease from waving, the rabble discontinue their *vivas*, and the gringos maintain their grave demeanor, smoke away, and whittle on the green poles. The herald now proclaims that "the greatest, most renowned and famous bull fighter, either living or dead, the hero of more than a thousand bloody fights, the champion of the world, will now make his entrance before this august assemblage." Two ushers now divide the canvas door, and the music don't play "Hark! the Conquering Hero Comes," but it plays something of equal grandeur, and the "gran toreador," as though disdaining the earth upon which he trod, enters the arena, faces toward the señoritas, places his right hand upon his heart, makes a profound salaam, and is greeted with a shower of bouquets. The gentlemen ushers respectfully pick them up, bow to the señoritas, bend the pregnant hinges of the knee to Don Jesus, who haughtily makes the about face, bows patronizingly to the gringos and the peons and pelados, and speaks: "Soy valiente" (I am very brave); "tengo mucho honor" (I have a great deal of honor); "que es de vivir sin honor?" (why should one live without honor?); "es mejor a morir valiente que vivir sin honor" (it is far better to die game than to live with a taint upon one's honor). "I am the bravest man in the world, of which you shall have due proof when you see me encounter the most ferocious bull that could be found on the thousand miles' expanse of California plain. I am ready to conquer or die," and Don Jesus bowed to the herald.

The two ushers now very carefully approach the bovine corner, and remove a barricade of rawhide ropes, the music again bursts forth in martial strains, and the ferocious bull of the California plains makes *his debut*, not with wild and flashing eyes, distended nostrils, tossing head and high-waving tail, but as gentle-looking, mild-visaged an old ox as ever tugged at a creaking Mexican cart, with eyes as honest and sleepy as a crocodile's, with head neither erect nor depressed, tail dangling in an old-fashioned, ox-like way between his legs, and still worse than all, the poor old fellow's head bore signs of the recent lashings of a Mexican yoke, and his honest old horns were sawed off so near his head that the blood slowly oozed and trickled in honest indignation at the outrage. When this tough veteran entered the arena the music played, the "Ponchada," the peons and the pelados yelled, the gringos grinned, and the señoritas looked disappointed. Don Jesus, to prove his valor, rushed in front of his disarmed adversary, and waving a red flag in his face, said tauntingly, "Ha, Toro!" which didn't disturb the ox in the least. Then a banderillero manœuvred around, and flung a rosette dart, called a banderilla, into the old gent's flank, which didn't seem to discomfit him, only being a gentle reminder of his old acquaintance the goad. Another banderilla strikes him in the other flank, and one in the rump, and the old fellow looks around innocently, as much as to say, "Well, did I ever?" all of which time "the bravest man in the world" flaunts his red flag in front of the bull and yells "Toro!" A lazador now makes a dash at the bull, seizes him by the tail and sloughs him around, and a banderilla is stuck into him, to which is attached a string of firecrackers, and a brave picador valorously fires them, and another picador bounces on his back, and Don Jesus kicks him on the nose, at which act of daring the peons and pelados "*viva*!" and the poor old ox loses his patience and makes a rush at "the bravest man," who runs and climbs over the fence, and a lazador has the old boy by the hind leg with his lazo, and another by the fore foot, and before the old ox can tell what he is about they stretch him roughly upon his back, and the banderilleros fill his body with rosette darts and firecrackers, and the old fellow is permitted to regain his feet, by which time he is again confronted by the "bravest man" with his red flag, and the banderilleros cover his flank and rear and ply their cruel darts and crackers, and the bull makes another dash at Don Jesus, who this time nimbly dodges the bull and springs upon his back, at which the señoritas scream with delight, the peons and pelados yell themselves hoarse, the drums roll and rattle, the fife screams, the horns toot, and the flute and flageolette give forth sweet sounds of victory; the old ox strikes a gallop, and the "bravest man" turns a back somersault and gracefully alights on his feet, and again confronts his bovine foe.

By this time the gringo part of the audience have become friendly to the bull, so called, and somewhat disgusted at the cruelty of his tormentors, and in English they discussed the situation and conclude, at the first favorable opportunity, to make a diversion in favor of the bull. Of course what they said and proposed to do was wholly unknown to the Dons in the arena, who did not understand English. So the next time the honest and tormented old ox made a well-directed charge on the "bravest man" and he attempted to climb over the fence, Cy Lyon, who was seated thereon, gave the august, the disdainful, the proud, the champion toreador, a well-directed push with his foot, which he planted solid in the pit of Don Jesus' stomach, which landed him fair and square on the gory horns of the bovine hero, whose eyes now flashed livid fire of rage, his nostrils dilated, emitting foam and blood, his tail erect and waving, head so low that his nose touched the ground, he looked the very incarnation of victory, and seemed to throw all of his immense strength into one grand, revengeful toss of the head, and we all thought for sure that the grand toreador was imitating the cow that jumped over the moon. It was certainly the biggest raise that Mexican ever got in his life. The going up was awful, but the coming down! well, Don Jesus, the champion bullfighter from "La Capital de Mexico," was a month recovering from the immensity of the shock. It was said he suffered great damage, and it was over a month before he could resume his duties of stewing carne, making hash and slinging pots, for such was his every-day avocation, oh! reader! and when this painted and bespangled hero, this champion bull-fighter from the City of Mexico, this gran toreador, was divested of his tinsel and stripes, his spangles and spatters, his red embroidered jacket, his green breeches and his red hose, his jaunty cap, and his gorgeous parti-colored sash, when his face was washed of the dust of the bull-pen, of the blood that freely flowed from his eyes, nose and ears, and the thick coating of paint, this ass in lion's disguise turned out to be John O. Wheeler's cook. When poor Jesus went up the Lazadores made a rush for the infuriated ox, who was now a formidable monster and eyed Jesus as he went up and coolly waited for him to come down, and in a moment they had him on the ground as harmless as a lamb, and so ended the "gran funcion de toros;" and so ended my romantic idea of a Spanish bull-fight, and so ended the glorious career of Don Jesus, the gran toreador in the bull-pens of this ancient angel capital, and so endeth this story. It is only fair to say, however, that none of the respectable Spanish ladies and gentlemen of Los Angeles patronized the bull-fights.

The gringos were sold, badly sold, beaten. A gringo is willing to beat but is always averse to being beaten, and the gringos determined to avenge themselves upon the Dons for having so disappointed them in their anticipations of a grand bull-fight, and soon the opportunity offered.

We had a humorous genius among us, Frank Ball, a great practical joker, who determined to sell the Dons in revenge for their imposition in the bull-fight. Frank accordingly bought an old and used up mustang, had him elaborately blanketed and stabled at Pete Rohrer's, where Ferguson & Rose's stables now are, and advertised in English and Spanish, in all the newspapers and by great posters, that on a certain day he would start from San Pedro and make a voyage to Santa Catalina and back, *on horseback*; that he would ride the great swimming horse *Hippopotamus*, a horse of a peculiar Kanaka breed who had swam all the way from the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco. That for the period of ten days prior to this great marine-equine performance, the great swimming horse could be seen in his stall and examined, in order that people might satisfy themselves that in appearance *Hippopotamus* was the same as any other horse. Admission, 50 cents; ladies, half price; children free. The *Star*, and Wheeler's paper puffed *Hippopotamus* and lauded Frank Ball's great enterprise in having procured this great amphibious curiosity for public inspection and edification. The consequence of all this was that there was a great run on *Hippopotamus*, and four-bit pieces fell in plentiful profusion into Frank's coffers. The Dons came in crowds to see this marine monster. Vaqueros from the country examined him, the patrons of the bull-pen planked down their coin, and the sell was a financial success. But how was Ball to get out of his promise of making his voyage to Santa Catalina, thirty miles and back? He got out of it by having some one abduct *Hippopotamus* on the night previous to the great swimming performance, made a great fuss about it, pocketed the coin and avenged the gringos for having been so sold on the bull fight.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bears and Bear Stories—Lassoing the Grizzly—Jim Bogg's Bear Fight—Col. Wm. Butts—"The Southern Californian"—Butts and Wheeler—Butts' Encounter With a Grizzly—Andy Sublette and the Bear—"Old Buck"—Andy's Last Fight—Victory and Death—Andy's Funeral—Old Buck Dies from Grief—Queer Freak of an Old Grizzly—Fred Stacer's Adventure—Bill Bradshaw and Nelse Williamson—A Bad Wound.

AT THE time of which I write, early in the '50s, grizzly bears were more plentiful in Southern California than pigs; they were, in fact, so numerous in certain localities, as Topango Malibu, La Laguna de Chico, Lopez and other places, as to make the rearing of cattle utterly impossible. Those ferocious brutes were the terror of the aboriginal tribes, and dreaded by the California Spaniard, whose only weapon of offensive warfare against them was the riata and lance, more commonly called in gringo parlance the *lazo*.

When burly bruin, in quest of *carne*, would boldly emerge from his lair in the fastnesses of the Sierra and make his appearance on the plain, he ran nine chances out of ten of losing his scalp. When beset by three or four lazadores, he was most generally overpowered and spitted, and this is the way in which that most wonderful feat, lassoing a grizzly, was performed by those most formidable men on horseback, whose likes will never more be known—the California ranchero. When seen on the open plain, a party of the most intrepid, cool-headed, well-mounted and expert lazadores surround him. Bruin, finding himself corraled, seats himself upright on his haunches, and takes the defensive position of the pugilist. A lazador now approaches him and swings his riata. There must be no mistake about it; the bear must be caught by one of his fore feet. That is the first thing to be done. Bear in mind, reader, the monster may be of 2000 pounds weight, and if caught around the body or neck, he takes hold of that riata and draws in the horse and rider hand over hand, as easily as a fisherman would draw in a catfish. The coil of the lazo describes a rapid circle, whizz! whirr! Bruin's eyes wall from side to side in the vain endeavor to know where the blow is about to fall, and his two immense arms gyrate wildly, as though he intended to make the right, left, front and rear parry at one and the same time and motion. *Whizz, whirr, whirr, whip*, goes the riata, and lord grizzly is caught by the fore paw. In the twinkling of an eye, *whizz, whirr, whip*, goes another riata, and the astonished monster is caught by the other fore foot. He now angrily, and with gnashing teeth and terrific growls, stands erect, and waltzes around like a grenadier; but the next thing he knows, *whizz, whirr, whirr, whip*, and a riata tightens on his hind foot, and before he can enter his growling protest he is caught by his other hind foot, and is tripped up and falls heavily upon his back, where he struggles desperately for life; but four well-trained horses, and four cool-headed, fearless riders, with their terrible riatas are too much for him, and in a few minutes the monster, with groans and growls, with heaving chest and dilating eyes, surrenders at discretion and lies on his back as helpless as a child. Whereupon he is approached by one or two lookers on and is dispatched with their lances.

This is the way grizzly bears were captured and slain in the olden California times, a dangerous performance surely, for even now with needle guns and Winchester rifles it is a most hazardous undertaking to attack a bear, and whomever does it runs more risk of life and limb than he would ever have ran at Shiloh or Antietam. I could relate many sanguinary encounters with grizzly bears in early times and will now relate a few that are more fixed in my mind.

The first of which I remember was that of Jim Boggs of Sonoma county, in 1850. Jim was out one day with a companion and espied a goodly-sized grizzly grazing along on the green sward. Jim's partner, being somewhat dextrous in throwing the lazo, caught the old boy around the body. Whereupon the bear took a seat and quietly drew in the man and horse, and most unfortunately the end of the riata was tied to the saddle. The horse struggled to escape, the saddle was turned, the rider fell off and was caught by the bear, and by some means or other the horse freed himself from the saddle and ran away. Boggs finding his companion in the terrible toils of the monster drew his revolver and bravely approached, placed the muzzle against the side of the bear's head and fired. The bear at once released the man, who took to his heels and left Jim and the bear to fight it out. Jim got in one more shot and then the bear pounced upon him and killed him, as the bear thought. Finding himself in the monster's clutches, Jim pretended to be lifeless, was only considerably bitten and torn to pieces. The bear left him and started away. Jim said, "I turned over a little, raised my head, and there went the old bear, licking her chops, but just as I raised my head she turned her eye and we looked each other square in the face for an instant, when the bear turned around and sprang upon me just as I've seen a cat spring upon a mouse. It took my whole face in its mouth, and crushing the bones, slung me around and shook me until I was senseless, and for many days it was quite unnecessary for me to make believe dead, because I was on the very doorstep of eternity." Jim was horribly mangled, bones broken generally and the flesh in places literally stripped from his limbs and body.

Colonel William Butts was, in '54 and '55, senior editor of the *Southern Californian*, published under the firm name of

Butts & Wheeler—John O. Wheeler being the associate editor. The paper was most ably conducted, and edited with a degree of ability rarely exceeded within the limits of the State. Butts was an adopted son of the great Thomas H. Benton, and had served as an officer in the regular army, a daring spirit who always courted danger and sought adventure, was in '53 the hero of a bear fight, the most remarkable of which I ever had knowledge. It happened in San Luis Obispo county. I believe it was at the ranch of Captain Wilson that a party was made up to kill an immense grizzly who would pick up a full-grown cow and walk away with her in his mouth, with as much ease as a mastiff would carry a rabbit. Butts was the only one of the party whom I knew, and as he was the hero, is the only one to be mentioned. The grizzly was found on the edge of the plain near a chaparral, and was immediately attacked by the hunters who lodged several balls in his body with which he escaped. The party commenced to beat the bush to get the bear out, and against the remonstrances of all Butts followed the bear's trail into the thicket. The trail soon entered the dry, gravelly bed of an arroyo and was easily followed. Butts had followed the bear's track for about a half mile when suddenly he lost it. Being confused he stopped to deliberate, and was standing within a few feet of the bear that had lain down in the shade of a clump of chaparral on the side of the arroyo. With a great growl it sprang upon him so suddenly that he had no possible chance of using his yeager, but as he went down under the ponderous weight of the bear he got his hunting knife out of its scabbard, and then the mortal strife commenced. Butts declared that he never lost his presence of mind, but endeavored to stab the bear in its vital parts, and that time after time he thrust his eight-inch blade to the hilt in the bear's body as it stood over him biting and tearing him with its claws. Butts said "the last sensation I had was the brute dragging itself over me, and its entrails trailing across my face." A half hour later the two combatants were found—the bear dead, Butts torn into pieces and apparently so. After examination showed that the bones of his face were so crushed that he was disfigured for life; the bones of his left arm and right leg were fractured in several places; some of his ribs were crushed in, and his body and legs were literally cut into strips.

It turned out that the bear had been severely wounded by the shots fired into it, but not mortally; that Butts' knife had twice penetrated the lungs and once entered the heart, and that an incision was made in its bowels nearly a foot long. A litter was hastily constructed and poor Butts was carefully carried to the ranch, a surgeon sent for, and then some of the party with some Indians and a Mexican cart and oxen went for the bear which, after an immense amount of difficulty was successfully transported to the ranch, skinned, cut into pieces, and when weighed pulled down 2100 pounds avourdupois—almost incredible to believe.

We had a bull and bear fight here in Los Angeles in '54. The bear was a half-grown young fellow, and would have weighed not exceeding 500 or 600 pounds. Colonel Butts went to the arena to take a look at the combatants prior to the fight. After examining the bear critically he turned away, remarking, "Well, if I couldn't whip that bear in a rough-and-tumble, I wouldn't consider myself anything in a bear fight."

Although possessed of considerable capital, and with a rare editorial ability, the restless spirit of the gallant Butts must find a more prolific field for adventure, than the dull times that fell apace upon California in '55 and '56 afforded, so with a legion of others of like spirit he went to Nicaragua to uphold the flaunting flag of manifest destiny, and was there so wounded and riddled with bullets that after his return to Ohio, the place of his birth, he died thereof. The City of Angels never had in her firmament a brighter star than the brave and talented Butts.

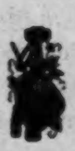
In '54 Andy Sublette was mortally injured by a bear in one of the cañons near Santa Monica. I believe it was the Malibu, commonly called Malaga, and preliminarily I must state who Andy Sublette was, and then how he came to be killed. There were three brothers of the Sublette family, Bill, Andy, and the other one's name I forget, Andy being the only one known to me personally. The Sublettes were Rocky Mountain princes, leaders among the mountaineers of the times anterior to Fremont's explorations, the Mexican war and the golden crusade to California. They were the founders of Fort Laramie, from which stronghold they dictated terms of peace to the haughty tribes of the Rocky Mountains, and declared war when war was more to their fancy than peace. The Sublettes sold Laramie to the American Fur Company, of which one of the Cheauteaus of St. Louis was chief. That Company, in '48, I believe, sold the fort to the United States, and it has since then been maintained as a military post. What memories of romance and adventure cluster around that romantic and historic place, in the spur of the great mountain chain! Emerson Bennett, in his inimitable pictures of Indian life, casts a halo of interest around Laramie that is perfectly enchanting. It is a beautiful and romantic spot situated on the west bank of the Laramie fork of the Platte, a few miles from its confluence with the latter stream. In June, '50, on our journey hither we stopped at Laramie for a week and cut our wagons up and made them into pack-saddles, and traded our fine American horses to Kit Carson for Mexican mules preparatory to encountering the great barrier. Well, as I before said, Andy Sublette was a Rocky Mountain prince, and in addition thereto was a natural born gentleman, with manners as refined, gentle and polished as though he had never been beyond the confines of the most cultivated society, and I may say almost the same of all that old first-class Rocky Mountain Men,—they were peculiarly sedate and quiet in their manners. Andy had only recovered from severe injuries received in an encounter with a bear at Elizabeth Lake when in company with Jim Thompson he went on a bear hunt that was to be his last. Somehow or other he became separated from the party and found a grizzly and shot him, but before he could reload the fierce brute was upon him. Poor Andy! it was his last fight, and gallantly did he maintain his former renown. His faithful dog, "old Buck," was with him, and the two fought, Andy with his knife and old Buck with the weapons furnished by nature, and gained the victory over the mountain king. When Thompson found them the bear lay dead, Andy was insensible and "old Buck," lascerated in a shocking manner, was licking the blood from poor Andy's face. Tenderly were the two, man and dog, brought to the city and comfortably lodged and cared for in the Padilla building, the present U. S. Hotel corner. For many days the struggle between life and death was fierce. Sometimes Andy would get the better of the grim destroyer only to be again driven to the wall. Old Buck was as tenderly cared for as was his gallant master, Jim Thompson, with his great, good heart, watching night and day by the bedside of the two heroes, while other friends stood ready to assist. Old Buck lay on a nice pallet at the side of Andy's bed. When his master was unconscious the old dog would almost break his heart with piteous, subdued moaning, and when Andy in his delirium would imagine himself still fighting the bear and would say "seize him, Buck," "at him, old fellow;" "we'll get him yet," and like expressions, old Buck would raise his forepaw on the side of the bed and would give a bewildering growl. Finally death came out first best, as he always does, and poor Andy was one of the first to be interred in the Fort Hill cemetery. Old Buck rode in the wagon that took Andy to his last resting place, he and Jim Thompson being chief mourners.

About every gringo in the place turned out at Andy's funeral, and it is safe to aver that there was not one person who left that graveyard with tearless eyes, on account not of the loss of a gallant man, a friend and christian neighbor, but for the doleful distress of poor old Buck, who utterly refused to be comforted and to be removed from his dead master's grave. So there he was left to exhaust his grief, which we all thought he would do in a little while. Twice, and sometimes three times a day, Jim Thompson and other kind-hearted friends would take Buck food and drink, and tried in vain to induce him to leave the grave. The faithful old dog refused to be comforted, refused to eat or drink, and on the third day he died, and was buried at the feet of his dead friend and master. Does the reader believe that dog had a soul worth saving, a soul that was saved, or that when old Buck died of grief, when his great heart was broken, that that was the end of the brave, faithful, honest old dog; or that when Gabriel sounds his resurrection horn, that the spirit of Andy Sublette will be reunited in a happy hunting ground with the spirit of his faithful friend? *Quien sabe?* We will see.

Bears are sometimes peculiar as well as dogs, and one of the most peculiar and funny freaks of a bear I know of is the following, which is a well-known fact, and the infantile hero of this bear story was a well-known and prominent man in our country, quite recently deceased. Well, the story is to this effect: A ranchero who dwelt near the mountain's base, near our angel burg, had a wife and one child, a little boy about three years old. The husband was absent one day, as was his daily habit, looking after his herds, and the young wife, leaving the little Vicente to manage his own affairs, went to the spring to wash some clothes, being absent about an hour. When she returned what was her alarm and horror to find an immense grizzly playing pranks and cutting up rusties with the infantile Vicente, the two seeming to be on terms of the most affectionate intimacy. The old bear would lay on her back, and would hold the little fellow up in her great paws, and would toss him around and tenderly hug him, and the little Don would scream with delight, so pleased he seemed to be with his new-found friend. What was to be done was the absorbing question in the mind of the poor mother, so the only thing she could do was to pray to the saints to deliver her boy; but the boy did not want to be delivered, and the two newly-made and strange acquaintances continued their gambols until near the close of day, when Madame Osa, leaving little Vicente, who was fain to follow, took up her line of march for her home in the Sierra. The anxious mother lost no time in securing the youthful renegade, who had conceived so strange an affection for a bear, and who in later years was wont to speak of his mamma La Osa.

Fred Stacer, now a wealthy farmer in Indiana, when here in early times was quite a boy in years, but one of the most cunning woodsmen and formidable hunters I ever knew. Camp wherever we might, Fred would sally forth with his old Mississippi rifle, one that he had picked up on the gory field of Buena Vista (the truth being that as a boy he had accompanied Gen. Joe Lane to Mexico in the capacity of Orderly), and in a little while he would return with a supply of venison. Fred was also a bear hunter, and had on more than one occasion come out first best in a bear fight. One time a party of us were encamped in one of the many mountain valleys of our beautiful coast range, and Fred as usual had gone out with his gun. In due course of time he came in, limping along in a doleful plight, his clothes torn in tatters, his face, arms and body scratched and clawed in a fearful manner; in fact he was dreadfully used up, but as he said in response to our anxious inquiries, "Boys, I'm pretty badly whipped, but not quite done for." He then told us he had killed a young grizzly, and that the old bear mamma had got hold of him. He said he was walking along down on one side of a steep descending ridge or backbone, and suddenly came upon two young grizzlies, and shot one of them dead. Hastily reloading his rifle he took after the other, which ran along the mountain side in a horizontal line, which soon brought it and also its pursuer to the backbone or summit of the ridge. The cub had from the first set up a terrific squalling, and it so happened that the old she bear had been on the opposite side of the ridge when her first cub was killed, and followed in the direction taken by the frightened young survivor. The result was that the old she bear, Fred Stacer and the cub all met on a converged line. When the old bear saw Fred she ran back a few paces, stopped, looked at him for a moment, and then commenced to walk deliberately toward him. Fred knew he could hit her directly in the eye, so he quietly awaited her approach until she got within ten feet of him, when he pulled away, and lo! for the first time his gun missed fire. He had forgotten to put a cap on the tube. As quick as a flash the old bear sprang upon him, and the two commenced to roll down the steep mountain side, Fred struggling to escape, and the bear plying teeth and toe-nail as best she could. The further they went the more rapid became their motion, and finally the two plunged over a perpendicular, rocky precipice more than fifty feet high, and lodged in the top of a live oak tree that grew at the bottom. Fortunately when they struck the tough but yielding branches of the tree Fred was on top, and lodged, and held on for dear life, while the bear went crashing through to the bottom, and thus was the luckless and lucky Nimrod delivered from the clutches of the mountain monster. Leaving poor Fred in camp, we proceeded to the place of encounter and found the dead cub, the rifle, and then descended the rugged mountain side to the precipice and the place where the old bear had fallen, but she was gone.

One more bear story and this subject will be disposed of. In February, 1855, a party consisting of Aleck Bell, Zack Moore, W. T. Clark, Nelse Williamson, the author, and that famous ante-bellum pioneer and ex-officer of the Fremont battalion, Bill Bradshaw, who gave name to the Bradshaw District in Arizona, were prospecting for placer gold on the head waters of Kern River. One day Bradshaw was out on a hunt, had an encounter with and a narrow escape from a grizzly. Bill was a very cool and brave fellow but excessively nervous, and sustained in addition to considerable physical injury, a great nervous shock. We were camped in a thicket and at about midnight were awakened by a shot and cry of distress from the brush. Springing to our feet, to our horror we found that Bradshaw had shot Williamson, who had quietly arisen and had retired a few paces into the bushes. Bradshaw hearing him, sprang up, rifle in hand, and having nothing but grizzly on his mind, and imagining the noise in the bushes to proceed from a bear fired, and shot poor Nelse through the body. We then had to carry the wounded man on a mule litter more than one hundred miles to Fort Tejon, where he received the first surgical assistance, and a few months thereafter was brought to Los Angeles, and lingered on the very door-step of eternity for two or three years and finally recovered, being now, in 1881, nearly eighty years of age, hale, hearty and happy, and except a difficult limp and painful recollection, has nothing to remind him of this my last bear story.



CHAPTER XXII.

Parker H. French—His Grand Overland Expedition From San Antonio de Bexar—Capture of the Expedition at El Paso—French turns Robber and Brings Up in the Durango Prison—His Arm Amputated—Is a Guest at the Bella Union—Goes to San Luis Obispo and Gets to be a Senator—His Antics—Sells and Mortgages His Constituents' Ranchos—Turns Up in Nicaragua—Minister to Washington—Is Kicked Out of Nicaragua and Turns Up Again a Prisoner of State in Fort Lafayette—A Dangerous Confederate Spy.

ALONG about May, '53, a most remarkable character hung up his hat at the Bella Union for a brief period and then turned his face westward for the upper country, making a halt of sufficient length of time in San Luis Obispo to have himself elected to the Legislature and to play hob generally with the honest Obispoans. Had this most enterprising individual domiciliated himself in our terrestrial paradise there is no telling to what distinction he might have attained. However, he scorned to be an angel and with the angels dwell, and as before stated honored the good people of San Luis with his gringo presence. The ardent adventurer now brought before the reader was the renowned Parker H. French, by many known as one-armed French, and when he hung his hat on the hotel peg of our venerable Bella Union, his said hat and his very limited wardrobe generally had the musty smell of a Mexican prison on them. The old hat and damaged dry goods soon went to the gutter, and Parker arrayed his well-formed person in elegant vestments, and made a dashing hotel figure during his brief stay in Los Angeles.

Our hero was a gifted man, and one of his peculiar gifts was his ability to beat tailors and dry goods men. Hotel keepers were his special delight. Our jew-merchants were generous, jovial and jolly. Either Lazard, Morris, Kalisher or Kohn would sell the most seedy newcomer a suit of raiment and trust to his honor or good luck for their pay. These guileless Hebrews must have cast a vast amount of bread upon the waters in those pioneer times, which I fear me will never return to them. I am sure that whoever it was that arrayed the ragged French in rare cloth and fine linen never got so much as thank you for their pay, for be it known Parker's rarest gift was ingratitude. So whenever a person sold anything to him he, the vendor, sold himself at the same time.

Notwithstanding, when Parker made his appearance in our Angel City he was as penniless as a preacher, it cost a million dollars to get him here, as well as having cost him his good right hand, which he was so fain to use in appending other men's names to his own paper. French was an Illinois man, and in the spring of '49 made his appearance in San Antonio, Texas, with a letter of credit from Howland & Aspinwall, of New York, for $750,000, and at once set himself at work to organize an overland passenger train to the land of gold. In a space of time, so brief that the good people of Bexar had no time to marvel at the marvellous manner which marked the movements attending the organization, the hitching up, and the hauling out of the most magnificent passenger train that ever took its departure westward from that famous starting point.

One hundred splendid ambulances, to which were attached six hundred beautiful mules, in splendid harness; in each ambulance were seated a driver and six passengers—each passenger paying, in advance, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, passage money to Sacramento City. Accompanying this beautiful train were baggage and provision wagons, a herd of extra mules, and horses, with a corps of cooks, herders and hunters, with Quartermaster, Commissary and Wagon Masters, mounted men as outriders, flanquers, videttes and rear guards, with pomp and parade, with flags flying, music and song, and to the melody of

"Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me,"

This brilliant train of ardent Argonauts clattered through the narrow streets of San Antonio de Bexar, and made its first day's march to Castroville, thence, ho! for California! Everything went as merry as a marriage bell until the train arrived at El Paso, when lo! a military cavalry guard from Texas overhauled the train, with orders to capture and detain the property of the expedition, and arrest French and send him back to San Antonio.

With his forged letter of credit, French had drawn on Howland & Aspinwall for near a million of dollars. The assistance of the Government had been evoked, hence the military pursuit and order of arrest, as above set forth. Parker H. was not to be caught napping—he was too sharp for that—he rallied around him a few desperadoes, resisted the military, and succeeding in crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico with quite a following of mounted men, and struck out for, and, without any serious mishap, reached the City of Chihuahua, and there rested.

Many of the deluded passengers found their way on foot, and as best they could, to San Diego and Los Angeles, others were cruelly murdered by the Apaches in their vain endeavors to accomplish that journey, while still many others managed to get back to Texas, and thence found some other way of reaching our golden shores, and a few discouraged, remained in New Mexico, or drifted over into the Latin-Aztec Republic. In my early mining experience I was in company with a Dr. Jackson, a Mr. Wm. Hazeltine and "Yank" Bartlette, the latter now residing in Arizona, and the only living person of whom I have any knowledge who was of that rascally-romantic unfortunate passenger expedition. From those gentlemen I learned the facts as I now give them.

French was in Chihuahua out of money and could not raise a dollar, and with his party undertook to rob his way to Mazatlan, and the whole batch brought up in the Durango Mexican prison, where, in an attempt to overpower the guard, French had his arm shattered at the elbow with a musket ball, several of his comrades were killed in the attempt, all were overpowered and French's arm was amputated in the prison. Whatever became of those men I never knew; one Malcom was released and reached Los Angeles in '52, and started the first livery stable in the city at the place where now the north-east corner of Central block, belonging to the Lanfranco family stands. French regained his liberty—how I never knew—reahed Los Angeles in '53, and when the Legislature met at Vallejo the same year, Parker handed in his credentials as Senator and so seated himself. He however gave little attention to matters legislative, but gave a great deal of attention to selling and mortgaging the ranchos of his constituents to San Francisco money-lenders and speculators. He soon disappeared from halls legislative, and from places speculative, and to the general consternation of the credulous and confiding Obispoans, their Senator, by forged powers of attorney, had sold and mortgaged about every ranch in the county worth the trouble. Where the Senator went to the devil only knew, and was never more heard of till he turned up in this way. When Walker was in Nicaragua in '56, a lake steamer with passengers from New York to San Francisco in passing over Lake Nicaragua was fired into from Fort San Carlos, then held by the enemies of the Walker-Rivas government in Nicaragua. French was a passenger, but whether bound for San Francisco, or had come out to join Walker is of little moment; suffice it to say the steamer lay to and Parker raised a crowd of roughs who were on board, took the boats, landed, and with their revolvers stormed and captured the fort and forced the garrison to lay down its arms and surrender at discretion; for which act of gallantry the Walker-Rivas Government sent him as "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Government of Washington." With his Filibuster credentials this enterprising vagabond presented himself to Secretary Marcy, and with the cool audacity of a Tallyrand demanded the recognition of his Filibuster-Manifest-Destiny Government of Nicaragua.

Marcy, in language forcible but politely diplomatique, informed Mr. Envoy that if he did not clear out and vamose the capital, and hie himself to his own country, he would have him handed over to the authorities as an offender against the laws of the land. So Parker took the hint and vamosed the ranch, cleared out, cut stick, and returned to Nicaragua, threatening war and dire vengeance on perfidious Yankeedom.

When, on his return, the illustrious Envoy presented himself at the National Palace in Nicaragua, his ardor was somewhat cooled, and his threats of vengeance were modified, when Walker, the great Filibuster chief, who was chagrined at French's failure, took him roughly by the shoulders, faced him about, and kicked him out of the country. Where he went to thence we may, if we so desire, inquire of Old Nick, for surely Parker belonged to him ; but in '59 he played some pranks on the people of Mississippi, which caused him to suddenly shake the dust of that State from his fleeing feet, and hie him thence for fields prolific. That was the last of Parker, so far as any one knoweth or careth to know, except the following: After the battle of Antietam, in which the author participated, and after three campaigns in Virginia and one in Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, I went to New York City recruiting, for recreation, pleasure, rest, and a general good time, so much enjoyed by a soldier on leave. Well, I went down to see Boston, and to visit my old and gallant scouting comrade in the first campaign of the war, J. W. Gordon, Major of the 11th U. S. Regulars, and commanding Fort Warren. I also visited Fort Lafayette, and saw the prisoners of state, among whom it grieved me to find several well-known Californians; and more important than all, I found the Illinois store clerk, the Texas forger of a million of dollars, the bandit in Mexico, the Bella Union guest in Los Angeles, the San Louis Obispo Senator, the Nicaragua "Envio Extraordinario y Ministro Plenipotentiario," Parker H. French. I inquired how he came there, and was informed that he had been arrested as a most dangerous and enterprising spy of the Southern Confederacy. And so endeth the author's knowledge of this remarkable character, and so endeth this chapter, devoted to his transcendant and misguided genius.

CHAPTER XXIII.

John Glanton and His Chihuahua Scalp Hunters—Mustang Gray and His Ranger Protegé—Glanton and His Rangers Reach Chihuahua—Treat With the Chihuahua Governor—Apache Scalps for Two Ounces Each—Ben. Riddle and John Abel—The First Campaign—Grand Success and Golden Reward—The Second Campaign—A Mistake in Scalps—Flight of the Rangers—Arrival at Jesus Maria—The Mexican Flag Outrage—The Second Flight—Arrival at Tucson—The Place Besieged by Mangas Colorado—The Rangers Save the Place—Great Joy of the Inhabitants—The Last Camp—Massacre—The Two Browns.

TELEGRAM.

EL PASO, September 23d, 1880:—"Governor Tarrasas offers a reward of $1,000 for the scalp of Victorio."

On reading the above it occurred to the mind of the chronicler hereof that Chihuahua's Governor should use a careful discrimination, and make sure of the identity of the scalp referred to before he paid out his coin, or he might be cheated, and get one other than that of the celebrated Victorio. Dealing in scalps is a dangerous business, as the sequel will show. Those who have read Jere Clemens' "Mustang Gray," will remember that the hero of that book (a real character) was a noted Texas Ranger, that he had a boy protegé, John Glanton by name, whom he instructed in all the mysteries of Indian fighting, hunting, trailing, lassoing mustangs, and scalping an occasional Mexican, whose appearance failed to favorably impress the two heroes. At fifteen years of age, John was one of the most noted Rangers on the frontier; at sixteen he was Captain of a Ranger Company, and as such served through the Mexican war, and won great renown as a scout. Sometime during the summer of '49, Glanton, at the head of a party of desperate adventurers, left San Antonio overland for California, leaving behind him a newly wedded wife, a most estimable and highly cultured lady, of one of the best families of that romantic frontier city. The expedition, in due course of time, arrived in Chihuahua, and halted for recreation and pleasure. At this time the Apaches were peculiarly bold in their raids, murdering citizens and desolating villages and outlying ranchos. They had become so annoying that the Governor of the State had offered two ounces ($32) for each and every Apache scalp taken by any one whomsoever.

Glanton and his party proposed a campaign, but had not the necessary means of procuring supplies. At this juncture Benjamin Riddle, a merchant and American Consul, and John Abel, an American resident, patriotically supplied the cash ($2,500) on the venture, and being thus supplied with the sinews of war, Glanton lost no time in preparations, and was soon on the war-path. The campaign was brief, bloody and brilliant, and productive of a bountiful supply of scalps.

The Apache warriors, accustomed to cope with the unwieldy, half-starved, ill-paid and poorly armed Mexican troops, whom, if unable to whip, they could always elude by their celerity of movement, were taken completely by surprise by this new foe, who carried a pair of six-shooting pistols of that terrible old Texas pattern in their holsters, and a navy at their belt, their only arms, except the bowie. Well mounted, thoroughly trained in the arts of Indian warfare, of such *esprit du corps* as led every man to do his utmost to excel his comrades in the carnival of blood, Glanton and his Rangers made an easy campaign and a brilliant success.

Returning to Chihuahua they were publicly received at the Governor's palace, marched under triumphal arches, delivered their scalps to the government agent, received two doubloons for each scalp, were feasted, *feted* and made the lions of the town in that gay Mexican capital. Fandangos, gambling and carousing succeeded for the month following, and the restive Rangers were ready for another campaign. So confident had the authorities become that they gratuitously furnished supplies for the second campaign, and the scalp-hunters were again on the war-path. This second campaign was more brief and productive than the first, and the good citizens of Chihuahua congratulated themselves, returned thanks to the saints, feasted the Rangers, and believed the period for exterminating *los barbaros* had finally come. Shortly after the second campaign it was whispered around that Mexican rancheros had been killed and scalped by foes other than the Apaches. Matters became dangerously suspicious, and the Rangers were on the alert.

The trouble with the authorities of Chihuahua was the difficulty of distinguishing between the scalp of an Apache and that of a Mexican. The Rangers who remembered the Alamo, Goliad, and other places of Mexican outrage and blood, hated the Mexican more than they did the Apache, and, as with them, it was a question of dollars and cents, and not of either love or patriotism, had found it more convenient and less hazardous to raise the hair of a Mexican than that of an Apache, and such was the product of the second campaign.

The Mexicans are a gentle people, and have more virtue than the "*Barbaros del Norte*,"—which means us blue-blooded Americans—ever gave them credit for. They are not an excitable people, and as a people are hard to raise; but when once raised, as they were on the memorable *cinco de Mayo*, they are more irresistible than the hurricane or the piercing norther that sweeps their favored land. Once raised they are a fury. As a people they were not raised against the American invasion of 1846. As a people they were raised against the French and Austrians in '61-'67, and astonished the world with their deeds of devotion and of heroism.

When Glanton and his Rangers heard the murmur of the coming storm, they, dissembling innocence, prepared to escape it and flee the wrath to come, that is to say they quietly, and in the hour when honest people seek their pillow and thieves do go abroad, saddled their well-fed chargers and cut stick for the shores of the western ocean.

Pursuit was organized, but too late; the bloody scalpers had escaped. They had secured safety by their well-timed departure and the fleetness of their horses.

The next we hear of Glanton and his desperate band is at the mining town of Jesus Maria, in the northeastern part of Sonora, where Messrs. W. T. B. Sanford, afterward of Los Angeles, and Frank Carroll, he who kept the whisky mill in the priest's cottage residence at San Gabriel, were the only American traders. The Glanton party held high carnival during their short tarry at this obscure Mexican village, which the simple minded *poblanos* bore with their usual patience until Glanton perpetrated the last outrage, which raised a second storm, from which the festive fellows were again glad to escape by taking to their heels and plying spur. John Glanton rode into the quartel, hauled down the Mexican flag, tied it to a mule's tail, lashed the mule into fury and turned it loose in the town. The Rangers escaped the fury of the outraged populace, so did Sanford and Carroll; but the two latter escaped on foot, leaving behind them, to the fury of the mob, their stores, accumulations of hard years of toil and danger, and barely got away with their lives. Arriving at Tucson, the Rangers found the place besieged by the renowned Apache chief, Mangas Colorado, the place being defended by a handful of frightened Mexican soldiers, a few old men and the boys, the able-bodied men having gone in a body to the new El Dorado in California.

The Rangers rode through the Apaches into the beleaguered town and joined its frightened defenders. Mangas Colorado then sounded a parley, and with several of his chiefs met

Glanton under some cotton-wood trees, at the little *cienega* east of, and just outside the town.

The great chief—and the Apaches never had a greater than Mangas—expressed his surprise at the Americans assisting their enemies, the Mexicans, and fighing against those whom they should treat as friends and allies. Glanton, however, informed him that Americans always defended the weak, and that unless the arrogant chief and his barbarous horde should depart before sunrise the following day, the Americans would turn loose their "saddles" on them, meaning in the expressive Apache dialect their holster pistols, a something the Mexican cavalry never carried. Mangas said he would not fight his *amigos*, the Americans, but proposed that if permitted to slaughter seven bullocks to be furnished by the Mexicans, and feast his warriors thereon, in the Plaza of Tucson, and to drink mescal himself with the American chief, while his warriors were so feasting he would depart in peace. He said he did all he could to restrain his braves from killing Mexicans, as a general thing, as contrary to his policy; "For," said he, "if we kill off the Mexicans, who will raise cattle and horses for us?" The proposed plan was agreed to and the programme carried out to the letter, the Rangers preserving an armed neutrality in the meantime, after which Mangas Colorado, which means Red Mantle, quietly withdrew his barbarians and departed. Then came another carnival of joy. The grateful Tucsonians plied the Rangers with every comfort and delicacy that their poor town afforded, refused them nothing, and the old men wept and the women wailed when their chivalric deliverers departed. This was the last act of American manhood performed by that brave band of abandoned men.

Arriving at Yuma, they found a solitary American, who kept a ferry-boat, and an immense number of Indians, camped at and near the crossing. The poor ferryman, after crossing the party over, was murdered by some of the band, because he persisted in his denial of having *aguardiente* or *mescal*.

Dave and Charley Brown, the two survivors of Glanton's band, informed the chronicler of the termination of this bloody ride. The party camped on a grassy flat on the west side of the river, just below the crossing, and quietly passed the night. Early in the morning the camp was astir preparatory to resuming their line of march over the great desert.

The two Browns had, at early dawn, gone to the ferry-boat with camp-kettles to procure water with which to cook breakfast. While they were at the river the Ranger's camp was secretly surrounded by the Yuma Indians, under old Pasqual, a venerated chief of to-day, who, to avenge the murder of their friend, the ferryman, massacred the whole party, save only Dave and Charley, as before stated. When the camp was attacked they, with well-timed judgment, quietly boarded the ferry-boat, shoved into the stream, and floated down the river wholly unobserved by the Indians, who supposed they had killed the whole party. After descending the stream a few miles, the two survivors landed, filled their camp-kettles with water, and started westward across the desert, and after unparalleled suffering arrived at San Diego, in a condition little better than walking skeletons; and such is the history of John Glanton and his Chihuahua scalp-hunters, and such was their deplorable end.

The two Browns were not of kin, Dave being a red-headed, good-natured American, while Charley was a quarter-blood Cherokee. Dave was hung at Los Angeles in 1854, by an irate mob of California Mexicans, most of whom were his personal friends, and hung him only in vindication of principle. That is to say, the Americans of the Angel city were in the habit of amusing themselves by hanging some luckless Mexican, and the Mexicans wished to show that they could play at the same game, and so seized on poor Dave as a fit subject for demonstration, apologized for the liberty they were taking with him, which Dave laughingly accepted, and was then swung up. Dave had always lived the life of an unprincipled fellow, he died in vindication of a principle, that is, to show that the native Californians knew how to hang a man in the most approved gringo fashion.

The other Brown also fell a victim to principle. He went to Nicaragua under the banner of manifest destiny, and died in vindication of the principles thereof.

Poor Dave set a most beautiful example to the young people who witnessed his interesting taking off. He said he had committed a great many crimes, but not of sufficient magnitude to deserve hanging. The only great crime he had ever seriously contemplated was running for Councilman of our pure and lovely municipality, and should he have done so, and been elected, and have served, then "I would have felt that I deserved death;" but fortunately, said Dave, in going into the presence of the great Judge, I can at least claim that I was never either Mayor, or member of the Los Angeles City Council. Alas! poor Dave, his crimes were many, but these last mentioned were not charged up against him in the "kingdom come."

Some years ago the writer was in San Antonio, where he frequently met a pale, sorrowful-looking, elderly lady, accompanied by a younger one, the latter very beautiful, both in deep mourning, one the widow, the other the daughter of the reckless Glanton, the Chihuahua scalp-hunter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

McFarland—The Election of '53—Jurupa—Agua Mansa Again—Sharp Skirmishing for Votes—Rubideaux—"Can a Nigger Vote in California?"—He Votes—The Mormon Stockade—Bishop Crosby's Hotel—Cook—One Vote for Waldo—Quite a Skirmish—Alcalde Brown—Mormon Justice—Pegleg Smith—His Camp in the Rocky Mountains—He Goes to the Spanish Country for Horses—Raid on Los Angeles Ranchos—Jim Beckworth—The Gringos Block the Game.

IN ONE of the early chapters of these most reliable reminiscences mention was made of McFarland and his connection with J. G. Downey in the drug store, then the only one in the Angel city, and as I have a story to tell in which Mac played a part, it will be in place to inform the reader who and what our present hero was. Doctor J. P. McFarland came from Tennessee in '49, and after one year of roughing in the mines, came here and formed a partnership with John G. Downey (the honored ex-Governor of California), who had preceded him by a half year or more. McFarland was a graduate of Jefferson College, a perfect specimen of the American backwoods gentleman in physical appearance, manners and general get up; in fact what we call a first rate fellow, and a politician withal. In '52 we sent Mac to our ambulatory capital as Representative, and in '53 we promoted him to the high dignity of Senator, and he might have gone higher but for having introduced a bill that would have been productive of much good, and was in reality a step in the right direction, notwithstanding it was a rear step in our onward march of civilization. As before stated, in the years referred to there were thousands of Mission Indians in Southern California who stood in the ante-room of ruin. To save them, and to make them useful to the country, in place of becoming vagrants, McFarland introduced a bill in the Senate to have all the young Indians apprenticed, the boys until they were twenty-one and the girls eighteen years of age. The bill in its general provisions was substantially the same as the present law of apprentices, but unfortunately for the bill and its author it contained the word *Indian*, when lo! a torrent of newspaper wrath was hurled at the bill and showered on the head of poor Mac, which made him feel that the most unfortunate day of his life was that which made him a Senator. "McFarland's peon bill," so designated, was made to appear "the most glaring, bare-faced and outrageous attempt to engraft the barbarous peon laws of Mexico on our free institutions." Mac served his time out in the Senate, came home and attended to his private business. The Indians, boys and girls, became vagabonds and our free institutions and John Brown's soul go marching on and McFarland is an honored and wealthy resident of his native State, and if not reminded by these reminiscences of the fate of the Mission Indians, may have forgotten all about them.

In '53, when Mac was a candidate, and when Los Angeles county included San Bernardino, he invited the author to accompany him to Jurupa, Agua Mansa and San Bernardino on an electioneering tour, which said invitation being duly accepted, the two of us, well mounted, set out, making the hospitable house of Col. Williams, at Chino, our first stopping-place. From thence we proceeded to Jurupa, where we arrived the day preceding the election. Then it was that Mac informed me that he had a little precinct staked out that required his personal attendance; that the "most useful man," having so admirably succeeded at the presidential election of the preceding year, he felt the precinct well worthy of his individual attention, and that he had conciliated old Louis Rubideaux, and depended on me to enlist Lieut. Smith, of the Jurupa military post, to go with me to look out for his interests in the then Mormon stockade camp at San Bernardino. With these dispositions we retired for the night, and went to sleep listening to a lecture from Rubideaux on his Anglo-Norman ancestry, their domiciliation in the Rocky Mountains, the exploits of mountain men in Indian fighting, of Bridger, of Carson, Godey, Sublettes, of Jim Beckworth, and of Pegleg Smith. I may, in the course of this history, repeat what I remember of the Anglo-Norman-Rocky-Mountain-American lecture, and the part of it referring to old Pegleg in particular, for the reason that I had three years theretofore the distinguished honor of enjoying the hospitality of the renowned Pegleg in his Rocky Mountain camp. When old Louis finished his lecture, his bottle and pipe I never knew, but morning came, and with it election day, and in due time the Senatorial aspirant, Lieut. Smith, and myself, with prancing steeds and gingling spurs, clattered into the plaza of Agua Mansa, where the polls had already been opened, but as yet voting had not commenced. Mac's opponent was alive as to the Agua Mansa vote, and had his emissaries on the field, and the level-headed McFarland saw at a glance that whatever vantage he gained would be at the price of hard fighting. Friar Juan, learning wisdom from his experience with the "most useful man," declined expressing his preference for either Bigler, the Democratic candidate for Governor, or for Waldo, his Whig opponent. Neither would he favor my Senatorial friend; in fact, like the shoemaker when called on to become a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, said he thought he had better let politics alone, and "stick to his last." So hastily dispatching a courier to hurry up Don Louis, McFarland and his henchmen commenced skirmishing for votes, his opponents in like manner being out in full force, horse, foot and quartermaster's men. The skirmish lines soon became engaged, and such a scramble for votes, or for anything else, was never before known in that veritable Arcadia. Drowsy Dons were aroused from their morning slumbers, and given to understand that unless they hurried to the polls and voted, their liberty and religion would not only be jeopardized, but would certainly be lost. Laborers up to their knees in water, irrigating garden and field, would be captured and brought up with round turns, and informed that it was a serious offence against the new dispensation to fail to vote; and in spite of the *porques* and *quien sabes,* Agua Mânsa, in the matter of patriotic voting, outdid herself, more votes being polled in that superlatively honest town than the whole number of the population, men, women and children.

At about seven or eight o'clock in the morning a contest opened at the polls that threatened, at one time, serious complications. McFarland and myself were standing near by, when Lieutenant Smith called out to McFarland, "Say, Mac; can a nigger vote in California?" "No, certainly not," was the quick response. "All right," said Smith, "I've challenged this fellow's vote." Then Mac bethinking himself that possibly in his hasty, hot Southern blood he had, may be, lost a vote, said to me, "Bell, go quick, and in some way or other see who he is voting for." So, by a dexterous manoeuvre I succeeded in taking the colored patriot to one side and discovered that he was voting for McFarland, so informing him that it was "all right," Mac came to the front and told Smith that on second thought he had come to the conclusion that California being a free State he thought colored persons entitled to the elective franchise, and thought the challenge should be withdrawn. "No," Smith said, "I am a Virginian, sir, and I have voted, sir, at this polls, sir, and I would rather die, sir, than to vote, sir, at the same polls, sir, with a nigger, sir. If I hadn't voted, sir, it would be all right, sir; but as it is, sir, I'll be d—d, sir, if this nigger shall vote, sir." Here was a dilemma for poor

Mac; the nigger had his name on his ticket, and that vote must be polled at whatever cost. On the other hand Lieutenant Smith was working for Mac, and was held in high esteem in San Bernardino by Lyman, Rich, and John Brown the Alcalde, the leading men of the settlement, so it would not do to offend Smith. So having arranged that the challenge should stand in abeyance for awhile, Smith, myself and Mac adjourned to old Truxillo's casa where the señora had, by this time and by prearrangement, prepared a most inviting breakfast, and I do say and will ever maintain that in getting up substantial, appetizing breakfasts the Mexican women are superlative. Smith was a ladies' man as well as a warrior, spoke Spanish quite well, and soon became involved in pleasant converse with the señoritas then and there being, and with all dispatch Mac and I dispatched our breakfast, and leaving Smith we hied ourselves to the polling place. "Now we'll vote our nigger without Smith knowing it," said Mac. On our arrival Mac addressed himself to the man of color, when it was found that he could not speak one word of English. "Why," said Mac. "this man is not a nigger, he is a Mexican, and of course entitled to the elective franchise." The man of color referred to was about six feet high, as straight as an arrow, and as black as a polished boot, with hair peculiarly kinky. He was elegantly dressed in extreme ranchero style, and was in all reality a decent-looking, well-mannered man. Now the question of his voting was brought up, and the judges who were all Mexicans, with a borrowed Quartermaster's-man for clerk, were requested by Mac to enquire of his birth, nationality and previous condition. He answered that he was a Mexican, had always been a Mexican, that his mother was a Mexican, that his father was a —quien sabe? he could say positively that when the gringos got California all of the Mexicans became Americans, and of course he like all the rest was an American, and as such claimed all the privileges, that of voting as well; that he knew the law, and by the law he would live and die; he said he was a patriot, and so said Mac—so affirmed the judges, and to which every one assented—and the man of color voted, and Smith was saved the mortification of knowing it, as I hurriedly returned to the Truxillo house, and tearing Smith away we started for San Bernardino, arriving before noon and in time to get a good dinner at Bishop Crosby's hotel.

We found at San Bernardino such interest manifested in the election as amounted almost to an excitement, and at dinner I found the cause thereof to be that William Waldo, the Whig candidate for Governor, was reputed, among the Mormons, to have belonged to the Missouri mob that murdered Joe Smith, and a bitter aversion to him, and a marked preference for Bigler, was the general theme of conversation. I ventured to remark that they were mistaken, that I understood Waldo was not a "*Pike*" at all, and that he was, anyway, sure to be elected. "He will not get a vote in San Bernardino," said Cook, one of the dinner-table party. "He is sure to get one vote," said I, "for I will go straight to the polls and vote for him, as soon as I've finished my dinner." "I'll whip you, if you do," said Cook. "I think not," said I, and my partizan blood being up, I got up from my half-finished dinner, went to the polls, and cast the only Whig vote polled at that election in San Bernardino. Getting back to Bishop Crosby's, Smith informed me that Cook, who was an ugly fellow, was bent on having a difficulty with me, and that as he wished to have a little repairing done on his saddle, we would go to the saddler shop first, and then he would see some of the Mormon officials, and have the quarrelsome Cook put under restraint. Accordingly we went to the saddler shop, which had two rooms—one a front room, where the work was exposed for sale, and a rear one for a workshop. Smith went into the rear room with his saddle, and I took a seat in the front. In a moment in come Cook, with a long, old fashioned rifle, and, half raising it, angrily said: "Did you, sir, vote for William Waldo?" addressing me. Those who know the author, never accused him of either patience or indecision, so my answer was to sieze Cook's gun, wrest it from him and break it over his shoulder, and then light into him with the barrel. In a moment Smith and the saddler were promptly at hand, and restored peace, and Cook took his departure, and we all thought the affair was at an end. Not so, however. In a short time Cook returned with Cliff, the Mormon Sheriff, who, with a warrant sworn out by Cook, arrested and carried me before Alcalde Brown. Now, be it known that the said Brown was an old mountaineer, and, like all of that class of men, was full of a generous manhood, love of fair play, and was, withal, a high-toned, honorable man; and when I was called upon to explain why and wherefore Cook's gun had been so broken, Smith, the saddler, and Bishop Crosby came forward and stated the case. Whereupon Alcalde Brown lectured Cook severely and fined him $50, for having been in the first place the aggressor. He then apologized, in behalf of the people of San Bernardino, and said: "Although, young man, the Mormons here are, to a man, opposed to Waldo in this election, we are, nevertheless, American citizens, and not only claim the right to vote as we see fit, but to maintain that right in behalf of others who differ from us. We also claim to be a hospitable people, and I make this example of Cook so as to deter others from like treatment of any stranger who may in the future visit us." I afterward became well acquainted with many of our Mormon neighbors and was on several raids with them, and found them to be of the very best fellows I ever had anything to do with, and when in 1859 the majority of the Mormon population in San Bernardino foolishly obeyed the order of Brigham Young, abandoned their homes and returned to Salt Lake, Southern California lost the most active, energetic and enterprising part of the population contained within our borders. I have a very pleasant recollection of the early Mormon settlers of our beautiful southern sister. When the vote was counted in San Bernardino it was found that Waldo had received one vote, upon which President Lyman, who was present, laughingly remarked, "Well, sure enough, Cook's man voted for Waldo." The vote was duly returned and I relate this reminiscence only to show the fairness, the honesty and the generous feeling then prevailing among our Mormon neighbors and as a set-off to the many stories told, true or false, of their barbarous-like doings in the great Mormon capital, and so strangely in contrast with above related. The result of that election was of course in favor of *"I, John Bigler,"* McFarland carrying the two counties of Los Angeles and San Diego by a very handsome majority, was triumphantly elected and was all in all a most superior man, and his bill concerning our Mission Indian boys and girls was one of the most beneficent Indian measures ever proposed. But revolutions never go backwards, and Mac's measure and the way it was received so disgusted him with politics that he threw up the business entirely and retired to the cooling shades of private life.

Pegleg Smith was a Rocky Mountain man of great renown in his time, and ranked high as a leader, not of that high type of mountain honor and chivalry as pertained to the Sublettes, Carson, Bridger and others of that standard of excellence, but rather of the Indian freebooting class, as Jim Beckworth and others of that ilk of whom I have heard, but whose names I cannot now recall. Pegleg was not a trader, neither was he in the strict sense of the word a trapper, but was a trafficker among the Indians in horses, generally having a large supply on hand, and would at any time join a war party of one tribe to war upon another, with an agreement to take a certain pro-rata of the captured horses in payment for his valuable services. It was on one of these Rocky Mountain Indian forays that he lost his leg, which was amputated below the knee by an Indian surgeon, under the direction of Pegleg himself, the only surgical instruments used being a hunting knife and a small Indian or key-hole saw. The loss of his ambulatory member did not, however, incapacitate this hardy hero for war and raiding, but on the contrary greatly added to his prestige, and it was, I think, as related to me by Colonel Williams, Rubideaux and others, in 1839 or '40, that he planned and carried into operation the grandest and most successful horse-stealing expedition that ever crossed the Sierra Nevada and raided our angel land. In 1850 the chronicler hereof in crossing the continent halted at Pegleg's camp, at the Soda and Steamboat Springs on Bear river, and found the old fellow in the zenith of happiness and prosperity. He was in the undisputed ownership of hundreds of most beautiful Spanish horses, so called at the time—in this history designated as mustangs, and by the gringos commonly called broncos. Now the truth is that a bottle of whisky or a pound of powder was the price of a horse in Pegleg's camp, and notwithstanding whisky was scarce and powder reasonably plenty among westward bound gold-hunters, Pegleg found ready sale for as many horses as he could spare, and himself, his squaws and his Indian retainers kept gloriously drunk, and were as happy as braves are supposed to be when they reach the happy hunting grounds.

In answer to the question as to how he came to have so many horses, he said, "Oh! I went down into the Spanish country and got them." "What did they cost you?" we inquired. "They cost me very dearly," said he. "Three of my squaws lost brothers, and one of them a father, on that trip, and I came near going under myself. I lost several other braves, and you can depend on it that I paid for all the horses I drove away. Them Spaniards followed us and fought us in a way that Spaniards were never before known to do." "How many did you get?" we again queried. "Only about 3000; the rascals got about half of what we started with away from us, d——n them. I made up my mind to try it over, but then our own people taking the country broke up my plans. I never make war on my own people, and in driving off Spanish horses I might be brought in contact with my own countrymen, and you know that would not by any manner of means do."

According to Rubideaux, a half-dozen white men and about a hundred and fifty Indians took the war-path on this grand expedition of Pegleg to the "Spanish country," Jim Beckworth having preceded the party as a spy. According to Colonel Williams, Jim, who was a mulatto, came in and made his headquarters at his (Chino) ranch, and pretending that he was going to remain in the country and try his hand at killing sea otter, then a most profitable business, Jim spied out the land, and when Pegleg appeared in the Cajon Pass was ready at hand to counsel, guide and assist him. The raid was rapid and successful. Every ranch south of the Santa Ana to San Juan was visited, and the best horses and mares driven away, and before the rancheros could collect in sufficient force to pursue, the raiders had re-entered the Cajon. The pursuit was, however, made, and so vigorously that the raiders were overtaken, roughly handled, and with the result as above stated by the renowned Pegleg himself. This foray was undoubtedly well planned, and was only preliminary to others to follow of a still more formidable character, which were prevented by the country falling into the hands of the great gringo nation. Pegleg, however, had made a previous grand haul of horses in Los Angeles Valley, in 1835.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ranchero Life—Fiestas—Military Execution—Rancho San Pedro—Don Manuel Dominguez—A Dignitary—Rancho del Chino—Colonel Isaac Williams—His Noble Generosity—Rancho San Joaquin—A Grand Rodea—Don José Sepulveda—A Forty-two Mile Race—William Wolfskill.

THE author ventures the assertion, and without the fear of contradiction, that no country since the days of the Biblical patriarchs presented such scenes of pastural beauty, general prosperity and Arcadian happiness as did California before the discovery of gold in '48. If I am correct, before the coming of the gringo in '46, the Mexican province of California contained a population of 30,000 inhabitants, not counting the Indians. This population extended along the coast from San Diego to Sonoma, a distance of say 600 miles. There being only a few towns, San Diego being first, then Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, Yerba Buena, and last of all going north, Sonoma. Los Angeles was the largest, containing a population of about 2000. Next came Santa Barbara and Monterey, mere villages. Now it is quite easy for the reader to perceive that the major part of the population dwelt on the ranchos. These ranchos ranged in siz efrom one to eleven leagues—that is, in round numbers from five thousand to fifty thousand acres; the owner of each rancho possessing from one thousand to ten thousand head of horned cattle, and from one or two hundred to three thousand or four thousand head of horses, broken and bronco. The country, even when the value of a bullock was his hide, tallow and horns, was prosperous, and money plenty. The rancheros dressed well, were well housed, and had an abundance of store—home produce and of foreign importation.

Having heretofore described a California adobe house, a repetition thereof will not now be necessary. The hospitality of the California rancheros was a proverb. A person, though he may have been a stranger, or to the country born, could start from San Diego and journey to Sonoma without its costing him a dollar, and be furnished with a fresh horse at every rancho, leaving instead the one of the previous day's ride. Such a thing as charging a traveler for what he received would have been considered an act of excessive meanness. The social intercourse and amusements of these isolated people were in keeping with their situation. Religious fiestas were celebrated at the pueblos and Missions with great pomp and ceremony, and afforded a pleasant recreation and relief from the monotony of ranch life. When the daughter of a ranchero married, the family either gave a grand fiesta at the rancho or a baile at the pueblo or Mission, to which the whole country were invited, except the lower classes, and to which the people came sometimes from a distance of forty leagues or more, families traveling in their elaborately fixed up carretas, and the beaux transporting the belles *before* them on their elegant saddles, the beau occupying a seat on the croup with his bridle arm resting on the shoulder of his fair passenger, or encircling her slender waist. While the families were absent on these social expeditions nothing would go amiss on the ranchos, the majordomo and the Indian vaqueros would look out for the herds as though the patron were present; the grass would grow and the cattle would thrive and multiply. These marriage feasts would be of three or four days' duration. Dancing at night and horse-racing during the day, and generally winding up with bull-fighting. The religious feasts celebrated at the churches were brilliant, pompous, expensive and imposing, the most important of which were the feast of the Holy Week, Corpus Christi and St. John's Day, the latter being devoted to cock-fighting and kindred amusements, one of which was to take a live cock and after plucking the feathers from and thoroughly greasing his neck, his body would be buried in the middle of the street or road, the greased neck alone being exposed above the ground. Now the game was to dash past the buried cock at full speed on horseback, and lean over and seize the neck and pull the cock from the ground—a most difficult performance. On St. John's Day, in '53, General Andres Pico, Jack Powers and Don Jose Sepulveda were the principal contestants in this exciting sport, Sepulveda being the victor of a well-contested day. The feast of Corpus Christi was one of peculiar religious observance, one of processions, parades and displays. The feast of the Holy Week always ended with a tragedy on the Saturday of Glory, in the annual execution of that eminent traitor, Judas Iscariot, which was done by first erecting a gibbet, then an effigy of Judas was brought forth from an imaginary prison, was mounted on a cart, with his arms pinioned, and being guarded by a file of soldiers, was drawn around the plaza and principal streets, followed by the excited crowd, hooted at, insulted and pelted by the boys and others, and finally, in a most dilapidated and disgraceful condition, was halted in front of the gibbet. Now an orator from the crowd comes forward and delivers a solemn lecture to Judas, and gives him fits, makes his bow and retires, and is succeeded by another orator, who gives Judas another berating, and accuses him of crimes so contemptible and manifold, that, as an impartial judge one feels constrained to take sides with the old sinner, and declare one's utter unbelief in those divers and many crimes charged against him—such, for instance, as "robbing hen-roosts, of stealing old clothes, of dealing cards unfairly in the national game of monte, of being a cheat, a vagabond, a *Jew, and worst of all, a gringo.*" Poor old Judas stands this without a word of denial, and by standing mute is deemed to have pleaded guilty, is taken from the cart, raised to and bound on the gibbet. The crowd again commence to insult and pelt him, all of which old Judas endures without a word of remonstrance; stands like a martyr. The tragedy is about to end as the shades of eve begin to fall upon the scene.

Now we hear the strains of martial music, the solemn tap of the drum, and the heavy tramp of military feet as a platoon of infantry file into line and halt in front of the doomed traitor. Now the judgment of the court is read and the death warrant recited, and Judas is given an opportunity to speak for himself, but remains as mute as a dead mutton, which is taken as an acknowledgement that the judgment is just, and that he ought to die. Now the military commander orders his men to "load! shoulder arms! ready! aim! fire!" and poor Judas for the eighteen-hundredth time or more suffers a public execution. The volley riddles him. Then "load and fire at will," and the soldiers take huge delight in firing at Judas until there is not a piece of him left large enough for a cigar wrapper. In the meantime the band plays, the crowd yell and hoot in triumphant glee, and Judas is sent to the devil until Saturday the year coming, when he is again disposed of in the same way.

After the gringo nation had nailed its flag to the mast in this angel land, the ceremonies attending the annual execution of Judas became less inspiriting and satisfactory, because of there being no military to blow the old traitor into the next year. Happily, in 1854, one W. W. Twist, he who had been Sheriff of Santa Barbara and got so worsted in his tussle with Jack Powers, raised a company of volunteer infantry, responded to the pious call of Father Anacleto, marched his company to the plaza, and with Uncle Sam's muskets riddled Judas as effectually, as well and as much to the satisfaction of all concerned as ever did the christian soldiers of Spain and Mexico. Twist came to California with Stephenson's regiment, was a natural-born soldier, was an American by birth and a Mexican by marriage and won a crown immortal in being the first, and possibly the last man, who ever used the arms of the gringo government in so pious a way. Alas! poor Twist, he went to Sonora and ascended thence to glory on the smoke of a Mexican revolution.

Some of the great ranchos of the country were baronial in their extent and surroundings. Their proprietors being great dignitaries, maintaining large numbers of vassals—for such really they were, mostly Indians who, under Mexican major domos, did all of the labor for the ranch. The chief major domo, under the immediate direction of the patron, had entire supervision of the business; then there was the major domo de la casa, or steward; the major domo del campo had charge of the vaqueros, or mounted herders in the field; the major domo de las caponeras had full control of the gentle horses; the major domo de las manadas were in charge of thousands of wild mares and their foals, and attended to the branding of colts, others to the marking and branding of cattle. There were hair-rope and halter-makers, others who made cinches or broad hair girths, makers of raw hide riatas, the curers of hides, the triers out of tallow, the hewers of wood and the carreta men, all of whom amounted to hundreds of people dependent upon the ranchero or lord of the manor. At morn you hear the clatter of horses' feet and the jingling of spurs as the mounted men, hat in hand report for duty to the major domo-in-chief and then in detachments dash off at a full gallop in all directions to their respective duties. By this time coffee is served in the dining hall, and the patron, members of his household, and guests take their morning cup. At nine or ten o'clock the vaqueros begin to return from the field, and a herd of gentle horses are driven into the corral, fresh ones are caught, and those of the day before are turned loose, may be not to be used again for a week; the fresh ones are saddled, and then the under major domos report to the chief, who in turn, hat in hand, reports to the patron, and then the whole ranch goes to breakfast, which being disposed of the duties of the day are resumed.

This was about the business of a first-class California rancho in the times of which I write, and prior to the discovery of gold. The Rancho San Pedro, the property of Don Manuel Dominguez, the Rancho San Joaquin, belonging to Don Jose Sepulveda, and the Rancho del Chino, the lordly estate of Isaac Williams, were among the first in California, each of which maintained over 10,000 head of horned cattle and half as many horses, and on my first visit to Chino, in '52, Colonel Williams had just purchased a herd of 35,000 sheep from New Mexico, with which to commence the business of sheep-raising. Rancho San Pedro lies on Wilmington Bay, and extends about ten miles on the way to Los Angeles. Don Manuel, who lorded it over this magnificent California barony when Commodore Mervine, U.S.N., on his march against Los Angeles, in 1846, and on being repulsed made the Dominguez ranch house a temporary halting-place and fortification, is still the fee simple owner of this grand domain of rich bottom land.

Don Manuel Dominguez as a representative California Mexican of the educated and intelligent class, deserves more than a passing mention, and his name should go into and become a part of the history of this country. Don Manuel was a former dignitary of California, having under the Mexican regime held some of the most important offices in the province, once refusing the governorship. On the formation of the State government in '49 he was a most influential member of the constitutional convention. Nothing more is necessary to illustrate the sterling worth of this iron octogenarian than to say that through all the misfortunes that befell the great landed proprietors of California he almost alone stands as a sturdy oak midst the desolation around him, all of his contemporaries having bowed, bent and fallen before the storms of adversity. The great landed estates of California in some way or other having passed from the hands of the former proprietors and become the heritage of the stranger. Clad in the armor of good sense and integrity, Don Manuel has battled with adversity, dealing blow for blow, and has come out victorious. All honor to the noble old hero, who now, surrounded by children and grandchildren, and all that goes to make one happy, from his castle gates on the Dominguez hills, with his ancient field-glass sweeps the boundary of his twenty thousand acre field, with full assurance that he has weathered the storm, outrode the billows of adversity, and has anchored his life-boat in the quiet harbor of security, honor and contentment. On the coming of the American the broad doors were thrown open at the Casa Dominguez, and a hospitality was dispensed that was baronial. With the genial Dr. John Brinckerhooff as interpreter and master of ceremonies, the balls, entertainments and company at the Dominguez house were of the best in all California. It is safe to say that Don Manuel has not an enemy among the thousands who know him ; honored and beloved by all. Soon after my arrival in this then happy land it became my good fortune to be an invited guest at the house of the generous Don Manuel, and to win, and I hope to have deserved, his friendship and esteem, and will ever treasure the memories clustering around his festive board as of the most agreeable within my quite varied experience.

In May, '53, I was invited to attend a grand rodea (which means a gathering of cattle), which was to take place on the San Joaquin Rancho, forty-two miles east of Los Angeles ; so in company with a fellow-gringo I betook myself thither, arriving late in the afternoon. Reaching the ranch house, I was surprised at the numbers present; rancheros from all parts of the county, and from San Diego, either in person, followed by a troop of retainers, or by their representatives, the major domos. The Machados of La Ballona, the Picos from San Fernando and San Diego, the Dominguez, the Sepulvedas of Palos Verdes, the Lugos from everywhere, the Avilas of Tahauta, Centinela and Aliso, the Sanchez, the Ocampo, and the Cotas, the Stearns, Rowlands, Reeds, Williams, the Yorbas of Santa Ana, and the Temples of Puente and Cerritos, all were there—a larger army than that with which Andres Pico so roughly handled Gen. Kearney at San Pascual, and placed thirty-two of his troopers *hors du combat.* All were there, with their trains, to separate and drive to their respective ranchos whatever cattle may have strayed to the confines of San Joaquin. When I unsaddled I could see groups of dozens here and there, seated upon and surrounding a blanket spread upon the ground, engaged in the national game of monte. These were the vaquero servants. At the house I found Don Jose Sepulveda, the owner of San Joaquin, with dignified courtesy receiving the visitors to the rodea, Don Jose's residence, however, being in the city. The ranchmen are busy in dealing out beef and other comestibles to the vaqueros, and the house emits the odors of cookery, for the patrons and major domos, must be entertained as becomes their quality. Full a hundred persons sup at the ranch table, after which conversation commences, and is kept up until long after the writer has passed the boundary of dreamland. Before daylight, however, the whole camp is astir, and when I take my coffee scarce a man is to be seen, all having gone to the field to form the rodea for the day's work. By nine o'clock 30,000 head of horned cattle are brought into one herd, and surrounded by vaqueros, armed with the terrible riata, and now the work of separation and marking begins.

The cattle of these many owners have not only to be separated, but the calves must be marked in the ear and branded. All of this work must be done inside of two days, as during the time, this great herd have no food, and may become maddened and unmanageable from hunger and thirst. To penetrate this formidable body, to a gringo, is a most delicate and dangerous operation, but to see how the vaqueros do it, their perfection of horsemanship, the adroitness with which they ply the riata, the cleverness and ease with which they extricate a cow and her calf from this living labarynth, excites one's admiration in the highest degree. As they are extricated each owner receives his own marks and brands the calf and drives them to his separate herd. So by the time the rodea is over the grand herd of 30,000 is broken into many small herds and the vaqueros drive them to their respective ranchos. These rodeas were grand affairs, and the young men of the ranchos vied with each other in feats of horsemanship and throwing the lazo. The one of which I write was disposed of in two days, and a few of the rancheros resolved to remain at the rancho and further enjoy the hospitality of the host, and when I surrendered myself to the embrace of Morpheus, the most lively conversation was going on, Don Jose and his brother, Don Fernando, manifesting a lively interest therein. At about half-past three o'clock a messenger arrived from Los Angeles with the information that the aged father of Don Jose and Fernando was suddenly stricken with serious illness and was on the very threshold of eternity. The arrival awoke myself and companion, and upon learning the matter and that Don Jose and his brother were to depart instantly, we ordered our horses and resolved to ride in with them. Some one suggested that we would not be able to keep up, but as Don Jose was near sixty years of age we scouted the idea, and at four o'clock we were on the road at a full gallop, which we continued to the Santa Ana, the two Dons rising the west bank when we were in the middle of the river. We failed to come up with them, notwithstanding we put our chargers to their mettle, and before reaching Los Nietos they were out of sight. When we ascended the western bluff of the San Gabriel we could faintly discern the flying figures of the two horsemen eight miles ahead of us. We were badly beaten, notwithstanding we made the forty-two miles in a few minutes over three hours.

One of the most prominent and wealthy of the ante-bellum pioneers was Isaac Williams, known in the Spanish vernacular as Don Julian del Chino. Colonel Williams was the most perfect specimen of the frontier gentleman I ever knew—tall, handsome, elegant and courtly in his manners. To have met him in Washington or New York he would have been taken as a high type of a cotton king of Louisiana, rather than one who had passed his life in the Rocky Mountains and on the unknown shores of the unknown sea. With his fifteen leagues of the best land in California, his ten thousand head of horned cattle, his six thousand or more of horses, his thirty-five thousand head of sheep, his fields of corn, barley, and wheat, with his corps of Mexican assistants, and his villages of Indian vassals, this adventurous American was more than a baron: he was a prince, and wielded an influence and power more absolute and arbitrary than any of the barons of the middle ages. Colonel Williams dispensed a hospitality that was not only free, it was generous. His house was always open, and when it would not hold his guests they would camp around. Hundreds and thousands of immigrants from the "States," from Chihuahua and New Mexico, found the Chino ranch a haven of rest, where the hungry were fed, and the naked clothed, and the infirm cared for, and none came without a welcome to his bounty. I have seen one hundred persons at a time recipients of his generosity. He would send to Los Angeles and purchase clothes for his tattered countrymen after their arduous journey across the mountains and deserts. Individually I knew three young men having crossed the plains, hired to Colonel Williams to dig a ditch. He finding them to be educated business men, came into Los Angeles and set them up as merchants, with a $10,000 stock. His open generosity frequently exposed him to impositions and frauds, all of which he submitted to with the utmost philosophical good humor. In '52 and '53 I passed a good deal of my time as the friend and guest of this modern feudal lord, and in writing this tribute to his memory know whereof I write. Colonel Williams died in 1857, at the age of about fifty-five years. Colonel John J. Warner, another pioneer, whose magnificent domain was the first that was reached by the immigrant after crossing the Colorado desert, was always open-hearted and generous to the way-worn traveller, and not being so rich as Williams was nearly impoverished by his acts of charitable liberality. *All honor to this benevolent old pioneer.*

Don Jose Sepulveda died in 1875, leaving to the country one of the finest families of children that now grace our county and its society—one of his daughters being the wife of my salt-sea hero, Captain Haley, one the wife of Captain James Thompson, whose name appears so often and so honorably in this book, and the last is the wife of Thomas D. Mott, who was for many years successively Clerk of Los Angeles County, and more recently a member of the State Legislature. Mr. Mott is a member of the celebrated Mott family of New York, and is all in all a very marked character.

Don Jose sent his boys to the East to be educated, and in this he manifested great wisdom. His son Ignacio, yet a young man, is one of the most promising, not only in the State, but within the whole limits of our glorious land. A lawyer of rare talent, he, when scarce past his majority, discharged the duties of Judge of Los Angeles County with marked distinction and ability, and was raised thence to the dignity of District Judge, and is now a Judge of the Superior Court. The country has just cause for being proud of, and the people are proud of, Judge Ignacio Sepulveda, and the author is proud to call him *my friend.* Andronico Sepulveda, a brother to the Judge, is Auditor of Los Angeles County.

The first few days after my arrival in Los Angeles I visited the then famous vineyard of William Wolfskill, the best then in California. Mr. Wolfskill was a very remarkable man; in fact he was a hero—not the kind of a hero poets like to sing about, but still a hero. A man of indomitable will, industry and self-denial; an American pioneer hero; one who succeeds in all he undertakes, and is always to be trusted; of the kind of men who enrich the country in which they live. Mr. Wolfskill sold the first grapes in San Francisco grown north of Los Angeles. Having planted a vineyard on his ranch in Napa Valley, in '54, he placed his first crop on Long Wharf, in San Francisco, one month in advance of Los Angeles grapes, and sold them at *twenty-five dollars per cental wholesale.* I met this pioneer fruit-grower when disposing of this crop, and he said, "I am now realizing a boyhood dream, of a country where money grows on bushes. Growing grapes at two bits a pound is the nearest thing to plucking money from bushes that has ever been realized." Mr. Wolfskill was the most economical of men, yet in all truth he was one of the most hospitable and generous. He died in 1866, leaving a very large fortune.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Jim Savage, the Tulare King—His Great Influence Over the Indians—His Barrel of Gold Dust—He Establishes His Camp and Harem on the Plaza of San Francisco—Is Photographed by Vance—Indian Monte—Jim Wins a Large Pile—His Bloody End.

WE KNOW of no country at the present day so inaccessible and isolated as was California prior to the Mexican war. To reach our coast by sea required a voyage of imminent danger and monotonous hardship of nearly a year. The old hide droghers being the class of vessel that would butt three times at a billow and then back out and go around it, and besides the skipper felt it to be his especial duty to remain in each port, and Honolulu in particular, as long a time as the convenience of the crew required. By land no one came here, unless perchance some adventurous gringo vagabondizing in Mexico sought fairer fields further on, and finding carne and contentment in our genial land, became as one to the manor born, hence all of the ante-bellum gringos were Dons, and generally held in high esteem by the genuine and simon-pure Dons of the country. However, some of the descendants of the conquistadores held these adopted Dons in not very high esteem and withheld from them the aristocratic distinction, and denied that those gringos aforesaid were even entitled to be called *Hidalgos*,—the latter appellation meaning a man who has a father, or the son of somebody. Adventurous trappers sometimes found themselves trapped into becoming Dons and the fathers of Dons, which latter class of Dons now claim to be Hidalgos, or meaning in another sense that they had somebody for a father, a something certainly to be justly proud of. Now there were just three classes of gringos, as above enumerated, the seaman, the adventurer from Mexico, and the trapper. The true born Spaniard is very proud, and why not? Was not Cervantes a Spaniard? And did not the Spanish cavalier upset the Aztec empire in Mexico, and the Incas in Peru, level their temples with the ground and gobble up an immense amount of swag, and then set up as the richest and most powerful people, under the special protection of their unnumbered saints. I repeat the Spaniard is proud and has reason so to be, and those who held the bogus gringo Dons in low esteem only did honor to their noble ancestry.

There were some exceptions to these three kinds of gringos but they were very rare, as much so as angels' visits, which were not rarities at all in this angelic land, as occasionally a gentleman of education and rare accomplishments would find his way to this far-off region, and being seduced by its charms, or the charms of its blythe and happy daughters, would here remain. Such were Victor Prudhomme, Thomas O. Larkin, General Sutter, Don David W. Alexander and men of that class. This reminds me now of an anecdote that was related to me by Don David which will illustrate the contempt in which the average gringo was held by the high-toned Spaniard in the ante-bellum times in California.

Don David was visiting at one of the principal angel habitations hereabout, and was engaged in conversation with the presiding angel thereof, when a little girl came to the door with, "Mamma, alla viene jente" (people are coming). "Quienes son?" (who are they?) queried the mamma. "Quien sabe? hay muchos" (who knows? there are many), answered the little angel. At this time the Doña went to the door, and seeing the *jente*, returned to her seat, gently reproving her little girl with: "Ah, que ija, estos no son jente; son gringos."

(Fie! fie! child, those are not people; they are gringos.) In the third chapter of this history the author, in defining the word gringo, declared it to have been an awful thing to be a gringo in those days. Now, does the reader wonder at the declaration? Don David was a most genial camp-fire companion, and the very best story-teller that ever flipped a flapjack, and hereafter I may make further mention of him in that particular.

In those ante-bellum times there appeared among the Indians of the Tulare Valley a character that was not a Don—neither was he a gringo. Whence he came no one knew; who he was, or had been, was a mystery. He was comparatively a boy, white, and an American. He eschewed all association with the scattering gringo population, and severely gave the cold shoulder to the native Dons. The Indians themselves could elicit no information as to his antecedents, so they decided that he came down on a moonbeam. Without any palaver he hung up his hat among those Indians, and at once assumed the *role* of ruler.

Having first installed himself as chief of a village, soon he became master of a tribe. Being sober, intelligent, and energetic he did a great deal to ameliorate the condition of *his* people, and to teach them the ruder arts of civilization. He encouraged them to raise crops and garner them, and having become so popular with one tribe, others sought his protection and rule, and when the American flag was flung to the breeze in California, Jim Savage was the absolute and despotic ruler over thousands of Indians, extending all the way from the Cosumnes to the Tejon Pass, and was by them designated in their Spanish vernacular *El Rey Guero*—The blonde king. He called himself the *Tulare King*. The respect, fear and superstitious veneration these rude people had for their mysterious king, was greater than that shown by the Aztecs for the Tonatiuh of conquistorial history. Jim might have been a veritable El Dorado, or *El Rey Dorado*, and fearing that many of my readers may not fully understand the meaning of that term, I will inform him that for many years in South America, after the conquest, there was a tradition that somewhere in the valley of the Orinoco, there existed an Indian kingdom; that gold dust was there so plentiful that every morning the King after his ablutions was anointed with a resinous gum and then besprinkled with gold dust until he was made to appear as though he were gilded (dorado—from the Spanish verb *dorar*, to guild.) This imaginary monarch was called the Gilded King, (El Rey Dorado). The Tulare King might have been El Rey Dorado, for the reason that in 1850 he had more gold dust than possibly was ever possessed by any one man, and could have been gilded therewith every morning of his life should he have lived his allotted time. Mr. G. D. W. Robinson, one of our most truthful and intelligent '49ers, (and where is the '49er who is not truthful in all gold stories) now resident of San Diego, informs the writer hereof that in 1850 he was at Jim Savage's Camp in the Tulares, and that he had a pork barrel full of gold dust, which enormous quantity would amount to nearly a million of dollars in value; still Mr. Robinson declares the truth of what is here written, and has proffered to make affidavit to the same, and also that this great treasure sat in his tent wholly unguarded except by the Indians themselves.

When the gold mines were discovered, the Tulare King, with a large number of his slave-like subjects went to the mines, and the Indians with their *bateas* could collect as much dust as could the most intelligent white man, and at the close of day all these Indian workers would faithfully deliver the proceeds of their day's labor to their King.

Jim also won an enormous quantity of gold-dust from a tribe of mountain Indians. The Tulare King was a great adept in the Indian game of three sticks, which is very much like three-card monte. One of three short sticks being marked, a player takes the three and after manipulating conceals them in his two closed hands, and the others lay their wagers and then guess in which hand the dealer holds the marked stick. Now a certain mountain chief, whose tribe had collected a large amount of dust, was challenged by Jim Savage to play this game for gold-dust. The challenge being accepted, the whole mountain tribe came to Jim's camp and were royally entertained. Beeves were slaughtered, flour given out, and sugar and coffee freely distributed, all at Jim's expense. After much palaver and ceremony the game commenced and was kept up with varying success for three days, when at last the Tulare King won the last measure of gold, which occurred at about midnight. When the last wager was lost the dusky mountain chief gave a resonant whoop and took up a dog trot for the mountains, followed in the same manner by his tribe. He was beaten, but how he never knew. The truth was, Jim had learned to conceal the marked stick in his sleeve. The naked savage, never suspecting such civilized device, was thus beaten out of all the dust collected by his tribe during the season. Some time in the autumn of '50 the Tulare King, with his court and harem visited San Francisco, and notwithstanding his immense wealth in gold-dust he disdained to stop at a tavern, or live in the manner of civilized man, and so he pitched his camp on Portsmouth Square (the plaza) in all the pomp of barbaric magnificence, and was thus photographed by Vance, the pioneer picture man. This photograph ought to be in the collection of the Society of Pioneers.

The King, court and harem, however, only remained in San Francisco long enough to see the sights of civilization, and then returned to their great Tulare kingdom, and now

> "Grim visaged war rears his wrinkled front."

The mountain Indians were making war on the miners, and the bugle blast of war resounded from the American Fork to the Stanislaus. Two batallions of militia were called out and

Major Savage was appointed to command that of the South. In his batallion he had some very high-strung officers, one a West Point graduate, I believe, Major Harvey.

Now, although Jim Savage was a man of rare ability, and wherever or how he got it, had a very tolerable education, but was wholly unfitted to command a batallion of such men as belonged to his command, for as such commander he showed such despotic disposition as he had used toward his Tulare Indians, who were in no way compromised in the war then waged by their redskin kindred, and their King was only appointed to command because of his great influence among *all* the Indians, the seat of war being many leagues to the northward of the Tulare capital, as it was, Major Savage committed some great indignity on some of his high-toned officers, for which, in a fight of his own seeking, he was killed.

Great was the wailing of grief among the Tulares at the untimely taking off of their King. For months they continued to mourn, and in all truth their loss was irreparable. Jim Savage was not only their King, he was a father ever guardful of their rights, and had he been spared them their annihilation, which was so swift that it can scarcely be realized, might have been averted. Jim Savage was a wonderful man, and his death was a loss to the country as well as to the Indians. Since his death no clue was ever found as to his origin or antecedent history, and no account was ever taken or inquiry made concerning his vast treasure in gold dust.

After the death of Jim Savage various white men went among those same Indians and tried to win their confidence and gain such influence as was wielded by Savage, but all without avail. After the death of their Rey Guero white men were all alike to them.

When the gold mines were discovered California was densely populated with Indians. You couldn't go amiss for them. Mountain and valley, forest and plain, were covered with

Indians. Where are they? Thirty years seems too short a period of time to annihilate a great population extending over more than a thousand miles extent of country. At the present time, passing over the Tulare plains not a vestige is to be seen of its former thousands of Indian population. They are gone! all gone! It is sad to contemplate; they were so docile and harmless in disposition. If they were swept into the maelstrom of destruction by our Anglo-Saxon civilization, then I fear me there is something wrong about it. But what is the use of useless lamentation? The Indians are all gone and that is the end of it, and we can only hope that they have all gone to happy hunting grounds.

Major Walter H. Harvey, the slayer of Jim Savage, was sensitive, generous, and high-strung, absolutely fearless, slow to give offence, and quick as the lightning's flash to resent an insult or to repel an aggression. I do not remember the exact cause of the difficulty between himself and Savage, and it is now too late to inquire, or to raise an issue thereon; but knowing Harvey long and well, the author is free to maintain that in the great number of brave and generous men of pioneer times, none stood higher than the gallant Harvey, who died at Los Angeles in 1861, aged forty-eight years.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Bradshaw—A True Gentleman and Natural Lunatic—Bill First Turns Up in Sonoma in 1846—His Scrimmage With a Mexican Captain—Comes Out First Best but Vamoses the Ranch—Joins the Bear Flag Party—Capture of Sonoma—True Chivalry—Joins Fremont's Battalion—Mad Freaks Among the Angels—The French Rebellion at Mokelumne Hill—The Militia Ordered Out—Bradshaw Appointed to Command—Happy Termination of the War—His Antics in San Francisco—Goes to Arizona—Tragic Death.

MENTION having been heretofore made of Bill Bradshaw, his shooting Nelse Williamson in our Kern River gold seeking expedition and his having given name to the famous Bradshaw mining district in Arizona, it will now be in place to give a brief account of this curious character, and a more curious or a more marked character this careful chronicler never knew—one of nature's most polished gentlemen and brightest jewel in America's collection of true born chivalry. Bradshaw was brave, generous, eccentric, and in simple truth a natural lunatic. In manly form and physical beauty, perfect; in muscular strength, a giant; in fleetness of foot and endurance, unequaled. The first account I have of Bradshaw was at Sonoma in 1846, then about twenty years old, at work, under Captain Salvador Vallejo, Mexican Post Commander, building a picket fence. Don Salvador, with all the pomp and circumstance of despotic authority came around where Bill was at work and expressed his marked displeasure at the manner in which it was being done. Bill, with all the dignity of true born American importance, flatly told the Don that he didn't know what he was talking about, which *sass* so kindled the ire of the offended Mexican dignitary that he whipped out his trusty Toledo and tried its temper on Bill's supposed seat of honor, striking him with the flat thereof. Vesuvius! Stromboli! Cotapaxi! what are thy fires as compared with those that raged in the bosom of this young hero from the land of Marion and Sumpter upon being struck an ignominious blow with the flat of a Mexican sabre? In an instant the domineering Don was down, felled like an ox with a redwood picket, wielded with terrific force by this outraged American boy, who seized the sword of the apparently dead Captain, and in a fury of uncontrollable rage pounded it into pot-hooks with his axe that lay conveniently near. Then realizing what he had done Bradshaw saw that he must choose, and that immediately, between instant flight and a Mexican prison, chains, and ignominious punishment. So hurriedly he sought his temporary lodging place, seized his rifle and struck out for the Sacramento Valley, and only returned to Sonoma when that military post fell into the hands of the Bear Flag party, Bradshaw being one of the most daring and energetic of that adventurous band.

Salvador Vallejo commanded the garrison at Sonoma, and finding the young hero of the redwood picket in the ranks of his captors, was greatly alarmed, and said to the Bear Flag commander, "Now I suppose I will be murdered, finding this assassin in your force," pointing to Bradshaw. "Oh, no," responded Bill; "we are now friends, so far as I am concerned. If I owed you anything I paid it in full, and with interest. Is not this true, Don Salvador? And if you owed me anything I am willing to square accounts. An American never strikes an enemy when he is down. You are down now, and I am up, so here's my hand; my friendship is yours if you need it." Don Salvador, who was really a fine fellow, manifestly chagrined, shook the proffered hand of the victorious young Filibuster, vowing future friendship, and ever after the two were fast friends. Bill said it was the proudest act of his life to show that mendacious Mexican how an American could avenge a wrong. The next we know of Bradshaw is in Los Angeles, in '47, as a Lieutenant in Fremont's Battalion, where his wild freaks astonished the Dons and won the hearts of the Doñas, among whom he was a universal favorite. Next, in '51, we find him playing the game of heroic chivalry at Mokelumne Hill, in the French revolution at that place, which occurred in this way and from this cause: The State Legislature had passed a foreign miners' tax law, which the French, and there was a large colony of them at Mokelumne Hill, refused to pay. The Sheriff, who was tax collector *ex-officio*, summoned a large *posse* to enforce collection. The Frenchmen rallied, raised the tri-colored flag, proclaimed their independence, marched in armed procession, sang the Marsellaise, and boldly defied the power of the State. The Governor ordered out a battalion of militia, and appointed Bradshaw to command it. Marshaling his warriors, Bill drew up before the Gallic fort, and ordered the tri-colored flag to be hauled down, the rebels to lay down their arms, and surrender at discretion. The fiery Frenchmen flung their defiance in the teeth of the enemy, by a fierce "*Vive la France*," then marched forth in battle array, formed their line in front of Bradshaw's men, and dared them to fire the first shot, whereupon the clicking of gun-cocks was heard along the line of the militia. At this Bradshaw faced his line, and commanded "Order arms," which was generally obeyed. Some, however, standing menacingly at a "ready," Bradshaw then proceeded to disarm and eject from his line those who had dared to disobey his order; after which he approached the French commander, and proposed to him that if blood was to be spilled, then let the question involved be then and there settled by single combat, the two commanders to be the combatants. This proposition being instantly accepted, the preliminaries were gone into, which happily led to an amicable adjustment of the unfortunate complications. The rebels

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pulled down their tri-color, and peace reigned supreme where

"Grim visaged war had reared his wrinkled front."

When the question of foreign miner's tax came to be gravely discussed, it was decided that the "intent of the Legislature was only to tax Chinamen, and that Gauls, Britons, and other pugnacious peoples were not included in the miners' tax," and right there the whole thing ended except as to the Chinamen, who were vigorously pursued and made to feel the full force of the law in filling the pockets of the Collector and his legion of deputies, for very little of the gold wrung from the non-resisting Mongols found its way into either the county or State treasuries. Bradshaw won a most honorable distinction in this episode of dangerous import, and to him was solely due its happy termination.

Bill was one of the most witty fellows to be found, and wherever he stopped a crowd of eager listeners would surround him, and roars of merriment would respond to his well turned points. The last time I saw him was at the old St. Nicholas Hotel in San Francisco, more commonly known as Armstrong's, on Sansome street, between Commercial and Sacramento. Bradshaw had just arrived from Tuolumne and found at the hotel quite a circle of old friends, including the author, Tom Hereford, Bob Wood, Joe McCorkle, then a member of Congress, and others, all of whom formed a dinner party in the grand dining saloon and occupied a table to themselves. It was soon found that Bradshaw's or Bunk's (as he was called, from the fact that he came originally from Buncum county, South Carolina) drolleries not only kept his own dining companions in uproarious merriment, but excited attention from the occupants of neighboring tables.

Some one passed a dish of shrimps to Bunk, with the "Major, try some of the shrimps?" "Shrimps? What are shrimps?" queried Bunk. The desired information having been duly accorded, Bradshaw gravely and with the utmost deliberation soliloquizes as though speaking to himself, holding the dish of shrimps in one hand and intently gazing at the contents: "Well, these are shrimps! I never heard of a shrimp before. Wonder how they'll do? The fact is, I've eaten snakes, feasted on lizards and gormandized on grasshoppers, and thought I had tasted all kinds of human food, but now here's something new!" Then deliberately taking a large handful of the "plagued things," as he called them, went to eating them as though they had been wild huckleberries. In a moment the whole dining-room was in an uproar of boisterous merriment, while Bunk continued eating until he had finished the whole dish, shells, claws and all.

Alas, poor Bradshaw! A better fellow never lived, and we will now in charity draw the sombre curtain of forgetfulness over his unfortunate death, which occurred at Bradshaw's ferry on the Colorado river in May, 1863.

The following account of the Bear Flag party I find in my scrap-book, cut from one of our California papers some years ago, and it being in such perfect harmony with the facts as I remember them, I give it as absolutely correct. The "William Todd" who painted the Bear Flag is at the present writing, 1881, one of the most respected citizens of Los Angeles:

"A great curiosity was awakened by the sudden arrival of a young man in Monterey from Mazatlan, in a United States sloop of war, having left Washington in November, 1845. The young man was Lieutenant Gillespie, of the United States Navy, and his immediate inquiry was for Captain Fremont. Learning his route he sets out to overtake him with all haste. This he succeeds in doing on the southern border of Oregon. All the certain knowledge we have of his errand from the United States government to Captain Fremont, we must infer from the latter's movements. He starts instantly with his men on his return to California.

"This sudden return could not have been in the interest of science. Nor was it for purposes of exploration: Something more than these must have been determined on in Washington, in November, 1845, to have necessitated the sending of a special messenger with all possible speed such a long distance to communicate with Captain Fremont. What it was, it is easy enough now to discover, when we observe that war with Mexico breaks out on the Rio Grande on the eighth and ninth of May, 1846, the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Plama being fought on those days. And although news of what was going on there could not reach here for three months or more, it may, with substantial truth, be said that the war broke out at nearly the same time in the Sacramento Valley as on the Rio Grande.

"The sudden reappearance of Captain Fremont and his camp at the Buttes, near the mouth of the Feather River, called back from his journey by a special messenger from Washington, was enough of itself to create instant excitement among the settlers throughout the northern valleys. All accounts show that they quickly and numerously visited Captain Fremont's camp, and almost immediately—that is to say, on the eighth of June, 1846—a company of men, consisting of trappers and hunters, and in part of men belonging to the exploring party, went suddenly down to what is now known as Knight's Landing, in Yolo county, and captured a band of horses on the way to General Castro, in Monterey, and sending a defiant message to Castro by the men in charge, returned with the horses to Fremont's camp.

"Of course, this was war, as much as that on the Rio Grande, and it broke out almost precisely at the same time, although the places were thousands of miles apart, and it would take several months for the news to pass from one place to another. The horses were not 'Government horses' at all, as has been generally supposed, but they were General Vallejo's, sent by him, forty head of them, for General Castro's use, according to previous promise, but with no idea whatever of mounting a force against foreigners.

"It appears to be very plain that the extraordinary news from Washington was what brought Captain Fremont back from Oregon, and the next act that emanates from his camp is an act of war. Whether those verbal dispatches authorized him to countenance these violent proceedings at this time, we have no means of knowing, except by inference from the fact that they actually took place with his sanction and co-operation. It is but just that the responsibility in this matter should rest exactly where it belongs, and that is, on the shoulders of the Government of the United States, granting that Captain Fremont did not exceed his authority.

"Captain Fremont was an officer of the United States Army, and wore its uniform and was acting as he did, after having received instructions from his Government direct, at great cost. Therefore it would be necessarily understood, unless he stated to the contrary, which he did not, that what he approved the doing of, the United States sanctioned. And it was so understood, and in that belief the men of that day acted.

"The taking of the horses necessitated the doing of more, and the doing of it quickly. This, too, was perceived at Captain Fremont's camp, and by three o'clock in the afternoon of June 10, a party of twenty men, led by one Merritt, set out to capture Sonoma. Accessions were made to the party on the way, and Sonoma was easily taken, for although there were there ten pieces of artillery, there was not a solitary soldier there at the time, except General Vallejo's orderly, and in the capture not a gun was fired.

"General Vallejo says that they made prisoners of himself, Captain Salvador Vallejo, and Colonel Victor Prudhomme, on the morning of Sunday, June 14, 1846. Jacob P. Leese accompanied the prisoners to Captain Fremont's camp, at General

Vallejo's request, as interpreter, and on their arrival there, Mr. Leese was also made prisoner.

"By Captain Fremont's order, these four prisoners were taken to Sutter's Fort, and Major John Bidwell was directed by him to see that they were safely kept. Major Bidwell afterwards turned over his charge to another, and went to Sonoma, joining the company there and continuing in the service till the close of hostilities in 1847. The prisoners were retained at the fort about sixty days, until the change of flag in the country had been fully effected, when they were released by order of Commodore Stockton. Of the party of thirty-three men who took Sonoma, twenty-four were left to hold possession of it.

"Organizing themselves into a company, they chose William B. Ide, Captain. At this moment they notice that the Mexican flag is still flying at the top of the flag-staff. It is at once hauled down, but what shall go up in its place? They are perplexed. They must have some kind of a flag flying. They think about a "lone star," but they know that Texas has appropriated that.

"They are agreed that they will have a star in their flag, but they tax their wits to have some other device as well. A piece of common cloth is obtained, and one of the men named William Todd proceeds to paint, from a pot of red paint, a star in the corner.

"Henry L. Ford, one of the party, proposes to paint on the center, facing the star, a grizzly bear. This is unanimously agreed to, and the grizzly bear was painted accordingly. When it was done, the flag was taken to the flag-staff and hoisted, amid the hurrahs of the little party. So came into existence the 'Bear Flag,' which has become historic in California.

"Accounts vary somewhat relative to it, especially as to the exact date of its raising; but as General Vallejo gives the date of the capture of Sonoma to have been June 14, 1846, and the flag was raised on the same day, it seems to be the best evidence of the true date. Of course a proclamation was issued in the name of the party, giving reasons for the course they were taking, and announcing their purposes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Haleys Again—Loss of the "Yankee Blade"—Timely Arrival of the "Goliah"—The Roughs on the Wrecked Steamer—Gallant Exploit of Captain Haley in Rescuing the Unfortunates—How the Roughs Were Handled on the "Goliah"—The Russian Frigate "Diana" and the French Man of War "Ambuscade"—The Great Japan Tidal Wave—Great Destruction of Shipping—The "Sea Bird" Rides Through It.

THE Haley's were the first names mentioned in this truthful history, in the first chapter of which I paid a passing tribute to glorious old Bob, so his friends, and he had no enemies, called him. In Bob the old saying that "every marked and sterling character has enemies" was negatived. Bob was a marked character, yet in my long knowledge of and acquaintance with Bob Haley I never saw the man that could be his enemy. One reason, and the main one, I believe, was his great goodness of heart and noble generosity. A great part of his life was passed as commander of a steamship, and for several years he ran on our coast, and like Aleck Bell on the Tombigbee, passengers could travel on his boat, money or no money. So great a bore did this become to Bully Wright, who owned one of the steamships that Bob commanded, that to put a stop to the practice he commenced to charge him for every deadhead passenger he carried, so the result was that when poor Bob's wages became due there was nothing due him. This made no difference whatever, the captain would carry deadheads any way, even when their passage was charged to him by his owners. Alas! poor Bob Haley! his likes never trod the deck of a steamer.

Captain Saulsbury Haley, Bob's brother, was much of the same ilk, certainly too much so for his financial credit and his general pecuniary prosperity. (I believe, in fact I am sure, that Haley, in his old age, has got over that particular trait.) I think, however, that Saulsbury was the best manager of a steamship and the most daring seaman I ever knew, and by your leave, reader, this adventurous Ranger has had some experience nautical withal, and once made a voyage from New York to Havana on a canal boat, so in pronouncing Saulsbury a competent and daring seaman the writer declares his knowledge whereof he speaks. I made many trips up and down the coast with Captain S. Haley, on one of which I venture to say he performed one of the most remarkable, dangerous and successful nautical feats known in the history of seamanship.

It has often occurred to me that there is a certain defect in our system of republican government and society. In ancient Rome, if a Roman saved the life of a Roman, he was crowned with laurels, a distinction that singled him out and made him superior to his fellows. A most proper thing was this to do, a most honorable incentive to deeds of heroism in flood, field, and fire. The French, in imitation of their Latin ancestors, reward acts of distinguished merit by decorations with the "Cross of the Legion of Honor." How does our Government reward our heroes for acts of conspicuous daring? Why, it just don't reward them at all, and if our boasted American nation degenerates into a race of pusilanimous poltroons, then the Government will reap the reward of their own folly in not conferring marks of honorable distinction, as did the Romans, as do the French and every other nation under the sun. Now I repeat, that if the Roman who saved the life of a fellow-Roman was crowned with laurels, then the hero of the present reminiscence, Captain Haley, should wear a crown as ponderous as the dome of St. Peter's, or, if a Frenchman, would be entitled to wear a cross as large as that which surmounts the Church of Notre Dame. For, reader, in the adventure which I am about to relate, Captain Haley, by his bravery, humanity and superior seamanship, saved the lives of more than five hundred men, women, and children; and now I am going to tell you how it was.

Haley commanded the *Goliah*, a staunch craft, now, in 1881, doing good service on Puget Sound. She first kissed the briny deep at the mouth of the Mississippi, in 1846, having been built for a tow-boat of great power. The *Goliah* carried a few passengers, among whom were Aleck Bell, the author, Captain Burt, a man of nautical note at the time, also Charley Mathews, John Brannan, John McMullen, and a party of adventurers, mostly Texans, armed *cap-a-pie*, and on their way as a pioneer prospecting party to Arizona. If I am not mistaken, Grant Oury was of the party. We sailed past the Golden Gate at about four o'clock, having been preceded about six hours by the great Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Sonora*, and the *Yankee Blade*, an opposition steamer, with about 1200 passengers. This was in October, '54. We steamed beautifully on our way all night, stopping at way ports during the day, and early on the second morning ran into a heavy fog bank, and were feeling our way along carefully, when all at once we heard the roar of breakers close on our port quarter, which created quite an alarm. Haley at once commenced to change our course more to starboard, when, above the roar of the breakers, which was not heavy, we heard the cry of a thousand human voices for help. It seemed as though we were rapidly nearing the breakers and the place from whence proceeded the cries for help. In a few minutes we were headed off from the roar of the breakers and the sounds of human woe. Nothing is more solemnly terrifying than to be on shipboard near the breakers and in a fog bank, but add to this the knowledge of being in close proximity to a wreck is awe added to terror, and is paralyzing to the bravest heart. About the time we were headed off, the fog lifted almost as perceptibly as the raising of a curtain, and lo! within a cable's length lay a large steamer, which proved to be the *Yankee Blade* a hopeless wreck, her deck swept by the breakers and the hundreds of passengers in the rigging, on the roofs and bridge, clinging to the rail and shrouds, presenting one of the most awful pictures one can well imagine. The sea was comparatively smooth, yet the swell was heavy and the breakers were rough. The wrecked steamer lay considerable distance from the shore, head on, having settled on a sunken rock which pierced her bottom amidships, on the northwest side of Point Arguello, the most northern point of Point Concepcion, and had struck at about midnight. She was many miles out of her direct route, which at the time was ascribed to one of two causes—one was a great variation in the magnetic needle caused by a supposed local attraction, and the second that a crowd of organized roughs had taken passage on board the ill-fated steamer with intent to beach and rob her, there being the regular bi-monthly shipment of one and a half million or more dollars in gold dust, besides that carried by the passengers; that the roughs had surreptitiously changed the compass, which caused the stranding of the steamer as we have found her. This last proposition was supported by the fact that as soon as the steamer settled, the roughs first broke into the store-room and captured the liquors, and then commenced the pillage of passengers, many of the crew uniting with the roughs. They also possessed themselves of the boats, and when sufficient gold had been secured, was placed in a boat manned by them, and started for the shore. The boat swamped in the breakers and the pirates and their gold went down together. The other of the steamer's boats were lost in the same manner, until but one small boat of capacity to carry a half dozen people at a time remained. The stern of the *Yankee Blade* had settled to thirty feet below the water level and her head had raised correspondingly high, so that her deck line was at an angle of about forty degrees. The wounded monster labored heavily and was liable at any moment to break in two amidships. It was a marine impossibility to approach her with a boat in the ordinary way, and Captain Haley resolved upon a plan that seemed original and extremely dangerous to his own vessel, and as expressed by many seamen on board at the time, as most certain to insure the destruction of the *Goliah.*

When remonstrated with on the fool-hardy venture, Captain Haley said: "It is the only possible way to save those unfortunate people. There are over a thousand of them while there is less than a hundred of us, and if they are lost then we will go together." The plan adopted and carried out was as follows: The *Goliah* being headed off backed in as near the wreck as deemed safe, and a buoy was attached to a line, dropped overboard and drifted to and was secured and drawn on board the *Yankee Blade,* to which was attached the ship's great hawser which, in turn, was hauled on board the *Goliah,* and when safely secured steam was turned on and the hawser was drawn taut, then the anchors of the *Goliah* were carried ahead and cast, and heaving ahead on the windlas, as well as the steam propelling force, drew that hawser as taut as a fiddle string. The next thing was to swing one of the *Goliah's* boats by loops to this hawser, attach a line to one end of the boat, float the end of the line on board the wrecked steamer, by which the boat was drawn over, sometimes being suspended high above the water, and having another rope attached to her she was drawn back to the *Goliah* laden with living freight. And Oh! such freight as came off in the first few trips of our hammock-like craft. The roughs had full control on board the unfortunate craft, and were the first to be saved. Haley roared through his trumpet to the captain of the *Yankee Blade,* "Send the women and children off first." Still the roughs must be thinned out before the officers could control the debarkation. In an hour one hundred roughs were on board the *Goliah*, and the women and children commenced to cross the bridge in a lively manner, and soon it became necessary to commence to dispose of our accumulated cargo of living freight. The two remaining boats of the *Goliah* having found a safe landing place, now commenced to remove the accumulating cargo to the land; for bear in mind, reader, the *Goliah* was, as compared with the wrecked monster, a mere launch. Up to this time, however, the *Goliah's* people had not heard of the roughs and their piratical acts on board the *Yankee Blade*. However, those who had come on board took possession of the cabins, including the ladies', and when requested by Captain Haley to vacate in favor of the rescued women and children informed him that they had commanded "the *Yankee Blade* and while on board the *Goliah* would do as they thought proper." Haley remonstrated with them in vain, and being informed by a lady passenger of their character and doings on board the wreck, took a most decided step to subject them to absolute control. In the meantime the sea rolled, and the staunch old *Goliah*, God bless her, strained, groaned and writhed in agony as a living victim when stretched upon a rack, and all on board thought she would be pulled in pieces.

Haley called on Aleck Bell and asked him to organize in one compact body, make a sudden assault on the roughs and drive them forward into the steerage and place them under guard, but in no case was a revolver to be fired, unless in absolute self-defense. "Hit them over the heads," said Haley, "but don't shoot; I desire this to be a bloodless victory." Still the successful transfer of passengers went bravely on. Soon the armed *Goliah's* passengers, under Aleck Bell, quietly (all who were not seasick), by a successful manœuvre, took possession of the after end of the cabin and Aleck gave the order, "All of the men in this cabin will go forward to the steerage; the cabin is to be exclusively devoted to the ladies and children." No one moved. "Charge 'em, boys," said Aleck, at the same time belting a rough bully on the head with his revolver, and "at 'em" it was. The onset was so sudden, so unexpected, so different from what they looked for, that they at once gave way, and like sheep were driven into the steerage, where John McMullen, with a picked guard, kept them until Captain Burt and Charley Mathews, both passengers, in command of boats, were ready to commence removing the rapidly accumulating living cargo to the providentially found landing place. Then the roughs were marched out of the steerage in detachments through files armed with revolvers, placed in the *Goliah's* boats and sent on shore.

All day the transfer of passengers went on, without an accident; all day the gallant *Goliah* groaned, labored and creaked, with waves sometimes breaking over her bows and washing her decks. Still no accident had occurred, and at sunset the last soul on board the wreck had been safely transferred to the *Goliah*, nearly half of whom had been retransferred to the land, with water and provisions enough landed with them to do them for a day or two, and this brilliant nautical feat was a splendid success. But none too soon, for by this time the wind had commenced to blow, and by dark had become a gale, and by the time the *Goliah* was well clear of her dangerous neighbor, and before dark obscured our vision the gallant *Yankee Blade*, with her golden treasure, broke in two amidships, and sunk in deep water. The gallant *Goliah*, with her happy crew, brave commander, and thankful passengers, after a rough night of it, reached Santa Barbara, discharged a part of her human freight, and thence to San Pedro, where more were put on shore, while the remainder were taken to San Diego and left, and the staunch old steamer hurried back, and took on board all that had been landed on the beach at the place of the wreck, and carried them in safety to San Francisco, all without a single casualty; and save some forty or fifty lives that were lost in the swamping of the boats of the *Yankee Blade* before the *Goliah* arrived, all of that hive of human beings were carried back in safety to San Francisco. Will the reader now agree with the author, that the gallant Captain Haley was entitled to a reward of honor equal to any ever conferred by ancient Rome or modern France? And had he been an Englishman, the Cross of Victoria, at least, would have been conferred on him, to be treasured up as a reminder to his descendants of the noble deed of their ancestor.

Haley commanded the *Sea Bird* in '52. He commanded her again in '55 and '56. That floating beauty came near, in '55, sharing the fate of a Russian frigate, a United States war ship, and a large number of other vessels that were lost, and from the same cause, to wit: the great Japan tidal wave. Some of our readers will remember that early in '55, the Russian frigate *Diana* sailed northward along our coast and entered the harbor of San Francisco, which created quite a sensation, as the French frigate *Ambuscade* was then riding quietly at anchor in the harbor, and the *Diana* dropped her mud hooks within pistol shot of the *Ambuscade*. We all thought they would go beyond the legal marine league and have a pitched battle, the Crimean war being then in full blast.

Not so, however. The two warlike antagonists frowned on each other, and that was all, except that when it happened that sailors from the two hostile craft would meet on shore, broken heads and bloody noses would be the result, until the authorities intervened and it was mutually agreed that when the *Parlez Vous* went on shore the *Bears* on board the *Diana* would be notified by signal and remain on board until the French sailors returned. The *Diana* people did the same in respect to the *Ambuscade* and everything moved quietly along until one day the *Diana* beat to quarters, hove up her anchor, played some warlike Russian air, spread her sails and proudly passed out of the Golden Gate. All San Francisco was on the tiptoe of excitement expecting, as a matter of course, the *Ambuscade* would go forth and engage her. Such, however, was not the case. The *Ambuscade* rode quietly at her anchor and the *Diana* sailed northward touching at Sitka, and at last crossed over and came to anchor in the harbor of Yokohama in ten fathoms of water. Now this may have been in the latter part of the year '55, but at the time there occurred in the Japan Islands some tremendous earthquakes which made match wood of the *Diana* and left her and her anchors on dry land where before was ten fathoms of water. There was great destruction of shipping in the Japan seas. A United States war ship was lost and hundreds of vessels were never heard from, and this great earthquake in Japan caused a tidal wave which reached and struck our coast in thirty-eight hours, traveling at the rate of over two miles a minute. The tidal gauge at San Diego showed a rise or twelve feet in one night, a most remarkable circumstance.

This immense wave struck our little sea swan, so she should have been called, at about daylight off Point Pedro, seventeen miles S. E. of the Golden Gate, she being the only vessel outside the heads at the time, and the only one that ever gave any account of its appearance and effect. Haley sat beside the pilot-house and was sleeping in his chair. First Officer Howland was on watch and saw in the dim distance the coming danger and awoke the captain. When thus seen it was apparently about ten miles off and looked like an immense black cloud, such as we see in the tropics. Whatever it was, danger therefrom was imminent. The passengers were aroused and ordered to prepare themselves and stand ready with their life-preservers. The brave little steamer was brought to and made to look the danger square in the face and by the time this was done the black, white crested roaring wall of water was almost upon them. Ports were hastily closed, windows and doors shut, hatches battened down, and everything put in ship-shape to meet the unlooked for danger and ride through or go under it and down forever. Very little swell preceded it. Howland, assisted by the Quartermaster, took the wheel, the watch caught on to the rigging, and as the roaring wrath of mighty ocean towered in its threatening grandeur above them, Haley shouted "Steady, Howland, steady!" "Steady it is, sir!" was the firm response, and in a moment the decks of the gallant steamer were deluged with rushing water. The vessel was absolutely submerged; the mighty force of the ocean was over her, under and around her, roaring, hissing, lashing the sides of the frail bark, thumping her bottom and sweeping her deck; her boats were smashed, torn from their lashings and swept away as though they were snowflakes. The poor craft trembled, groaned and struggled like a living thing to free herself from her mighty foe. Man was then made to feel his utter insignificance in midst of the mighty ocean when lashed into angry fury by "Him who holds the sea in the palm of His hand." In a few minutes the watery scourge had done its worst, and like a thing of life the proud little sea queen shook the billows from her palpitating bosom and was free.

CHAPTER XXIX.

More Pioneer Staging — Banning Again — A Rough Ride — Dangerous Driving—Fort Tejon and Its Commander—W. S. Hancock, A. Q. M.—The Kern River Excitement—A Grand Rush—The First Train Going North—Don David Alexander—A Reminiscence of Cerbol Barelas and the Path-Finder—Stoneman and Others.

THE first chapter of this history was in part devoted to staging between San Pedro and the Angel City. Banning was unceremoniously presented to the reader therein with far less ceremony than his great importance demanded. It is true that in a subsequent chapter this pioneer hero was brought to the front of our Fourth of July Phalanx in the memorable and patriotic celebration at San Pedro in '53, and was designated as General, although at that time Banning was not a General, unless, perchance, like Phil Sheridan and Napoleon Bonaparte Forest, he was born with two stars on each of his shoulders, the truth of which I am willing to asseverate and maintain to the bitter end. Banning in early times could ride farther with less fatigue than any man I ever knew, notwithstanding he was never a light weight. He could also drive a stage, six-in-hand, faster and over rougher roads and over places where no roads existed than any driver who ever cracked whip or pulled the ribbons. When Fort Tejon was established the firm of Alexander & Banning wished to run a six-horse stage over an old Mexican pack trail, and when the whole country declared the impossibility of such an enterprise, and when no driver could be found with sufficient hardihood to assume such responsibility, Banning willed the thing to be done, and mounted the box in person and drove the first stage that ever went out of the Valley of the Angels to astonish the aborigines in the mountain fastnesses beyond. At the time, the trail going over the San Fernando pass was a rocky acclivity, difficult of ascent by even a pack mule, and descending to the valley beyond with a descent of equal abruptness. Standing on the summit and looking northward a precipice of many hundred feet lay before you. By facing about you dizzily marvel at how you reached the rocky summit.

In December '54 Phineas Banning sat on the box of his Concord stage, to which were harnessed a half dozen well fed, panting and foaming mustangs. He had succeeded in reaching the summit of the San Fernando, and the question among his nine wondering passengers who had toiled up the mountain on foot was, how that stage could ever descend, all declaring it an act of madness to attempt it. Banning laughingly assured them that it "was all right; that a man who couldn't drive a stage safely down that hill was no driver at all, and should confine himself to ox-teaming in the valley." Now he cracks his whip, tightens his lines, whistles to his trembling mustangs, and urges them to the brink of the precipice, and in a moment they are going down! down! down! racketty clatter bang! Sometimes the horses ahead of the stage, and sometimes the stage ahead of the horses, all, however, going down! down with a crash! Finally, the conglomeration of chains, harness, coach, mustangs and Banning were found by the pursuing passengers in an inextricable mass of confusion—contusions, scratches, bruises, batters, cracks and breaks, forming a general smash and pile up in a thicket of chaparral at the foot of the mountain.

"Didn't I tell you so," said Banning, "a beautiful descent, far less difficult than I anticipated. I intended that staging to Fort Tejon and Kern river should be a success. Gentlemen, you see my judgment is good."

However, Banning sent back a courier in hot haste, urging Don David to send fifty men immediately to repair parts of the road that he in his descent had knocked out of joint. Twenty-two years thereafter the S. P. R. R. Company cleared away the thicket in which Banning made his first stage stand, in excavating their wonderful San Fernando tunnel. This reckless demonstration of the practicability of staging out of the valley so stimulated our angel merchants, that they raised a fund of several thousand dollars, and employed such a force of men on the San Fernando, that in February following Don David Alexander and the writer hereof passed over with a train of heavy ten-mule teams, which was the *first train going north*. We had a terrible time of it, however, and in the San Francisquito cañon were caught in a snow storm, and were three days in going one mile, building our road as we advanced.

Lieutenant-Colonel B. L. Beall, 1st Dragoons, with Winfield Scott Hancock as Quartermaster, and Lieutenant John Pegram as Adjutant, founded Fort Tejon in '54. I afterwards, in 1861, met Pegram at Beverly, in West Virginia, after his surrender to the Great Western Napoleon at Rich Mountain, Pegram having commanded the Confederate force at that stronghold, and permitted himself to be most beautifully outflanked and surrounded by McLellan, who cut a road through the mountains, and thereby gained his rear. The distress and chagrin of Pegram was beyond description. He was ambitious, and had resigned his commission in the old, and accepted a Colonelcy in the new army, and to have lost his first command in the way he did was overwhelming to his pride. He, however, retrieved himself, and became quite distinguished as a Confederate Brigadier, and was killed in one of the great battles fought around Richmond during the last days of the lost cause. W. S. Hancock, A. Q. M., became so brilliantly illustrious that no mention of him will in this chronicle be necessary.

Col. Beall, however, deserves some consideration. When nominal commander at Fort Tejon he was old, seventy years, and had been on the frontier all his life; was a case; indeed he was a hard case, and as such his fame extended from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. On account of his case-hardened character he was seldom permitted to visit Washington, or any of the Eastern cities. But once upon a time he went, and so scandalized the sober heads at the capital, that they hurried him away to fields, in their opinion, more congenial, beyond the Mississippi.

On that occasion, however, he extended his visit to virtuous Boston, and was invited to a State dinner presided over by the Mayor. It was emphatically a Boston dinner—and the world knows that Boston never goes back on her virtuous record, so as a consequence, the dinner to which this rollicking old frontier Colonel was invited was a temperance dinner. When the guests were seated and dining commenced, Colonel Beall was astonished at not seeing decanters, bottles, and all of the paraphernalia of the kind of dinner he had anticipated. Time wore apace and no bottle appeared. The Colonel became disconsolate. It was to him a cruel disappointment. It was emphatically a dry dinner. Some toasts were dryly given and dryly responded to, and the Colonel was called upon to respond to a toast "The Army," but flatly refused, saying that he had "never made a speech in his life." "Well, then," said the President, "Colonel, tell us a story; something about the campaigns through which you have passed." "A story!" "A story!" demanded the dinner party.

"I will tell you the story of 'The Ghost of New Mexico.'"

"Good! A ghost story," cried the party with due Boston decorum and gravity.

"Well," began the Colonel, "It was in 1846, the army was crossing the plains in the march on New Mexico, and went into camp, dry and dusty, within two days' march of Sante Fe. It was late when our tents were pitched and the sentinels posted for the night. We were over vigilant, as being so near the New Mexican capital we didn't know at what moment the enemy's cavalry might pounce upon us. The night was dark and dismal; the wind blew in fitful gusts and the tents fluttered and flapped, and a general gloom seemed to pervade the whole encampment. To relieve my own disquiet I visited the marquee of a neighboring officer, and found quite a number of visitors, who, like myself, were in quest of something wherewith to sooth the dismal cravings of the spirit. A game of seven-up was proposed for liquor, and on the first wager being won and lost it was discovered that some untoward accident had befallen the sutler and not a drop was to be had for love or money. We looked at each other in dismay—a night without something to drink! Such a direful calamity had not been contemplated by the most despondent of our party, and the announcement was a blow; indeed it was, gentlemen. Still, we agreed to play on, and if by the favor of providence a supply should ever be reached then each loser would pay up and we would make amends for this night of dire disappointment. The game went on dolefully.

"The wind continued to blow, and the tent rocked to and fro in its determined efforts to keep its pins, the sentries paced their beats, the coyotes howled, the horses neighed, and the mules let off brays of solemn distress. It was midnight—the hour when ghosts do walk abroad. We played, but scarce a word was spoken. My back was toward the opening of the tent, and instinctively I turned around, feeling that some one was entering, and oh! horror! My blood froze in my veins, my eye-balls almost burst from their sockets, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, as I vainly tried to speak. I beheld standing within the marquee a tall, gaunt form, clad in the habiliments of the grave, its bony arm extended, and its finger raised in solemn admonition. Like myself, my comrades sat frozen and speechless. Not a word, save those sepulchral sounds of doleful import which came from the ghost. *It spoke*"—and the Colonel, in apparent exhaustion, with his hands clasped upon his breast, leaned back in his chair and groaned.

"What did it say?" was the general inquiry.

"What did it say?" echoed the Colonel. "What should it have said? It spoke such words as had never before been heard by any of that congregation of warriors, such words as I fear to repeat, such words as I hope never more to hear on this earth"—and again the Colonel groaned.

"What did it say?" queried the excited listeners.

"What did it say?" re-echoed the Colonel. "It said: '*Gentlemen! Oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! it's a long time between* DRINKS!'"

It is needless to say that for once Boston relaxed its gravity, and that for once wine flowed freely at the winding up of a Boston dinner party; because even the people of Boston could, and did on that occasion, take a liquid hint, and Boston never does things by halves, and as a consequence *liquidated liberally.* Col. Beall ever spoke in terms of affectionate remembrance of that liquid Boston dinner party.

In saying Colonel Beall was the nominal commander at Fort Tejon, the same can be said as to the Quartermaster, the truth being, as I verily believe, that the gallant General Phineas Banning ran the post, as he did his supply trains and his six-horse stages. He ran Fort Tejon as in yore he ran San Pedro, and as he always has Wilmington, city and harbor. Whatever Banning suggested at the fort was done, and nothing was done unless he was consulted. From Fort Tejon to Los Angeles is 120 miles—as rough a road as is to be found anywhere. Banning used to ride it in a day on horseback, leaving the fort after sunrise and arriving at Los Angeles sometimes by four o'clock P. M. I make this statement on personal knowledge.

Banning was always lucky. In his reckless staging nine men out of every ten would have broken their bones, if nothing worse. He once made a miraculous escape from a frightful marine disaster. He owned a pretty little steamer called the Ada Hancock, before the harbor improvements at Wilmington, used for carrying passengers to the steamers at their anchorage. On one of her trips down the bay her boiler exploded, killing Captain Seely of the coast steamer and many of the passengers. Banning was not blown over the clouds, because it was on a cloudless day, but he was blown high enough and far enough to land him on a sand bar safe and sound. The General was born at Wilmington, Delaware, and is fifty-one years old.

Now to come back to Don David Alexander, of whom I spoke in a former chapter, and of his story-telling talents. On that trip to Kern River with those heavy teams, in our camps at night, after strong coffee, before a blazing, comfortable fire, with a good cigar, Don David forgeting the terrible annoyances and harassing labors of the day, and his oft-repeated declaration that "this is only a pack-mule country, that none other than a madman would attempt the passage of these mountains with wagons, and if he did any more freighting hitherward it would be in the only sensible, practicable way, by pack-mules." * * * * * One year and a half more than a quarter of a century has passed and Don David, hale and hearty, strong and stubborn, now whirls over his "pack-mule country" in the palace cars of that marvel of the age, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The memory of Don David may not be as strong and enduring as his rawhide constitution, and I take pleasure in reminding him of the wonderful change that has taken place in the manner and time of traversing the roughest of our southern Sierras, and point to him what science, money and well directed enterprise can do and has done for even a "pack-mule country." Forgetting the troubles of the day under the exhilaration of coffee and cigar, Don David would tell us a story, and on one occasion he told me of his capture, imprisonment and parol by the Californians.

During the war between the United States and Mexico Don David was made prisoner at the Chino Ranch, with the company under Capt. B. D. Wilson. Cerbol Barelas and Diego Sepulveda commanded the captors of this party, most of whom, having lived so long under the Mexican flag, and having partaken of all of the good things of this angel land, were looked upon by their irate captors as traitors deserving death; consequently there was a general clamor that the traitor gringos should be shot. At this point as noble a character came to the front as ever wielded a lance or wore knightly spur. Santa Ana, President of Mexico, a man first among the rulers of the earth, of superior learning, of pure Castilian blood, a warrior of renown, cast a blot, a stain, an indelible blotch, upon the fame of Mexico, by his treacherous cruelty in butchering, in cold blood, the captive partisans of the Texas revolution. Cerbol Barelas, a native of Los Angeles, a man whose only education consisted in superior horsemanship, throwing the lasso, and the use of the lance, redeemed his countrymen from the stigma cast upon them by Santa Ana. When the wild warriors of the California plains clamored for the blood of the captive gringos, Don Cerbol—yes, Don Cerbol! a Don in the fullest meaning of the word—interposed for their protection, saying that while he lived, and could wield a lance in their defence, not one gringo should be harmed; "that they had surrendered to him, that his honor and good faith were plighted, and on the honor of a man he would defend them;" and during the four months of captivity endured by these gringos, the noble Cerbol watched over them as though they had been his own children. Sometimes, with a few trusty followers, with his sacred charge, he would conceal himself in the mountains, to escape the wrath of his less chivalrous countrymen. Alas! poor Cerbol! your honest heart has long since become food for worms. The gringos have forgotten thee and thy noble generosity, save the few survivors of thy generous protection, who will soon meet thee at the judgment seat of Him who faileth not in His rewards.

If my memory is right, Don David, after his capture at Chino, was paroled and became the guest and protege of the Mission priest at San Fernando, and at about the beginning of the year '47 rumors floated along and reached San Fernando of the coming, like a northern blast, of the gringos of the upper country under the immortal "Pathfinder."

The rumors were that the coming torrent of vandal invasion swept everything before it, showing no respect for age, sex, condition, or the rights of private property. The god-father who had so hospitably sheltered and protected Don David inquired of him if it would not be better to betake himself to the mountains for safety until the tornado had swept by. Don David assured him on the honor of an American that these rumors of outrage and pillage were false. "You judge these men who fill the ranks of General Fremont from your own standpoint," said the priest. "You forget the class of men they are—hunters, trappers, outlaws, half-breed Indians, French voyageurs and all of the mountain adventurers that could be collected from the Columbia river to Monterey." Don David answered that notwithstanding that many of the men forming Fremont's command were, or might be, bad characters, that Colonel Fremont was an officer of high rank in the army of the United States, and that for him to permit such acts of pillage as was charged against his command would be more than his commission was worth. Upon this assurance the good father concluded to stand by his altar and trust to his saints and the chivalry of the Pathfinder. At about four o'clock one afternoon the "storm" struck San Fernando and made things fly, but soon it subsided and things went well enough for the night. In the morning the battalion mounted and rode

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rapidly over the twelve mile stretch of plain to the Cahuenga pass, where an intrenched army with frowning artillery confronted it. And right there at that old adobe house, a part of the walls of which are yet standing, at the opening of this famous pass that was not, yet might have been, a modern Thermopylæ, was achieved the greatest military triumph known to history, eclipsing in brilliancy the battle of Providencia itself. As Fremont approached Cahuenga he was met by a truce party, and a parley ensued, and the treaty of Cahuenga was the result. Colonel Fremont was the high contracting party on the part of the United States, and General Andres Pico represented the Republic of Mexico. General Pico proposed to disband his army at Cahuenga, the officers retaining their private arms. All of the arms, artillery, and munitions of war belonging to the Mexican Government at Cahuenga should be delivered to Colonel Fremont, and he was to be permitted to march without opposition to Los Angeles. That after the treaty was signed, General Pico was to have two hours in which to stack his arms and retire his forces from the fortifications. Then Fremont was to march in and possess the spoil. On the other hand, Colonel Fremont agreed that the army under General Pico should be permitted to retire peaceably to their homes, and should there remain unmolested, and that certain officers who, under Cerbol Barelas had in September previous violated their paroles theretofore given should be pardoned; and to this the gringo commander pledged the faith of the gringo government.

The treaty was signed in duplicate, each high contracting party retaining one copy. When this was done, General Pico, with not over forty followers retired from the fortifications at Cahuenga, and the gringo conqueror marched in to reap the reward of his victory.

Two batteries of artillery, consisting of a dozen California live oak logs, mounted on so many native carretas, became the spoils of the victors. One old blunderbuss that, from the date graven on its brazen barrel, suggested former service in the seige of Granada, two old flint-lock Spanish horse-pistols, and about forty Mexican ox-goads with flaming red pennons thereto attached, made a full inventory of the spoils which, by virtue of the great treaty of Cahuenga, passed forever from the hands of humbled Mexico and went to enrich the arsenals of the gringo nation. Smothering his pent-up wrath, the hero of Cahuenga put spurs to his Cayuse charger, and with the fires of revenge burning in his bosom, followed in hot haste by his buckskin batallion, hurried on to Los Angeles, where booty and beauty awaited their coming in plentiful profusion. With their wild war song of:

"Hail to the Chief who stole the injun's blanket,"

the northern barbarians, with the Pathfinder at their head, entered the Angel city to suffer another disappointment, more direful than that of Cahuenga. They found that the "army of the west," under Brigadier General W. S. Kearney, consisting of U. S. dragoons and the Mormon battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Philip St. George Cook, of the Regular Army, and some marines and volunteers, had been quietly settled down in the Angel capital for near a fortnight and were preserving the most perfect order, and the angels of peace were as secure in person and property as though they were domiciliated in orderly Boston. The Pathfinder, however, not at all abashed and determined to carry out the role of conquerer, obtained the elegant and commodious house of the patriotic Captain Alex. Bell, the same building that now stands at the corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets, then the best house in California, quartered his men on the ground floor and up stairs hung up his hat, issued a proclamation and declared himself Governor of California by virtue of the conquest of the country at Cahuenga, gathered around him some dilapidated Dons and questionable Doñas, gave an inaugural ball, and enacted in miniature the same part that he played so grandly at St. Louis fifteen years thereafter. General Kearney the dignified, Phillip St. George Cook, the beau ideal of the cavalry man, and Major Emery, of the Engineer Corps, at first treated this attempt to play the Governor as a second edition of Sancho Panza in his government of Barataria, were soon brought to regard the matter in a more serious light, and General Kearney felt constrained to place the *Governor* under arrest and take him overland to Washington. General Kearney made an order that on the march the Pathfinder would be permitted to encamp within a certain distance of the General, and the same was maintained on the long journey.

When the Governor was well seated in his authority, as he thought, he sought out a Mexican tailor, who in a brief space of time assisted the Governor to don a pair of open-legged pantaloons (calzoneros), of parti-colored cloth, red, green, and gold, interspersed with scallops of purple velvet, with silver bell buttons extending from hip to bottom. Under the calzoneros he wore Mexican drawers of delicate white muslin, with each leg a yard wide; shoes of black buckskin, with very short round toes and high heels. Over his calzonzillos, or drawers, and reaching to the knee, he wore the Mexican bota, made of leather, embroidered in gold, silk, and silver, into which the Governor thrust his silver-hilted knife. Around his gubernatorial waist he wore a gaudy Mexican sash, at least five yards long. A very short embroidered jacket was donned by his Excellency. A red vicuña hat, with gold cords and tassels, surmounted the head of California's gringo Governor, and, as he thought, completed his expensive costume, and cost somebody several hundred dollars. The Governor, however, was mistaken, as the sequel will show; his costume was not yet complete. One of the Lugos, on beholding this wonderful get-up, determined to outdo it, and in a few days appeared upon the streets with a suit of clothes which, with his saddle and horse trappings, cost over $2000. Besides his gorgeous sash, he wore, tied low down on his loins, a great red bandana handkerchief, with the points hanging down behind like a swallow-tail coat. The Governor saw and gazed upon this strutting jackdaw as it flitted by, and until it faded from view in the dim distance; then, pondering abstractedly for a few minutes, hied himself to a Mexican dry goods store, purchased two bandanas in one, attached them to his rear in lieu of coat-tails by tying the corners in front, surveyed himself for a time, and walked into the street with every evidence of feeling that he was a conqueror, every inch of him. The gringos were justly proud of their Governor's Mexican costume.

The author does not wish to detract from the meritorious services of Colonel Fremont in the conquest of California. But his services have been so overrated, that persons not familiar with the truths of history, believe that no one other than Fremont had aught to do in the reduction of this golden land to the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. For instance, the world believes, and history holds out, that the ancient fortifications which overlook our Angel City, were constructed by Fremont, while the truth is they were constructed by General George Stoneman, and the late General Davidson, alternately relieving each other. Also, that the ancient flag-staff at Sonoma was raised by Fremont, while the truth again is that in 1851, General Stoneman, with strong and patriotic blows, wielded the axe that felled the tree that has for thirty years withstood storm and decay, and that he did most of the manual labor in raising *that venerable pole.* History also gives to Fremont all the honor attending the surrender at Cahuenga, and the writer alleges his belief to be that the Pathfinder is rightfully entitled to all the honor there was in it.

The true significance of the Treaty of Cahuenga was this. Early in 1846, Commodore Stockton occupied Los Angeles, established himself, and paroled certain Mexican officers, not to bear arms during the war unless exchanged. Now certain among these officers, in violation of their paroles, took up arms under Cerbol Barelas, in September, and drove the garrison under Gillespie out of Los Angeles, captured Wilson's command at Chino, and reconquered this country to Mexico.

General Kearney having crossed the plains (after the sharp cavalry encounter with General Andres Pico at San Pasqual near the Mission San Luis Rey), formed a junction with Commodore Stockton at San Diego, marched on Los Angeles, and after the battles of San Gabriel and La Mesa, entered and occupied Los Angeles on the 8th of January, 1847.

Those officers who had violated their paroles were now in a bad fix—they either had to flee the country or run the chance of being arrested and shot.

General Andres Pico who was yet in the saddle, hearing of Fremont's coming, met him at Cahuenga, and throwing dust in his eyes as to the re-occupation of Los Angeles, induced him to make a treaty and bind the United States to the pardon of those officers.

It was a masterly stroke on the part of Don Andres and reflected great credit on him as a diplomat, he having theretofore demonstrated his prowess on the field. Don Andres was a great humorist, and took huge delight in laughing over his Quaker demonstrations at Cahuenga.

General Kearney, in his dispatch to the government, said that he thought the pacification of the country demanded his approval of Fremont's Cahuenga treaty, and on that ground he did approve it.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Ranger Antiquarian—A Pompeii at Our Back Door—Tehachepi—The Robin Hood of the Windy Pass—The Last Relic of a By-gone Race—The Valley of Perpetual Bloom—The Ventarron—The Phantom City.

A RANGER is not an antiquarian, and when one writes a book of reminiscences he is expected to confine himself to the subject of broils, raids, and frontier life generally. But, notwithstanding, the author is going to hazard the assertion that the traces of ancient civilization found scattered over the vast plateau extending from the Rio Grande to the Pacific Ocean, as also the ruins found further south, in Mexico and Central America, many of which he has examined, are not of such remote antiquity as the scientific searchers for ancient ruins would lead the world to believe. That either the Casa Grande and kindred remains found on the Gila and in other parts of Arizona, or Palenque, Quiche, Copan or Quirigua found in Central America, are of an antiquity greater than the advent of the Spanish conquerors, the writer is constrained to question. That all of those places, and many others, the remains of which are to be found in all parts of Central America, were of very ancient origin, there is no kind of question; but that they were deserted by their inhabitants, or that they had ceased to be the abiding places of a highly civilized and intelligent race of people when Columbus discovered America, is not supported by the test of practical experience. Antiquarians, in their eager search for the remote, overlook all evidence of the modern. It is well known to practical persons that timber rots and decays with remarkable rapidity in the humid climate of Central America, yet timber is found in the ruins of Palenque, as also in other ruins in Central America, and in as good a state of preservation as some found in old bridges of masonry intermingled with timber, built by the Spaniards after the conquest of the country. The theory that those cities were in ruins, and were enveloped in the mists of antiquity before the coming of the Spaniard, is not supported, when subjected to the tests of common practical experience.

We may apply a plain, practical test as to the remote antiquity of ruins and remains found in Arizona. It is well known that violent storms with drifting sands prevail in that country, yet, the traces of irrigating canals are to be found wherever large or considerable streams of water are contigious to extensive bodies of arable lands. How long would the trace of a ditch remain in such a country, or even here in California where violent winds are scarcely known? Would they endure the corrosions of time and storms for one hundred years, two hundred years, or at the furthest three hundred years? With the writer's observations in that direction, he most emphatically maintains that they would not. That these old canals were the property of those who inhabited these ruined places, all are agreed. Then why not at once discard the preposterous theory that the ruins of Arizona verge even on the borders of remote antiquity, and accept the one that by Spanish spoliation and conquest the former people of Arizona have been driven from their civilized abodes and become the prey of the fierce Apache, or, that pestilence, famine, or some other reasonable cause has left their lands waste and their habitations and temples in ruins. Antiquarians not only look too far, but they generally go too far for common sense practical research. For instance, if one of our angels should be inclined to investigate the vestiges of antiquity, he would hie himself to the Pyramids, and take a look at the mysterious characters engraven on those time-honored remains, and return to us looking as wise as an owl, and would really know as much of the Pyramids as did the donkey or the dragoman who carried him thither. On his return he might take in Pompeii and Herculaneum, and by the time he reached his modern angel home he would at least feel entitled to a degree with A. M. attached to his former title, if any be had, and if he undertook to lecture to us wondering angels on Pompeii and Herculaneum, he could tell us just about as much of the wonders of those long buried cities as could the dead dog of the 2,000 years dead Diomede. But if our angel antiquarian should shoulder his shovel and walk out of our back door into the Mojave desert and go to work excavating, he could unearth a modern Herculaneum that has lain buried not more than three hundred years, and about the great buried city of the Mojave, the center of a civilization not remote, but still a populous city, situated in the "valley of perpetual bloom," buried and hidden from the face of man only about one hundred and fifty years before the Jesuitical explorers first set their sandled feet in this valley of the angels; to write what he knows, or has learned of that buried mystery, will now be the task of this antique Ranger.

A tradition has existed, and really exists now, that the Mojave desert was once a fruitful, beautiful and well watered valley, that the mountains, those we call the Sierra Madre, but which in point of fact are the Sierra Nevada, were covered with soil and verdure, that there came a terrible wind that denuded the mountains of their soil, blew the rocks bare and filled up the beautiful Mojave beyond, leaving it the howling waste as seen to-day, the home of the coyote, the hideous, burning plain of drifting sands, whereon so many ill-fated miners have wandered and perished of heat and thirst. Don Francisco Garcia, the oldest man in the City of Angels, who came here more than eighty years ago a Spanish soldier, and yet marches on foot in our patriotic processions, says he conversed with many Indians, who remembered hearing their ancestors speak of the *ventarron* and substantiated by oral evidence, on their own knowledge, what has passed into vague tradition.

The reader has of course heard of Tehachepi, "The Windy Pass." The immortal Daniel Boone, vagabondizing on the then verge of American civilization, won a name immortal by becoming the first white man of Kentucky. To be the first white man of Kentucky at the present time would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, because Kentucky is the land of giants, and to be first among giants is, to say the least, a very big thing, but to have been the first man when old Daniel Boone was there was no great shakes, because Boone was by himself and alone, and skulking from the Indians, and didn't so much as have a "nigger to boss," and came within just one man of being nobody. So this writer could never see why that old squatter should have been so lauded for being the first white man of Kentucky, when at the time there was no second white man. In 1854 this adventurous Ranger became the first white man of Tehachepi, and like the immortal Boone, was the only one. It is a great thing, however, to be the first white man of any country, and this Ranger maintained all of that regal dignity until the advent into that now classic spot, of Jack King, when the author yielded his claim in favor of Jack, and then he became the first white man of Tehachepi. When the writer was the first white man of Tehachepi there was none other nearer than San Fernando, more than a hundred miles, so he experienced little difficulty in maintaining his position, especially as contrary to the case of Boone the three Indian families who inhabited the valley were extremely friendly. After giving a brief description of that classic locality the antiquarian Ranger will inform the world of what he learned concerning the buried city of Mojave while occupying the honorable position of being the first white man, and as a preface to what he intends to relate he will state as a fact, based on information and general acceptation that, since the coming of the gringo the buried city of the Mojave could be traced on the desert by its outcropping walls, and if sought for could without doubt be yet definitely located. Is this not a field promising a harvest of results to any of our antiquarian angels? Have we not a Pompeii or Herculaneum at our very back door?

Tehachepi, at the time this truthful historian enjoyed the proud distinction of being the "first man," was the most beautiful and romantic place that is possible to conceive of a region so elevated and so windy. The valley proper, or pass, is a wide open plain, and the grass, only trodden and cropped by the innumerable herds of antelope and deer that inhabited the region, was most abundant, beautiful and contiguous and smaller valleys, romantic cañons, forests of pine, groves of evergreen and spreading oaks, purling brooks, gushing springs, green meadows, verdant slopes and craggy hights, went to make a picture of arcadian beauty that would have raised the enthusiasm of a landscape painter to the seventh heaven of bliss. Tehachepi has since been, and is yet, the paradise of the stock raiser, and is settled by a hardy set of frontiersmen, who promise fair in the future to raise up a race of mountaineers, fleet of foot and strong of limb, to stand as a bulwark of liberty when the effeminate angels inhabiting this modern elysium have faltered in its defence, and have retired from the conflict to their orange groves, to lead a life of indolent ease. Tehachepi at the present time produces cattle; in the future it will produce men. The rugged surrounding mountains, the purity of the water, the extreme healthfulness of the climate, the purifying winds, sweeping through cañon and valley, from the Tulare valley on the west to the arid Mojave desert on the east, its elevation, 3000 feet above the sea level, its magnificent springs of mineral water, the climate never hot and never cold, but always windy, gives promise that Tehachepi will, in the future, grow a race of physical giants.

The great Southern Pacific Railroad, in surmounting the

Tehachepi, performed one of the most curious engineering somersaults known to the science of railroad building, and by its great combination of tunnels and loops has given a fame to Tehachepi never before enjoyed. During the dark days of the civil war the locality gained an evil repute on account of one patriotic citizen named Mason, who collected a gang of cut-throats, unfurled to the balmy breeze the three-barred banner of the lost cause, declared for the Southern Confederacy, and robbed and murdered all who failed to pay him tribute. The gang became the terror of the country, ruined the reputation of the windy pass, and where the mad career of the gay guerrillas would have ended had not a woman stepped in and caused the death of the chief, is left to conjecture. That is to say, the chief becoming enamored of the charms of the wife of one of his band, was smiled on by the fair and fickle one, which caused the reverse of a smile in the outraged husband, who ended the amorous dalliance of the two guilty lovers by putting an end to the redoubtable Robin Hood of the windy pass. On the death of the leader the band disbanded, and has passed into the history of Tehachepi.

The sturdy old oaks that stand exposed to the driving winds of the windy pass have about the same rake as the masts of an old-fashioned Yankee slave-brig; that is to say, they all stand on an angle with the horizontal. To be still more plainly understood, I mean to say that all the trees at Tehachepi have a strong leaning toward the east; and still more wonderful, the west side of the trees are devoid of bark, and are as polished as were the masts of the slave-brig aforesaid, all of which is caused by the continuous and cutting character of the winds howling through the windy pass. Once speaking of the latter peculiarity to an enthusiastic citizen of the windy locality, he said that was a mistake; "the wind had not blown the bark off the trees." "What else could have caused such curious phenomenon?" queried the writer. "Why," said he, "you know when the valley was first settled we all got into a squabble about our claims and got to bushwhacking each other in regular old-fashioned, backwoods, Indian style, and all of the trees were filled full of bullets. This we continued for about two years, when we settled our difficulties and quit shooting at each other, and then one fellow here, who had been an old lead miner, concluded that he could make wages at mining the bullets and buckshot out of the trees, the bullets and buckshot, you know, that had lodged in the trees during our two years scrimmage, so in the first place he had to peel off the bark to enable him to find the bullets, and that is the reason the west side of the trees are so bare of bark." "The devil and Tom Walker," said I, "that story won't go down. How was it that the bullets and buckshot only lodged in the west side and none other?" "Oh!" said he, "I forgot to explain that; you see, just as soon as the gun was fired, no difference which way she was pointed, the wind would just catch up the bullet or buckshot and away they would go whizzing with the wind, and if they struck a tree it had to be on the west side, because you know, the wind at Tehachepi always blows from the west." "Well," queried the inquisitive author, "you must have made bloody work among each other in your two years' conflict?" "Oh, not very," said he, "sometimes we would catch a fellow in a sheltered nook in the mountain and then we would settle his hash, but where the wind was blowing you could no more hit a man with a bullet or buckshot, if you aimed at him, than you could by throwing a handful of red beans."

There were three Indian families at Tehachepi when this Ranger was enacting the role of Daniel Boone in that unknown place, and were quite comfortably situated in a cosy little sheltered nook on the north side of the pass, overlooking the great Mojave desert. Occupying a hut all to himself, was a very old Indian, who received the most kind and unremitting attention from the three families, all of whom seemed to vie with each other in their kindness to the old man. For the information of the reader, I will here state that these Indians were of the Tejon tribe, inhabiting the beautiful region in and around the head of the Tulare valley, fishing in Lakes Kern and Buena Vista in summer time, and hunting in the Tejon Mountains and region in and around the Tehachepi Pass in winter. The most of them spoke the Spanish language. By small donations from my small stock of provisions, and the distribution of powder, ball and caps with which I was well supplied, among the three hunters of the little rancheria I soon gained their confidence. When the sun was warm the old man, who was unable to walk, used to be brought out and sat down on a pile of deer skins, carefully arranged in a warm sunny exposure protected from the wind, where he would sit and smoke till eventide, when he would be carefully carried in. He was the oldest-looking human I ever beheld. Old Doña Ulalia, who recently died at an age ranging anywhere from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty, was a modern compared with this antique relic of past ages. The first time the old man was out after my arrival at the camp and I gazed upon his wrinkled form, I felt as if standing in the very presence of a living mummy. He looked like an embalmed Egyptian who had lain three thousand years in the catacombs. I inquired of the hunters if he could talk, "Oh, yes; very well, if you can understand him." "Oh, then," said I, "he don't speak Spanish?" "*Muy bien,*" said the hunter, "but his voice is very curious, and unless you are familiar with it, the same as the wind." "Has he any senses left?" inquired the Ranger. "*Es muy sabio y muy vivo,*" (he is very wise and lively,) said the Indian hunter, "if you can only understand him." "Is he your grandfather, or is he your great grand-father?" I inquired. "He is not of our race," said the hunter. "Who, and what is he, then?" I again inquired, beginning to feel an interest in this sublime and bent monument of antiquity. The hunter, who was an intelligent fellow, went on in his pretty good Spanish to inform me that the old man, who claimed never to have been married, and to have no living kin in the wide earth, was, according to his statement and the belief of the Indians, to be the last of a race of civilized Indians who once inhabited and cultivated the beautiful Mojave, until that valley of perpetual bloom was submerged by the *ventarron*.

I then bethought me, if the old man can only talk and I can only learn to understand him, what a world of information can be derived as to the prehistoric people, if any, that had inhabited the desert of the Mojave. So I at once put myself in a way to open communication with the ancient relic of a bygone race. First I gave him a white clay pipe, well filled with tobacco, and found that he smoked like a Turk, and that he was greatly delighted with the gift. I soon gained on the old man's confidence, but it was a difficult matter to understand his speech, if such sound as the rushing of the wind through dry rushes could be so designated, but in the course of time I was enabled to glean from the old relic, by what I could myself understand, and with the assistance of the intelligent Indian hunter, the following concerning the *ventarron* and the destruction of the great city of Mojave. To use the old man's language would be impossible, and the author will use his own to convey to the reader the substance of what he was more than a fortnight in learning, all of which was to the following effect: "The great plain spread out before us as we look at the rising sun was, when my grandfather was in the prime of life, and when my father was yet an infant, a valley of perpetual bloom, inhabited by a dense population of highly civilized people, who lived by agriculture and manufactures. At the furthest stretch of the eye from where we now sit, the capital city of Mojave stood in all its majestic beauty, with its walls of solid stone and its massive buildings, its towers and turrets. My grandfather and father, long, long since gathered to the spirit land,

and one or two families who belonged to the watch tower that then guarded this same pass, were the only surviving inhabitants of the lost people, and all of them have years and years ago died and left me alone. I am all that is left of that once proud and powerful nation; what I learned of the great *ventarron* was from my grandfather, who died when I was yet a young man. The *ventarron* (whirlwind) did not strike this place. Although the three days' wind from the north blew with destructive violence, the strong watch tower that guarded this pass against the barbarous hordes of the north withstood its fury, and the twin mounds that yet stand here as sentinels are the remains of the great northern watch towers of the Mojaves, occupied by my grandfather and his friends when the *ventarron* swept over the valley of perpetual bloom, and left in its place the withering sight that for so long a time has blasted the eyes of all who have gazed upon its glaring surface. As I said before, all beyond us to the setting sun was then barbarism, and my grandfather who was here said (and I remember myself his oft-repeated description of the dire catastrophe) to this effect:

For three days the wind blew with terrific violence from the west. For three days the wind blew from the north with a fury that shook the foundation of these mountains that now surround us. Then for three more days it blew from the east, and three days from the south. The whole world seemed to be falling to pieces, and the mountains rattled in their sockets like teeth in an ancient skull. Then the four winds roared together in a grand conflict. The whirlwind lifted up the rocks and ground them to dust. Great cliffs were torn to pieces and driven in gyrating circles until reduced to powder, and filled the air with dust until the sun was obscured, and darkness fell upon the face of the earth. The world seemed going back into chaos. Then the thunders of Heaven joined in the appalling commotion, and the universe seemed to be in the last throes of dissolution, and that general annihilation was at hand. As a last final effort of enraged nature, the flood-gates of heaven were opened and rain fell like the pouring out of an ocean, the flying dust returned in mud and settled upon the earth. The darkness passed away and revealed a sight too dismal for contemplation. The valley of perpetual bloom lay before us like a blackened and hideous corpse. The walls and towers of the great city of Mojave reared their desolation above the ruin in silent mourning over the buried multitude, and the *ventarron* had performed its mission of fell destruction.

When the renowned and pious father of all the missions in California, Padre Junipero Serra was at San Gabriel he was so impressed with the belief that a great city existed somewhere on the east of the Sierra Nevada, that after a vast amount of persuasion he induced some of his Indian converts to accompany him in search of it. In using the word persuasion, I would here remark that the mission Indians always had a superstitious awe regarding that mysterious region. Tradition has it that the good father with his neophyte guard came in sight of a large and magnificent city on the Mojave desert, that he journeyed toward it but got no nearer, and being seized with the superstitious fear of his Indian companions hurriedly retraced his steps to San Gabriel, declaring that the city he saw was a machination of the devil to lure him from his missionary labors among the heathen. Now as to whether the good father was deceived by a mirage, or that he did actually behold a real city, and was deceived by false appearances as to distance, we are not permitted to imagine, but it is a well known fact that in the great purity and clearness of the desert atmosphere the distance of twenty miles seems less than one. The tradition excited the poetical genius of Kercheval, and with the following from him we drop the curtain on the dark mystery that broods over the lost people of the valley of perpetual bloom.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

Where the desert's face lies glaring,
Like a corpse forever staring,
And the zephyr's moan despairing,
 Wand'ring o'er the deathly waste,
Came a Padre meek and lowly,
Hasting onward, blindly, slowly,
Seeking with his emblem holy,
 Dying souls with zealous haste.

Far away with quivering shimmer,
Sank the mountains dim and dimmer,
Shone the sunset's dying glimmer,
 With a faint, expiring glance;
Came no earthquake's voice to mutter,
Not a trembling zephyr's flutter,
Slept a silence deep and utter,
 O'er the lonely, dread expanse.

On, o'er ghastly wastes and dreary,
Thro' the night's long watches weary,
Journeyed stout old Padre Serra
 Till the ghostly shadows fled,
And the moon came silent wending,—
Still before him vague extending,
Stretched the level waste unending,
 Lifeless, soundless, boundless spread.

'Neath the dim horizon's circle,
Where the shadows crouch and darkle,
What is that the sun's bright sparkle
 Gilds as with a flash of fire?
Lo! a city vast and hoary,
Dazzling as some fairy story,
Clothed as with celestial glory,
 Dome and battlement and spire.

Like the swelling tides of ocean,
Thrilled the Padre with emotion,
In his soul a grand commotion,
 Thankfulness and glad surprise
Stirred his holy spirit greatly,
Waving palm trees tall and stately,
Towering in their pride sedately,
 Rose beneath the desert skies.

Was it but a mocking seeming?
Was the holy Padre dreaming?
Rose a city tall and gleaming,
Queenly 'mid the desert lands;
Temples proud and princely places,
Terraced heights and fount-kissed spaces,
Like some hidden, blest oasis
'Mid Sahara's burning sands.

Then of dangers nought regretting,
Heedless of the toil and sweating,
All the thirst and heat forgetting,
Spake the Padre stout and brave:
"Though the way hath worn and spent me,
Surely Heaven its aid hath lent me,
Surely Christ himself hath sent me
Forth these heathen hosts to save!"

Gleamed the city clear and clearer,
Seemed it near, yet never nearer,
Almost might the list'ning hearer
Seeming catch its busy din;
But there smote no clang of sabre,
Rose no song of flute or tabor,
And no pulsing tides of labor
Drifted out or entered in.

Yet in vain his weary toiling,
'Neath that glowing furnace broiling,
Ever some curs'd spell seemed foiling
All his efforts in the chase;
Shrank the phantom ever fleeting,
Ever from his grasp retreating,
Where the dim horizon meeting
Kissed the desert's deathly face.

Still the holy father wandered
Ever on and ever pondered—
"Here the heathen hosts have squandered
All the world's bright golden store;
In this vast and lonely centre,
With the cross, their faithful mentor,
I will be the first to enter
At their desert-guarded door."

"If my weak endurance fail not,
Satan's wiles shall him avail not;
Here the holy cross shall trail not
Longer in the sighing dust.

Here with zealous, brave endeavor,
Error's head His sword shall sever,
And His Kingdom reign forever,
Conquering over sin and lust."

Still more gorgeous glowed the splendor
From each column, tall and slender,
Slept a glory soft and tender,
With its far o'erarching light
From each temple skyward springing
Countless rays of glory flinging,
Dazzling, flashing, trembling, clinging
Round each spire's far-piercing height.

Fiercer gleamed that furnace glowing
Like the lava-tide o'erflowing,
Ever hot and hotter growing,
Withering as some demon's spites;
Deadly as the path of error,
Though no mute lips made demurrer,
Fell a vague, despairing terror
On his trembling Neophytes.

Long with fruitless, vain endeavor,
Followed he the phantom ever,
On and onward, nearing never,
Till at eve, ere fell the night;
Like some fairy's bright creation,
Like some dazzling exhalation,
Dome and turret and foundation
Melted from his longing sight.

Then said Padre Serra grieving,
"This is some curs'd spell deceiving,—
But a charm of Satan's weaving,
Luring souls to death," he said,
"With some cunning incantation,
From the pastures of salvation,
To this deadly desolation,"—
Then he crossed himself and fled.

Still the traveller, worn and weary,
Wand'ring o'er the deserts dreary,
Sees that phantom dim and eerie,
Gleaming, beck'ning far away.
But it flees his longing vision
Like a spectre in derision,
Fades its gorgeous gleam elysian,
As a dream at break of day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Joe Stokes—A First-Class Desperado—Sanguinary Combat—Kills His Man at Sacramento and Comes to Los Angeles—An Episode in San Francisco—Ned McGowan—The Panama Riot and Massacre—A Heroic Defence—Glorious Death—A. H. Clark—His Farewell to Angel Creditors.

IN DECEMBER, '54, I first met the subject of this brief sketch, and this was the circumstance of our meeting and first acquaintance. Having been on a scout in the Cajon Pass, and on my return having dined sumptuously at old man Thompson's, the pioneer tavern-keeper at El Monte, which was just beginning to smile under the benign influence of American squatter sovereignty, which said squatter sovereignty produced the reverse of a smile on the Workmans, Rowlands and Temples who owned lands in the historic "Monte," and had herds roaming *ad libitum* therein and thereabout. Oh, no! When the Rowland or the Workman would miss a cow, a heifer, or a bullock, they would never suspect a Monte squatter of being a beef eater! It would not have been safe to have entertained, or at most to have expressed, any such suspicion, and furthermore, because did not the said sovereigns come from the land of hog and hominy and corn whisky, and had not been here long enough to adapt themselves to the habits and tastes of the country? The Monte promised to be the paradise of the farmer; the face of the earth would smile whenever touched by the hardy pioneer, and crops of corn would grow almost without labor.

So prolific was the soil, that the pioneer bed posts, table legs and benches would put forth verdure and take root, reattach themselves to the soil, and again become real estate. Such was really the case at El Monte, particularly so at Thompson's Willow Grove House, and this is the way it so came to pass:

Willow poles were the great staple of El Monte. They were used for houses, fences, pig-pens, corn-cribs and all kinds of furniture, and as mud floors were the order of the times, a bed-post would, when sat on a damp mud floor (and the floors at El Monte were always damp), at once take root, and within the briefest space of time the occupants of the original rude couch would find themselves enveloped in a canopy of sylvan green. Such was the kind of real furniture found at Thompson's old pioneer Willow Grove House, where this truthful Ranger gormandized on roast beef, beefsteak, beef boiled with cabbage, and beef soup, after his lonely and arduous ride and short rations, as before stated.

After dinner and a gossip with mother Thompson and her two interesting daughters, the Ranger hied himself to the Mission Headquarters, and it being Sunday, the bar was being over well patronized. Dismounting and sending an Indian in quest of barley for my mustang charger, I sat down to take in the surroundings of the classic Headquarters.

There must have been at least three hundred persons in and around the place. "Old Jackson," the village pettifogger, stood behind the bar dealing out whisky to the American, aguardiente to the Mexican and Indian, angelica to the feminine angels therein congregated, and a miscellaneous mixture to the squaws who were just beginning to get *hellarious*. Two Monte games were in full blast in the "Saloon," cock-fighting and a Mexican circus going it at 2:40 in the rear, and a horse race about to come off in front. Roy Bean in all the pomp and glory of being the cock of the walk, walked up and down, in and around, bucking here and there, and offering to bet on his favorite cock, making a "cow" for the horse race, dressed in his usual Mexican costume—silver-hilted bowie and pair of navies, showing and assuming all the importance and brief authority of lording it over the Headquarters and all that reckless throng. A large percentage was Americans, desperate, worthless fellows, generally, the summit of whose ambition was a horse, a woman for the time, a good revolver, and a "stake" to play monte on.

Soon after the arrival at Headquarters there arrived an elegantly-dressed, handsome young fellow of possibly twenty years of age, of exceedingly graceful and polite demeanor, of smooth, clean, and such exceedingly neat appearance as would at once suggest his employment behind the counter of a fancy dry good store.

Dismounting and good naturedly entering headquarters, he carelessly leaned against the counter, and while quietly surveying the scene, he was rudely accosted by a ruffianly-looking fellow, who went around with the swaggering intent of having a fight or a foot-race. He seemed a sort of free rover, who knew no one by name, neither did any one seem to acknowledge an intimacy with him. Taking a position directly in front of the young man, with a querulous and derisive grin, surveying him from head to foot, said:

"Well; whar in hell did yer come from?"

"I," said the young man, "Why, I just came from Los Angeles."

"Ye werent raised thar, war ye?" said Mr. Bully.

"Oh no," replied the young man; I was not 'reared' in Los Angeles. I came from New York."

"Whar! whar did ye say?" staring with evident mistification in the youngster's face.

Said the young man: "New York, sir, New York. Of course you know where New York is."

"I know whar New York is?" I jest don't; but reckon its away up North sumwha whar ye pries the sun up with a handspike. Is it not so, sah?"

"The sun never sets on New York, sir," responded the young man.

Then came a banter for a fight, which the young man politely declined. Then the bully's demeanor became still more overbearing, until he declared himself to be "the Wild Wolf of the Arkansaw," and said:

"I was the bloodiest man in the Cherokee Nation; I am a half-breed Cherokee, I am, and I belonged to the Ridge party, and I've killed more Ross men than any dozen of men in the party. I killed two Mexicans in New Mexico, on my way out here, and I killed a soldier at Fort Yuma, and then dared old Heintzelman to take me up. I've been here three weeks, and haint killed no one yet, and I'm going to kill you if you just open your mouth. I'll give these Mexicans a chance to have a funeral."

"Please, sir, don't let them bury me alive," said the young man, ironically.

"Stranger, do yer know who ye are talkin' to this kinder way? Let me hear from yer. I'm from the Cherokee Nation, and I shoot, cut and kill, I do."

At this stage of proceedings Roy came on the scene, and informed the citizen from the Cherokee Nation that he must desist from molesting the boy, and that being in his house he would protect him.

The boy thanked Roy politely, and said: "The gentleman is not dangerous, in my opinion, and won't hurt me." Now the volcano burst forth. "Get out of the way, I'm going to shoot," said "the bloodiest man."

A general rush was made for the four doors, as was always the case when a fight was imminent. The boy stood quiet and smiling until the bloodiest man laid his hand on his revolver, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the boy had the muzzle of a small revolver within a foot of the pit of the desperado's stomach, when, with a voice as polite and gentle as if soliciting the hand of a fair lady in a quadrille, said: "My dear sir, hold up your hands or I'll kill you dead."

With his eye steadily resting on the eye of the bully, who, feeling that he had found his master, had mistook his man, mechanically obeyed.

"Now," said the boy, "unbuckle your belt and let that six-shooter fall," which without demur was done.

"Now take your position at the corner of the room," pointing to the place indicated. The cowed bully obeyed, and the boy picked up the revolver, then called for a cigar, and quietly lighted it.

The crowd now recovered from the panic, looked on the strange proceeding in mute wonder.

"You stay there till I call for you or I'll kill you," said the boy, puffing vigorously at his cigar, and all the time keeping his eye on his disarmed foe.

When the boy got his cigar well started, he walked quietly up to the bully with his little revolver presented, and said: "Sir, hold your hands behind your back. I'm going to stick the fiery end of this cigar in your nose, and you must let it remain there until it goes out, and if you flinch, sniffle or or attempt to take it out "I'll make a funeral for these Mexicans."

He then proceeded to put his threat into execution by thrusting the fiery end of the cigar in the ruffian's nose, and then stepping back to the counter, said: "Gentlemen, resume your games, there will be no further trouble," still keeping a dead aim on the bully, who stood the burning like a martyr for a full minute, when the strange youth, handing the bully's pistol to Roy, said: "When I'm gone give him his revolver, unless he would like to step outside and exchange shots with me like a man. My name is Joe Stokes, and I can whip any man in

California who don't like me, and I like to lay for such soft snaps as the 'Wild Wolf of the Arkansas.'"

A hoot, a general hurrah in English, and "Viva el muchacho tan valiente" went up from the Mexicans, and the "bloodiest man" was hooted and pelted from the crowd, and "little Joe Stokes" was the Napoleon of the "San Gabriel Headquarters" until a late hour in the day, when he and myself rode into Los Angeles. He was the greatest, bravest and most magnanimous of all the desperadoes of early times, and who he was, what he did, how he died, and how in dying he dealt death and destruction around him, will be next in order.

Joe Stokes was a brother of the Stokes who killed Jim Fisk, so I understand, and belonged to a fighting family. The father of the Stokes' was a banker at Philadelphia. Joe was a bookkeeper in Sacramento in 1852, and was about twenty years old. The "Woodcock," the "Humboldt" and the "Empire" were the three principal of the many flourishing gambling houses that abounded in the "Crescent City." After business hours it was the custom of the moral denizens of that fast place to become lookers-on at these fashionable places of gilded vice. Among other frequenters was poor Joe, who was in the habit of once in a while "bucking a slug or two." Joe, however, was quiet, well-behaved, and extremely gentlemanly in his manners, and almost timid in his retiring modesty, and was, at the time of his first appearance in and around the "Humboldt" and "Woodcock," the last person in the world that might be suspected of becoming a *debutant* in the bloody arena of the desperado. Such, nevertheless, was the case. He killed a gambler, which was his first appearance on the stage of death. Tom Collins was a full-fledged scion of Red River chivalry, who could draw a Colt or wield a bowie equal to the leading artist of the time. Tom was eminent as a first-class fighter, and was master of one of the numerous monte banks in full blast at the "Humboldt," and Joe was bucking thereat, and detected Tom in "drawing waxed cards" while dealing, and boldly accused him of the dishonorable, and at the time regarded by the sporting fraternity, reprehensible act.

Tom frowned on Joe as a lion might be supposed to frown on a rat, and gave him just two minutes to leave the house, threatening death in case of refusal, or if he ever caught him within its sacred portals.

Joe quietly dared the gambler to put him out, whereupon Tom sprang from his seat, out with his revolver and blazed away at Joe who quietly folded his arms and informed the cowardly ruffian of his being unarmed and if "you are cowardly enough to shoot an unarmed man then blaze away. I don't belong to the breed that runs."

The brave Tom fired two more shots, Joe standing at ten feet distance and defiantly looking the would-be murderer in the eye. The first shot cut Joe's hair, the second passed between his arm and his body, and the third hit him in the muscle of the arm, inflicting a severe and dangerous flesh wound. At this stage of the game a bystander ran up and gave Joe a loaded revolver, and the brave Collins ran behind a column supporting the ceiling above and fired the fourth shot, missing Joe, who in the meantime deliberately aimed and fired at the only exposed part of Tom's body, hitting him in the neck and killing him instantly. From thenceforward Joe Stokes became a terror. He seemed to delight in broils and was only happy when mixed up in a first class fight, always refused to take an unfair advantage, and was never known to come out second best. He absolutely seemed to delight in danger, was never quarrelsome, always in good humor, cool, quiet and calculating, he was "without doubt the most dangerous man in California," and so said good old Recorder Baker, of San Francisco, in 1855, while imposing a fine on Joe for some small affray. To bring out a salient point in Joe's character, I must take up the "ubiquitous" and venerable Ned McGowan who, by the bye, has been reminiscencing San Francisco, and this truthful and impartial author feels constrained to reminiscence Ned, which he will now commence to do in finishing up our present hero.

Ned McGowan; what memories historical, political, warlike, tragic, dramatic, melodramatic, farcical, comic and amorous, cluster around thy name Oh, Ned! sublime relic of American chivalry never to be known again, for thou art the last of thy kind. When thy gray locks go down to an honored grave, thy deeds of unselfish and noble generosity will survive thee, if not on the page of history, then surely in the memory of all who in the glorious times of the argonaut and the pioneer knew thee

"So gallant in love and so dauntless in war."

In morals and chivalry Ned was emphatically an exaggerated edition of Aaron Burr. In 1855, what Jack Powers was to Santa Barbara, Judge Edward McGowan was to San Francisco. In '56, when Ned shook the sands of the Bay City from his feet, and hied him in the direction of the "City of Vineyards," the halo of glory that surrounded San Francisco the peerless, departed with him, and the blighted metropolis never recovered from the blow of Ned's involuntary emigration. The price of drinks went down from four to two bits in less than a week. Oh! it was a sad falling off, indeed it was. Alas! Alas!

In '52 the author first met the gallant McGowan whose magnificent Magyar-like moustache was at that time whitened by the frosts of nearly fifty northern winters.

In the zenith of his California prosperity McGowan had formed a convenient connexion with a blonde beauty of La Belle France, on whom the amorous Judge lavished all the wealth of his ardent affections and showered his golden tribute without stint. Whatever there was of luxury in the voluptuous city in the way of high living, expensive suppers, fine turnouts, wardrobe, jewelry and fine cottage on Pike street, the generous McGowan procured for this fair and frail daughter of fickle France. Now it so happened that the Democratic horizon in California in '55 was obscured by the Know-Nothing eclipse, and whatever of misfortune befel the California Democracy was most keenly felt by McGowan, because McGowan was the Democracy of California and the Democracy of California was Edward McGowan. Now, therefore, be it understood, that the frail sisterhood on the Pacific slope are and ever have been the best barometers of flush times, and hard times as well, and Mademoiselle was no exception to the generality of her kind, but if anything more acute, and felt the premonitory tremor of coming misfortune to her over-generous protector. The Judge owned the fee simple to the cottage on Pike, worth maybe $15,000. To obtain a transfer of the title papers to herself this adventurous daughter of Gaul lavished her persuasive powers on her flexible lover, and with perfect success. She argued with the Judge that in his declining years he would have a home wherein to betake himself in case of a lame leg or a rainy day, a hook whereon to hang—a prop of support. The deed was duly signed, sealed, delivered and recorded—and lo! a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. The venomous vixen told the Judge that she had no further use for him and that he would her a "favor personal do" to vamose her ranch, to vacate her premises,—in vulgar parlance, to get out, and when the indignant Judge attempted to remonstrate a stalwart son of Gaul put in an appearance and offered a physical argument to that so sweetly urged by his mistress. So the Judge stood not on the order of his going, but went at once. This happened in December, '55, and at that time this truthful historian with the celebrated A. H. Clark (who has been heretofore mentioned as one of the Equadorian Filibusters) as a room-mate, lived under the same roof with the victim of this infernal French duplicity. Our lodging house was on Dupont, near Sacramento, and only a block and a half from the cottage on Pike, and kept by Madame Teresa Show. One Sunday afternoon at about four o'clock, while several of us, Ned being one, were quietly enjoying ourselves in the Madame's front parlor we were startled by a terrific explosion, and hurriedly emerging from the house betook ourselves in the direction thereof, which proved to have occurred at the third house from Sacramento on Pike, in fact was at the late love-nest of the venerable McGowan and the fair French blonde. By the time we were on the ground several had assembled, among whom we found Joe Stokes, apparently the most unconcerned of all. The alarm of fire having been sounded, the Monumental Fire Company were at hand, but there was no call for their service. On enquiring within it was ascertained that some one had deposited an immense petard under the window on the cottage porch and fired the fuse thereof, that the French stalwart aforesaid, Mademoiselle's man of all work, had accidentally opened the door, and observing the sizzing peculiarity, picked it up and pitched it toward the street, but it exploded almost on the instant of leaving his hand, knocking him into the next midsummer and so disfigured the front of that Belle cottage that the Judge himself would not have recognized it. The affair produced a sensation. McGowan was arrested, but easily proved an alibi, he being of the party in Madame Show's parlor when the petard went off. Who the perpetrator was was enveloped in mystery, and light never shone thereon, but the truth is that in the month of March following, on my way to Nicaragua, Joe Stokes being of my company, he informed me that he was the very person that attempted to blow Ned's former frail one into smithereens. He said:

"I once had a fight in the El Dorado, and killed a Frenchman, and but for Judge McGowan it would have gone hard with me. The Judge placed me under such obligations then that I was bound to return the compliment on the first opportunity; but," said he, "you ought to have seen that *Johnny Crapaud* when my petard exploded. I didn't think there was a piece left of him as big as a chew of tobacco. I guess it killed him."

In Nicaragua, with Stokes and some forty others, I boarded the steamer *Cortez*, intending to seize her for the Nicaraguan Government. The *Cortez* was commanded by Captain Napoleon Collins, U. S. N., who in place of permitting us to seize his craft, captured and carried us to Panama, where we happened to be at the great riot and massacre of April 6th, 1856, in which Stokes was killed. This affair being the most bloody and terrible of all of the circumstances of travel to and from California, I take the liberty of this digression to relate it.

THE GREAT PANAMA RIOT AND MASSACRE.

The situation of affairs in Panama at the commencement of the great riot was this: The passengers from three steamers—the *Golden Gate*, from San Francisco, with about nine hundred, the New York steamer with about the same number, the steamer from New Orleans with, say, five hundred, and some four hundred of the *Cortez* passengers, as also the passengers by the British steamers from the South American coast, on their way East and to England, aggregating in the whole not less than three thousand souls, all assembled at the railroad depot, making the change, the Pacific side passengers taking the train just vacated by the Eastern side passengers, who were to go on board the *Golden Gate*.

The cause of the riot was that a drunken, turbulent Irishman, who had given considerable trouble in the steerage of the New York steamer, got into an altercation with a native fruit vender about a watermelon, the one insisting on taking the melon without pay, and the other demanding an equivalent for his merchandise. A fight ensued, and some passengers, ignorant of the cause, ran to the assistance of their fellow when other natives interfered in behalf of their countryman, and a general fight took place, which in a few moments assumed the proportions of a raging, turbulent, uncontrollable, furious and dreadful riot. It was near sunset when the firing commenced, and at the same time all the bells of the *Barrio de Santa Ana*, a vile suburb, commenced ringing, with a general rushing of the vagabond part of the populace toward the depot. At the moment referred to, the writer hereof was enjoying a post-prandial siesta and cigar in the front parlor of one of the hospitable mansions of the city, and stepped on the side-walk just in time to see the soldiery go by in full force, with fixed bayonets and at a double-quick, in the direction of the scene of commotion. At the same time the ladies of the house raised a cry of "revolution! revolution!" which was taken up and passed from door to door, followed by an instantaneous barricading of doors and windows, which they all seemed to understand as if by intuition. I at once ran the distance of a block to my hotel—the Aspinwall—ran up stairs and buckled on my revolver, and started out to find the only egress from the house, an immense door, firmly closed and barricaded. I then went to the balcony above and took a piece of carpet out of a room, twisted one end around a railing, got a lady passenger and guest to hold on to one end to keep it from slipping, and I so dropped to the street, and hied me in the direction of the great uproar. Emerging from the dilapidated city gate in that direction, I was called by name, and turning to a crowd of gentlemen in seeming conference, I at once recognized Ran Runnels, an American resident of Panama, a man of great bravery and influence, and married to the niece of the Governor. He requested me to remain with them, informing me that all the approaches to the depot were barricaded, and it would be sure death for me to attempt to get there. "But," said he, "the Governor here is only awaiting the arrival of his staff to proceed thither and direct the troops in dispersing the rioters, and we will go along with them." By the time he had done speaking the officials referred to arrived, and the party started. The din by this time had assumed the proportions of a full-grown pandemonium—the screaming of hundreds of women and children, the cries of rage and defiance of the more determined of the men, the hoots and yells of the natives, the firing of guns and the smashing and crashing of doors and windows, the groans of the dying and the cries of anguish of men who were being literally cut into pieces—and, to add to the infernal character of the place, was the screaming of the locomotive, that was vainly endeavoring to escape with the train partly filled with passengers. At this state of affairs we arrived at a barricade near the Ocean House, and a hundred yards from the depot, when we were surrounded by an immense crowd of natives, under the leadership of a desperate-looking white Spaniard, all flourishing their cutlasses, and demanding of the Governor an order for arms from the Government arsenal, and threatening him with instant death if he did not comply. I stood within arm's length of the Governor, and remember his reply as well, word for word, as though they were spoken but yesterday. He said to the leader, "I know that this mob would murder me; I know that you have long wished for an opportunity to do so; but now hear me, all of you: *Sooner than issue an arm for any purpose but for the suppression of this infamous disorder, I would suffer myself to be torn limb from limb!*" The Governor was a tall, black-bearded, noble-looking Spaniard, and I say this, after a lapse of twenty-nine years, in his justification, and for the reason that at the time, and soon thereafter, the press of the United States accused the Governor of participating in the riot. Not so. The very contrary was the case. The Ran Runnels of this chapter is now United States Consul at San Juan del Sur Nicaragua, and has so been for many years.

About this time, however, I was recognized, and a cry was raised: "Kill the big Filibuster!" when Ran Runnels stepped quietly up and took that great, desperate-looking Spaniard, the mob-leader, gently by the collar, and at the same time he said to me, "Don't shoot unless I kill this devil, and then let loose and we will break through the crowd." I was utterly astounded at the gentleness and firmness of his voice and manner. Then to the desperado, still continuing his hold on the collar, he said, in an almost whisper: "Keep those dogs off; and now, Don Diego, one motion or effort on the part of these vagabonds here to strike either my friend or myself, and I will send an ounce of lead through the waistband of your pants."

At the same time I saw that he had the villain completely subdued; with one hand so gently on his collar, he was holding in the other a derringer at the pit of Don Diego's stomach. "Keep cool, Captain," he would say to me; "and now, Señor, you must escort us through this crowd, and, when you do so in a satisfactory manner to me, I will release you; but one threat or demonstration on their part, and you, Don Diego, are a dead man." It was perfectly astonishing to see what an influence that one man had over that surging mass of vile humanity. At the wave of his hand they would fall back as gently as a receding billow on the sandy shores of the ocean, and so he safely delivered us on the outskirts of that murderous pack of hell-hounds.

"Now," said Ran, "you have so well complied with my little request that I will keep my promise with you—go! Now, Captain, let us get to your hotel. We can do no good here, and we may save that place if not too late. Oh, God!" cried he, "is it possible that these helpless passengers are to be butchered in this way?"

By this time the noise had become positively terrific. No tongue or pen could describe it. With all my subsequent experience in Nicaragua and on the battlefields of the great civil war, I witnessed nothing that could begin to compare with it in point of diabolical horror.

After several narrow escapes from assassination, we arrived at the Aspinwall and found everything in confusion. The place had been twice attacked, and the assailants were driven off by the Filibusters, who had assembled, some twenty in number, in obedience to previous orders. It was some eight or nine o'clock when we arrived at the hotel, where we found some dozen only, the others having gone to the place of riot in search of myself and others of the company known to be mixed up in the fight. They, however, returned in the course of an hour, having been unable to do more than skirmish on the rear of the main body of the mob.

They, however, did good service with their revolvers, and came back to the hotel with a large number of passengers, whom they had picked up, and also accompanied by quite a number of Jamaica men—so called in Panama—and mostly employes of the Railroad and Steamship Companies. We at once went to work to organize offensive and defensive operations. A party of Filibusters were sent out, accompanied by the Jamaica men—the Filibusters to act either offensively or defensively, and the Jamaicans to gather up the panic-stricken and fugitive passengers. The arrangement worked admirably. The Jamaicans, on account of their color and knowledge of the Spanish language, were enabled to penetrate the mob, when, by speaking English to the passengers, they inspired immediate confidence, and whom they would guide to the Filibusters in the rear, who, when a sufficient number had been collected, would escort them to the Aspinwall.

The Jamaica negroes acted nobly, and were the means of saving hundreds of lives, frequently refusing large proffers of reward from those whom they had saved. And so we kept up our sallies and rescues during the night, all of which time the infernal uproar continued. At about midnight regular volley firing commenced, and continued until half past three in the morning. It was the soldiers firing through the thin sides of the railroad baggage-room, where some hundreds of passengers, under the direction of Joe Stokes, the "little Filibuster," had securely barricaded themselves and could have held out against the mob until the crack of doom but for an unfortunate occurrence. The troops under the direction of their leader, while endeavoring to disperse the mob with the bayonet, were fired on by the barricaded passengers, who supposed them to be of the murderous mob. The soldiers returned the fire, became unmanageable, and thenceforward acted with the mob. Few of the passengers were armed, and those who were were unsupplied with ammunition to reload their pistols when fired off, and then the surprise, the panic—no possibility of organized defense—the only two efforts at organization, the Aspinwall and the baggage room, were effected solely by the Filibusters. Stokes defended the entrance to the baggage room, during the whole night—passengers loading and passing revolvers to him, and had repulsed repeated charges on the door, both by the mob and the soldiers, who were now, after midnight acting as a mob and without organization. During the fore part of the night Stokes and Bob Marks, a watchman at the depot, had got an old swivel into the baggage-room, loaded it to the muzzle with boiler rivets, placed it in position in the main entrance, and kept it for the final emergency, which they knew to be inevitable. At half-past three, when the firing had ceased from within, and when about every one inside was either killed or disabled, the military mob forced the door, and rushed in at a charge bayonet. Then Stokes opened his masked battery. When the mob received that full and unexpected blast of boiler rivets directly in the face, which killed outright fifteen of the soldiers and wounded many more, they fell back on the pursuing mob behind, only for a moment, to be thrust forward again. Stokes and Marks only waited long enough to witness the effect produced by their terrific farewell. The two heroes, having fired their last shot, ran up-stairs into the telegraph-room, and Stokes had succeeded in reloading his revolver, and had turned to go out, when he was met at the door by a soldier and shot through the lungs. Poor Bob Marks was bayoneted on the spot. All the wounded in the baggage-room were brained and bayoneted, and, except the general sacking, the Panama horror was at an end. Colonel Garrido, a brave and, I believe, a humane officer, having tried without avail to arrest the carnage in the baggage-room, and hearing the shot up-stairs that killed poor Stokes, ran up in time to save him from being bayoneted, administered to his relief, and on the day following, with the consent of the Governor, ordered a platoon of the military to fire a salute over his grave. Colonel Garrido himself, being present, said: "Poor fellow! What would I have given to have saved him? He was the bravest man I ever saw."

Poor Stokes, only a wayward boy, was the hero of that night, and when the news of his heroic defence of those passengers, and his death, reached San Francisco, a movement was at once set on foot to erect a monument over his last resting-place, but, unfortunately, Ned McGowan took an active part in it, and during its progress the great Vigilance Committee rose. Ned became an outlaw, and the matter was forgotten. Alas! poor Stokes! He died the death of a hero and martyr, and deserved a monument.

Many in San Francisco and Los Angeles certainly remember Stokes; if so, let them shed a tear to his memory.

The result of this great enormity was the murder of two or three hundred defenceless passengers of both sexes; the exact number was never known. The American Consul held inquests over the bodies of sixty-three. He also took an account of $450,000 in gold, stolen by the mob, and the matter has since been a subject of diplomacy between our Government and that of New Granada, now Columbia, and may so continue to be for a length of time far greater than the lives of the most favored of those who were either engaged in or witnessed it.

Having brought out the name of Clark in this chapter, and having heretofore spoken of him, I may be pardoned in making this chapter a little longer by paying a slight tribute to his memory. He was the first civil appointee of the Government who came to Los Angeles—he coming in '52 to look after Uncle Sam's Customs here and hereabout. He was a political protege of Senator Gwinn, a noble fellow, a polished gentleman, and possibly the most classical scholar of the age. But he had no capacity for looking out for himself; he couldn't make money, was always in debt. In '55 he came within two votes of being elected Judge of Los Angeles county, and in October of which year he left here and went to San Francisco, remaining a few days in San Pedro, whence he sent back the following manifesto to his creditors:

"Beard the lion in his den—the Douglas in his hall."

"Beloved Creditors—The celebrated English orator, Charles Fox, fled from the multiplicity of his debts, and sought to resuscitate the drooping energies of exhausted nature, amid the glorious productions of that famous city where the gifted Powers first drew from the rude marble, a thing of matchless beauty.

"At a later day an humbler but no less impulsive speck on the surface of animated existence, retired from the indignation of confiding money gatherers, and on the margin of that beautiful valley which stretches in 'airy undulations' from the waves of the Pacific to the base of the Sierra Nevada, forgot the magnitude of his liabilities in the pursuit of 'calm contemplation, and poetic ease.'

"After an absence of several weeks Fox wrote back to London that the fevers of Florence had wrought such a damnable change in his appearance that his oldest creditors would not know him. A week has only passed since my departure from Los Angeles, and the sea breezes of San Pedro have already so tempered the ardors of youth that the most generous sympathizer in my fortunes would scarcely recognize the man who developed in *others* so many weaknesses of the human heart.

"Fox returned to the English metropolis, and liquidated his indebtedness by the power of his genius and his eloquence. I might pursue the same course, gentlemen, and with like success, if such benefactions of nature were properly appreciated in this age of dollars and cents. But circumstances demand from me an adjustment of a far different character, and I trust the sentiments which have enabled me to outlive the storms of adverse life may afford you matter of personal consolation and themes for private contemplation.

"The most of you, gentlemen, belong to that class of men who have immigrated to these pleasant latitudes for no other purpose than to satisfy the cravings of cupidity, and then return to feather a nest in the place which threw over your first efforts the cold shadows of failure. You see nothing in this region that appeals to the higher instincts of nature and allures to noble action. Who among you that has built up for himself a permanent and generous identity? Who has struggled for the moral and intellectual elevation of the community in which he lives? Can you point to a single ornament or a single blessing conferred in a manner commensurate with your capabilities? With you gold is the standard of respectability and weigher of excellence. You stand in this beautiful country, which God has spread out for the theatre of progressive civilization, and manifest, by your fierce scramble after wealth, a disposition to make the accumulation of money the paramount consideration of your existence. You will soon depart for the land where the energies of manhood failed to find their oracles of hope and of success, and will you leave behind a single tribute of respect for the country which elevated you from a poverty that would otherwise have clung as the poisoned shirt to the back of Hercules?

"Gentlemen, your accustomed shrewdness will find no difficulty in seeing my justification. I lay it down as an axiom 'well worthy of general acceptation' that a permanent citizen is not restrained by the ordinary rules of morality in his efforts to prevent transient speculators from bearing away the circulating medium of his country. The contracting of debts in such cases is not the commission of an error to be deplored, but the introduction of a virtue to be admired. To you the commencement of my career was as 'glorious as the eve of a battle—its termination' sad as the morrow of a victory—and yet it furnishes many a fruitful and significant lesson. The failure of an obscure individual may develop truths as everlasting as any that ever resulted from the wildest revolution.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, remember that Jupiter enshrined himself in a shower of gold to corrupt the virtue of the beautiful Diana—that mammon poured into the lap of Spain deep streams of wealth to destroy her national modesty—that the love of money may cause you to forget the higher objects of creation, the ordinary incidents of humanity.

ALBERTO."

Poor Albert! he was too refined for this crude world, and died in 1862, dependent on a brother, W. T. Clark, formerly of Los Angeles, late of Indianapolis, Indiana; also dead. May they both rest in peace is the prayer of one who loved them for their many virtues and was blind to their faults.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Know Nothings Carry the Day in 1855—Downey Again—Aleck Bell Again, and How He Won a Fine Position, and How He Managed His Friends at San Quintin—James King of William.

THE Know Nothing party had its origin in New York in 1853, and swept the land like a whirlwind for a time. It reached California in '55, and in the same year found its grave in the classic land of Virginia, Governor Henry A. Wise being the Wellington of the great Waterloo of the party. In California its bugle blast of battle was sounded in June, the resonant notes of which swept the southern plains, penetrated the cañons and gorges of the great Sierras, reached the mountain fastnesses of the Trinity and Klamath, and ascended the highest habitable peaks of the snowy range. In September its fiery battalion marched with unbroken front and furious tread, crushing down all opposition, and carried the State by storm, exhausted itself, and died in December. When the Legislature met, in January, '56, the party was refused the rights of honorable sepulture. Such was the remarkable rise, career and death of this furious faction. The first misfortune that befel the party was in the land of its birth, in the nomination of one Daniel Ullman for Governor of the Empire State. Ullman was a foreigner, and as the creed of the party was political proscription to foreigners, the nomination was a fatal mistake. Ullman was an old humbug, who, had he only held his peace, would have been elected anyway, so formidable was the party in New York; but he opened his mouth, and sealed the doom of the party. The query of the campaign was, "What is he?" meaning Ullman. No one knew. The gubernatorial candidate refused to tell, and the answer to the question was that "Daniel Ullman is a *Hindoo*," and the party at that New York election was effectually Hindoo'd.

It may be interesting to some survivor of the great native American party to know the final fate of its illustrious New York standard-bearer, and this truthful writer of Reminiscences will claim his privilege of digression and take great pleasure in winding up Ullman in history as he did in fact, in February, 1865, when the "Hindoo" found his Waterloo on one of the bloodless fields of the great civil war. In 1863 the "Hindoo" came to New Orleans from Washington wearing the stars of a Brigadier, and surrounded by a full-fledged staff resplendent in blue, glitter and gold. The mission of these birds of brilliant plumage was to organize an army of negroes to fill the bomb-proof positions while the true boys in blue went forth to fight face to face with the grim graybacks of the Southern Confederacy. It may be a long time before the truth of history reveals itself, but when it does it will be found that for effective fighting the colored soldiers of the Union were not a success, but were certainly equal to the Generals, Colonels and subalterns who commanded them. Under General Banks the "Hindoo's" career was surpassingly brilliant,—good clothes, good pay, the best rations, most comfortable tents pitched on positions impregnable, good times and no fighting, no hard knocks, or any service greater than standing guard and raiding hen-roosts. The career of the "Corps de Afrique" under the "Hindoo" was the very perfection of military ease and idleness. Notwithstanding all this good cheer and an unlimited supply of whisky, the "Hindoo" hungered for the honors of the battle-field, and fretted and chafed like a regular Hindoo tiger to be let loose on the foes of human liberty. But no! the flesh and blood of these dusky warriors was too sacred to be sacrificed. White men were, in the opinion of the authorities, the only proper food for gunpowder, and the "Hindoo," with his colored cohorts to the number of about 10,000, with some two thousand white veterans to guard them, was forced to chew the cud of military disappointment at the camp of Morganza, twelve miles below the mouth of Red River, on the Father of Waters, and submit to a life of military inactivity, while the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry resounded from the Rio Grande to the Potomac.

From Morganza to the Achafalaya river was thirteen miles. About fifteen miles beyond, at a place called Big Cane, a former citizen of Los Angeles, a Confederate Brigadier, J. L. Brent, commanded a small force of Confederate cavalry, to watch the camp at Morganza, a Texas fellow named Collins, and a gallant creole, Carmouche by name, had small scouting parties on the Peninsula, formed by the Mississippi, the Achafalaya and Red Rivers.

This was the military situation in February 1865, when a small party of civil engineers went up from New Orleans to examine the condition of the levees near the mouth of Red River, and took with them an order from General Canby (who had relieved General Banks) for an escort to and from the place to be examined. In compliance with the order the "Hindoo" turned out with his entire staff, marshaled 5,000 of his "Corps de Afrique," with drum corps and bands; Colonel Chrysler, with his Second New York Cavalry; Colonel E. J. Davis, with his First Texas Cavalry, the Twenty-Fourth Indiana Infantry, and Marlin's New York Battery of rifled guns, with ambulances, medical corps, ammunition and provision trains, with three wagons to carry the stores (principally whisky) for himself and bibulous staff. The war was evidently drawing to a close, and the "Hindoo" had not as yet fleshed his maiden sword—his "Corps de Afrique" had never been baptized in the fire and flame of battle, and here was an opportunity not to be lost.

It took about three days to place this army on its marching legs. Finally this great force, *in numbers greater* than Washington commanded at Monmouth, marched out of the splendid fortifications at Morganza, with flags flying, drums beating and bands playing inspiriting airs. It marched forth, first the "Corps de Afrique" with skirmish line extending from river bank to swamp, a mile back. Second in order of march was Marlin's battery; then came the General and staff, with the New York Cavalry regiment as a body guard; next the white infantry, and the Texas cavalry as rear guard.

This was a very deliberately planned campaign, and by the time the army had passed over the space of three miles, the rattle of musketry commenced on the skirmish line, and the "Hindoo" sent an aide-de-camp forward to learn the situation, who went off like a rocket, and soon returned, his war horse covered with foam, with the announcement of a large force of "rebels in front." Now the "Corps de Afrique" is deployed in line of battle and the white veterans are held in reserve. Marlin's guns are unlimbered and run into battery immediately in rear of the black and blue battle line. Skirmishers are rallied on the batallions, the bugles sound the advance, the bands play the charge, the "Hindoo" and staff ply their canteens. The "Corps de Afrique" give three cheers and a tiger, bravely advance and open a terrific fire from right to left, from river to swamp. The "Hindoo" and his staff dash along the roaring battle-line cheering, and urging it on to victory, and to "give no quarter." "Remember Fort Pillow." "Give 'em h—ll!" And now Marlin is ordered forward, the "Hindoo" himself guiding the battery into position. "Now, Marlin, turn loose my war dogs and make 'em bite," was the "Hindoo's" order. Marlin seeing no enemy, inquired, "General, am I to consider this as an order?" and the general put a flea in his ear.

Marlin now opened, and fired thirty rounds from his battery, and the "Corps de Afrique" kept up a perfect blaze of battle. The "Hindoo" next planned a combined movement of horse, foot and artillery, and in charging over the field to direct the movement in person, having become so waterlogged, he fell off his horse. Colonel Chrysler, disgusted with the infernal tomfoolery (for be it known, patriotic Americans, there were not fifty armed enemies within thirty miles of this field of the "Hindoo's" fall), came forward, stopped the waste of ammunition, ordered a Sergeant with an ambulance and guard to take charge of the "Hindoo," which they did in the most approved New York style, relieving him of his purse, his watch, diamond pin, studs and other valuables; then placing the *dead drunk* GENERAL in an ambulance, he was carted back to Morganza. The "Hindoo" General was deprived of the glory of writing a report of this bloodless battle, but nevertheless it *was* reported, and now finds its way into the war history. The writer of this warlike episode was at the time serving on the staff of General Canby, and happening to visit Morganza on the day following this great waste of ammunition, and being informed of the facts by Captain Marlin, Colonel Chrysler, and other white officers, did himself the pleasure of writing a report thereof to the Commanding General, who without any further inquiry ordered the "Hindoo" to Washington under arrest. The Ordnance Officer estimated the value of the ammunition expended in that sham battle, intended to redound to the glory of the "Hindoo" General and his "Corps de Afrique," to be $30,000. And such was the end of the Know Nothing candidate for Governor of New York. In that memorable Know Nothing campaign of '55, Los Angeles stood by the Democratic colors, and elected my gallant Ranger comrade, Don David W. Alexander, Sheriff of the county, and sent John G. Downey as representative to the Legislature. This was the ex-Governor's first move on the political chess-board. Aleck Bell was the luckiest man of the day, and this is the way his good luck cropped out:

There were two Alexander Bells in Los Angeles, both captains, one having served under Taylor in Mexico and the other having served under Stockton and Kearney in California. The latter was a wealthy, most popular and estimable citizen of Los Angeles, and the former was a first-class adventurer and noted *russler*. Colonel Butts, of bear fighting fame, was the Know-Nothing delegate from Los Angeles to the State convention and suggested Alexander the rich, as a nominee on the State ticket for State Prison Director, an office with a $3,500 annual salary thereto attached and with perquisites of many more thousands thereto belonging. When the State ticket was announced Alexander the russler swore he was the man, interviewed Butts, promised him the prison beef contract if he'd keep mum, was the first to take the stand at the ratification meeting, accept the nomination and pledge *his* influence, to the ticket. He next went to his rich namesake, begged his acquiesence, and, notwithstanding several indignation meetings, Alexander, the russler, brazened the thing through, claimed his election, got his certificate, took his seat as President of the Board, swamped the whole directory in less than three months by incurring immense debts for reckless prison expenditures which brought down the wrath of the Legislature, and the Board was abolished.

When Aleck claimed the nomination his worldly wealth would not have sold, including his wardrobe, for $20. When legislated out of office he had good clothes, not a dollar in money, but had incurred personal debts of about $20,000. This was Aleck's misfortune, he was generally flat broke and was the best borrower I ever knew. He borrowed from everybody and paid nobody. He never knew a man in California from whom he didn't borrow money in sums ranging from one to a thousand dollars. His manner was such that no one could refuse him. He was hale fellow well met with all classes of people from the highest in position to the veriest vagabond.

When Aleck got into this first-class position some of his friends in San Francisco advised him to go through the insolvent court, get relieved of his debts and make a new start and a provision for his family. This he indignantly refused, maintaining that he intended to pay his debts.

"How much do you think you owe, Aleck?" queried one of his friends. "Do you mean in California?" said Aleck. "Yes, in California," was the answer. "Well," said Aleck, "I don't think I owe over $2,000,000."

Now when Aleck took command at San Quintin, he found that among the ragged rascals there confined every fifth man was an old friend, each of whom claimed an indebtedness for small loans made when times were flush with them. Some had known him in Texas, some in the army in Mexico, others had followed him to Equador, and had worked for him at Panama. He found Los Angeles friends, San Francisco friends, friends from Stockton, from Sonora, Mokelumne Hill, Santa Barbara, and friends and kinsmen of his Sonoreña wife.

Aleck was the most open-handed, whole-souled, generous and liberal of men, and his heart opened and yearned toward these former friends, now in prison rags and half-starved, and he hied him to San Francisco, and bought the best of blankets, underwear, boots, hats, black doeskin pants, red shirts and warm coats for his family of 500 convicts, two suits each; had the prison renovated from floor to roof, the convicts shaved, shorn, scrubbed, and made comfortable, and had the prison larder stocked, and the table supplied in such style as would have bankrupted a second-rate hotel; cigars and tobacco were furnished, and forlorn indeed was the poor convict whose throat got cobwebed for the lack of whisky. Alas for the poor devils at San Quintin, Aleck so ran the thing in the ground, that in less than a month a Committee of the Legislature investigated the prison management, and on their report, during the third month, as before stated, the directory was wound up.

Another misfortune befel him. After his election, in September, Aleck took up his residence in the Bay City, and as a fact he was more widely known than any man in the State, and was besieged every day for a position at the prison, when he went into office on the 1st of January, and letters came from all quarters to the same effect, all of whom Aleck promised, and from all of whom he got a small loan to help him along till he went in. So when Aleck went over to take charge of the prison there was such a gathering of the clans as was never known on that side of the bay. Offices were multiplied. The guards were doubled, and sinecures created. Still not one in five could be provided for, but they were all invited to hang up their hats, eat, drink, and be merry, until something could be done for them, which caused some of the Committee to facetiously designate our State Prison as the "Loafers' Asylum." This now reminds me of a story. Old R. had a farm at El Monte which he sold at a sacrifice, and went to San Francisco to get a fat prison contract, Aleck being a great friend of his. Now it happened that Albert H. Clark and myself were rooming together at Madame Show's on Dupont street, adjoining St. Mary's cathedral, and one cold, wet evening in December I was reclining on a sofa and Clark was seated by the coal fire smoking. There was no light except that given by the coal fire. Old R. came in, took a seat, and after some preliminary conversation requested a loan until the Los Angeles steamer returned, saying he had sent to his wife for money.

"Why," said Clark, "R., I was thinking about hunting you up for a loan, hearing that you had sold your ranch; you certainly didn't come up here without a supply of coin."

"The fact is," said R., "I got here with about $600, and went up to Sacramento with Aleck Bell and Bob Haley to fix up those political appointments, and lent them my money and they came away and left me, and I don't know how I could have got back had I not met a man who knew me and paid my fare down. The truth is, Clark, I haven't eaten a morsel all day."

"What! is that all?" said Clark; "you a politician and complain about going without eating for a day! I sometimes go a week without eating. I went to Sacramento some time ago and was gone ten days and didn't eat a morsel during my whole absence. My friend, starting in as a politician, take my advice and train your stomach."

I could stand this no longer. Old R. was one of the best of fellows, and I stopped Clark's cruel joking and we took our mutual friend in and shared our comforts with him.

When Aleck went into office old R. was on hand, but failed to get a contract, and concluded to content himself with a hundred dollars a month and found, as a guardsman, but there were about five hundred ahead of him, and he for a time became a pensioner on the establishment until it happened that Texas Jack, a most eminent horse thief, who boasted of never having stolen less than twenty horses at one time, and sometimes a thousand, and was withal an old friend of Aleck's—a Texas friend. Jack was a convict, in for ten years, and was master of the equine establishment at San Quintin, that is to say he was chief hostler, and presuming on his old friendship with Aleck, and anticipating an easier place, resigned, and old R. was appointed to this honorable position, and reaped the reward of his political fidelity and with his $100 a month as successor to the renowned Jack, pined not after his Monte farm, sold for less than half its value, and his $600 invested in politics through the medium of Aleck Bell and Bob Haley.

In the fall of 1855, James King of William founded the *Bulletin*, which fell upon San Francisco like a roaring lion, evidently intent on reforming public morals, or wiping out the general public, for be it known, modern reader, that, at that time San Francisco was not heavy on morals. All of the contemporaneous publications took a tilt at the audacious innovator, and they all in detail got their lances shivered in the encounter, for was not the virtuous reformer encased in the armor of purity, and armed with the sword of morality? The *Alta* pitched into him, and was sent to grass. The *Herald* was "knocked out of time," and the *Daily American* (of which Aleck Bell was the proprietor during its short life, and Edward Pollock was editor, while the author occupied the more humble office of local scribe), stripped itself to the "buff," imbibed a goodly supply of "Dutch courage," and entered the arena, determined to maul the mug of this champion of the editorial prize ring. James King of William was a broken banker, and the *American* called him a "ruined Shylock," a "morbid money changer," "honest Iago," and other such pet names. Pollock had too much editorial discretion to write such stuff. The closing editorial was written by the distinguished proprietor himself, under the inspiration of at least one hundred "cocktails" and undiluted "straights." It transpired that when King was on the Shylock lay-out, Aleck had deposited his I.O.U. behind King's counter for a small pecuniary accommodation, for which he was to pay the usual ten per cent. monthly interest. Now it came to pass that the *American* went for the *Bulletin's* blood in the morning, anticipating that King would "counter" in the evening. Not so, however; the *Bulletin* didn't say a single word in reply, but at about ten o'clock on the same day one of Sheriff Dave Scannell's deputies came around and closed up the pugilistic *American*, on a writ of attachment at the suit of the "Shylock" King, who demanded his money and his accumulated pounds of flesh. So the great *American* gun was most effectually spiked.

Early in '56, the *Sunday Times* made its appearance in the arena of journalistic pugilism. Supervisor James P. Casey was its editor, and gave the *Bulletin* such a stunning blow, square from the shoulder, as caused the claret to freely flow. The *Bulletin* replied by asserting the truth to be that the *Times'* editor was an ex Sing-Sing convict, which so riled Casey that he hied him hurriedly in quest of the great oracle McGowan, and is supposed to have communed with him on the subject matter of insult, borrowed Ned's Derringer, so thought at the time, and on the same day killed the king of San Francisco editors. To understand this matter more fully the reader must be informed that no one could be killed in San Francisco without McGowan's consent, and as Casey killed King, as was freely maintained, with Ned's pistol, it was quite easy to infer that Ned consented thereto, and the Vigilance Committee hung Casey for murder, held McGowan to be an accessory before the fact, and he was forced to flee the wrath of the Committee, and take refuge in the mountain fastnesses of the southern counties.

The author of these truthful reminiscenses, has frequently called himself the "truthful historian," and does not assert as a fact that Casey and McGowan conspired to kill James King of William, or that Casey killed King with Ned's pistol, or that the ex-Judge had anything to do with or knowledge of the intended assassination. The author is unwilling to infer such to be the case. But as McGowan was afterward indicted, tried and acquitted of the charge we must all agree that he was innocent thereof.

Notwithstanding the 9,000 members of the great San Francisco Vigilance Committee in their excess of zeal, believed McGowan to be guilty, sought for but didn't find him, and after having searched half the houses in San Francisco from garret to cellar, beat the bush in and around the sand hills, it was ascertained that the flying fugitive had reached Santa Barbara. A large force followed and would, but for the shrewdness and honesty of Jack Powers, have captured him. I repeat, *honesty of Jack Powers.* Jack saved Ned McGowan. The great Vigilance Committee offered $20,000 for his arrest and Jack Powers could have pocketed that sum by betraying his guest into their hands. Does not this speak volumes for the honesty and manhood of that unfortunate and much abused character.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Another Revolution—Juan Flores Raises the Standard of Revolt—Captures San Juan Capistrano—Levies Forced Loans—Murders a Merchant—Massacre of the Sheriff's Party—A Vendetta—General Pico takes the Field—T. D. Mott Commands an Expedition to San Buenaventura—The Rebellion Squelched—Rebels Hung—Bloody Trophies—Stuttering Aleck.

IN MAY '55, Myon Norton, then Judge of the Court of Sessions of Los Angeles County, sent three of our gentle angels into a forced retirement at hard labor and harder fare in our State Asylum for thieves and other malefactors. The first of this trio was a red-headed gringo named Welch. Juan Gonzales, who had the year previous acted the part of hangman in the execution of the lamented Dave Brown was the second, and Juan Flores was the third, and apparently the most insignificant, but, as the sequel will show, the most important personage who ever represented our angel population in the halls of State at San Quintin. All three were sent up for the unromantic crime of horse stealing. Juan Flores was a dark complexioned fellow of medium height slim, lithe and graceful, a most beautiful figure in the fandango or on horseback, and about twenty-two years old. There was nothing peculiar about Juan except his tiger-like walk—always seeming to be in the very act of springing upon his prey. His eyes, neither black, grey, nor blue, greatly resembling those of the owl—always moving, watchful and wary, and the most cruel and vindictive-looking eyes that were ever set in human head. These gentlemen from Los Angeles not relishing the boiled sturgeon and other fish diet with which the lessees of the prison fed their guests, and the brick yard having no charms for them, after a few months of service, with a hundred or two others made a break for liberty, were recaptured and subjected to a prison discipline and surveillance that rendered any future escape a moral impossibility. However, those ever watchful eyes of Juan only waited for half a chance to make another effort, and in October '56 an opportunity was seized which to Juan proved successful, though many of his comrades were slaughtered, more of them retaken, while a few of the more determined escaped. A few days only, before the most desperate of all breaks from San Quintin was made, a notorious desperado from Shasta was lodged within the walls of this celebrated prison whose name, if known to the prison officers, was never used to designate him, but, calling himself the "Red Horse," was so known to his fellows. Jim Webster, however, was his true name. A brig was loading with brick at the prison wharf. The gangs of convicts who were engaged in the work, on reaching the brickyard outside the walls early one morning, were raised to fury by the startling cry of, "Who dare follow the Red Horse? Onward, boys, for the brig and liberty!" Then was heard in response a terrific yell, the rattling of chains and firing of guns, as the crowd of chained demons rushed down the wharf and on board the brig. The guard, who were at hand, opened fire on them with their rifles and revolvers, and several were killed. Juan Flores was the first to follow the "Red Horse," and his wild carajo urged his countrymen on to death or liberty. The *melee* was awful. The captain and crew of the brig were driven below, and the guards on board disarmed and tumbled overboard. Overlooking the wharf was a promontory, on which was stationed a battery of one six-pounder field-piece and one twelve-pounder howitzer. The convicts, on boarding the brig, cast off her moorings, swung her to the outgoing tide, when lo! a shower of cannister was poured into them at a distance less than seventy yards, and the riflemen on the wharf shot them down like dogs.

In spite of all this slaughter the "Red Horse," commanding those who spoke English, and Juan, yelling his orders in the shrill language of Mexico, succeeded in setting the sails of the brig, and the wind being favorable, sailed beyond the reach of grape cannister and rifle ball, and those who were not killed, or who had not jumped overboard and were drowned, or who reached the wharf and surrendered, succeeded in crossing the bay to Contra Costa, and escaped, Juan Flores and Pancho Daniel being of the number. A couple of weeks later Juan and Pancho were at San Luis Obispo with a party of fifteen or twenty followers and made known their intent to go to Los Angeles, raise the standard of revolt and rid the country of the hated gringos. At San Luis they met one Andres Fontes, who had served out a two years' term in the penitentiary, and who joined them on condition that they would help him to murder Jim Barton, Sheriff of Los Angeles County, whom Andres claimed had unjustly accused and sent him to the penitentiary.

This Andres Fontes was a native California boy and when sent to the penitentiary was only about eighteen years old. When taken from the Los Angeles jail he threatened the Sheriff with future assassination. There had been a difficulty between Andres and Barton about to this effect: Our angel Sheriff was an unmarried man and lived in illicit intercourse with an Indian woman, who, for some alleged ill treatment, left him and went to a family residing on the east side of the river. Barton went for her and on her refusal to go with him violently seized and was dragging her away, when Andres happened to be riding along the road, interposed in favor of the woman, and Barton was constrained to desist. One or two days thereafter Andres, at the instance of the Sheriff, was arrested on a charge of felony and was convicted and sent to San Quintin, and hence his desire to murder Sheriff Barton, and the cause that induced him to join the embryo revolution under Juan Flores.

In due course of time the party, with augmented numbers, arrived at Los Angeles, and dispersing around town, had a good time of it for a few days, and then, numbering fifty, departed for San Juan Capistrano, sixty miles toward San Diego. Arriving there, Juan raised the standard of revolt, dispatched couriers to notify the rancheros and invite them to his standard. Judging the temper of his countrymen by his own, he felt sure of a general uprising. Never was there a more fatal mistake. The native Californians, it is true, raised, not to assist in a hair-brained insurrection, but to put it down, and to punish the insurgents.

The first thing Juan did after dispatching his couriers was to raise the sinews of war. He first called on Juan Forster, who shelled out. Then he went from one gringo to another, until a German was found who refused to pay. He was, in conformity with the rules of revolution, taken to the plaza and shot. Juan then dispatched a false messenger to inform Sheriff Barton of the disturbance, and to mislead him, in order that he might be led into a trap and murdered, and thus the compact with Fontes would be made good. On the reception of the information falsely given as to the disturbance, Barton called for a few volunteers to go with him to San Juan. Cyrus Lyon inquired as to the number of men he proposed taking, and on being informed that ten would be enough, refused to go. Cy Lyon was one of our most efficient Rangers, and was better informed as to the magnitude of the danger than any other person, and told Barton that if he went with a less number than fifty or sixty men, it would be at the peril of being cut off and slaughtered. Accompanied by only twelve men, Barton set out for the scene of disturbance, and arrived at San Joaquin Ranch, within eighteen miles of San Juan. Here Don Jose

Sepulveda warned him of his danger, and urged him to go no farther, but to send back to Los Angeles for more men, and await their coming. An old Frenchman, the ranch cook, assured Barton that a trap was set for him; also that a party of the robbers, double the number of the Sheriff's party, had just been at the ranch.

With all these admonitions of danger the Sheriff and his little party took up their line of march for San Juan. They had proceeded but a short distance when a man rode out of the tall mustard fired at them and galloped away up the road, pursued helter-skelter by the gringos who one at a time ran into an ambuscade and were shot down.

It so happened that Frank Alexander and Calvin Hardy were some little distance behind the main body, and as they galloped up saw the situation in time, wheeled their horses in the road and fled in the direction of Los Angeles, being pursued by members of the gang all the way to the Santa Ana River. With the exception of those two the party was massacred. Barton fired his double-barrelled gun without effect, fell from his horse and was riddled with bullets as he lay on the ground, still, however, discharging the six shots from his revolver without effect. In fact not a man of the insurgent band was either killed or wounded. When Barton had fired his last shot, Andres Fontes approached, and deliberately aiming, shot him through the head, as he aimed, Barton raised himself on one elbow, hurled his empty revolver at the assassin, and was at the same moment shot dead. Thus ended the massacre. Taking the arms, equipments and horses of the murdered gringos, the murderers returned to San Juan in triumph. When the news reached Los Angeles, it produced a most profound sensation. Gringos held their breath in the intensity of their alarm. Brave men looked at each other in blank terror and asked, "Where will this end?" There was some fear as to how the native Californians, the Spaniards, would act in the matter. This was soon settled by General Andres Pico and Don Tomas Sanchez calling for volunteers to put down the disturbance and punish the assassins. In a day they had a large force and were ready to take the field. In the meantime the gringos coming in from all parts of the country organized into companies, and the Board of Supervisors of the County having appointed Jim Thompson to the vacant office of Sheriff, he assuming command, the little army took up its line of march to the seat of war. On the advance nearing San Juan, the insurgents, in good order, and with pack mules carrying supplies, retired to the mountains and were not found till the afternoon of the day following, when, through the aid of Don Jose Sepulveda, they were tracked to an impregnable position in the Santiago cañon.

The insurgents were insolent and defiant. Some firing and skirmishing took place without effect, when it was determined to surround, settle down and besiege the position, which before nightfall was successfully done. Flores now seeing that the tables were turned, and that he himself had fallen into a trap, resolved to lose no time in escaping therefrom, and at an early hour in the night made the attempt, with only partial success, himself and his Lieutenant falling into the hands of the gringos, and some fifteen or twenty of his men being captured by the vigilant Pico. The manner in which Flores and Pancho Daniel were captured was, in the darkness they rode over a precipice, and rolled and tumbled down, down, down, with a great clatter, and finally landed in a gringo camp at the bottom. The rest of the band escaped, for the time. The capture of the two leaders produced great joy and satisfaction, and the company from El Monte claimed the right to guard the prisoners. which they were permitted to do. The captive Captain and his Lieutenant were secured by tying their arms behind their backs, and disposing of them in the midst of sleeping Monte gringos, who, after re-posting their sentries, resigned themselves to slumber. Morning came, and with it an intense excitement. The two birds had flown. The Captain, his Lieutenant, and two of the best horses belonging to the now crestfallen Monte gringos, were missing. When they had fallen into camp, as it were, from the skies, the surprise was great, but now it was greater, and failing to find an aperture in the earth through which they might have continued their downward descent, and not finding the two horses missing, as aforesaid, the Monte gringos concluded that their two captives had in some mysterious manner outwitted them, and vamosed the ranch. (It was afterwards ascertained that the two prisoners had worked their backs together, and one had untied the other, and they thus escaped.)

Dispositions were now made for a vindictive pursuit. Thomas D. Mott, a handsome, quiet young fellow, who had up to this time stood modestly in the background, was in command of one of the companies, and was ordered to proceed in all haste to San Buenaventura, raise the people, watch the roads, and make sure that none escaped in that direction. Others were dispatched in the direction of San Diego, the Cajon and San Gorgonio passes as well as the San Fernando Pass. Captain Stanley who had succeeded Captain Hope, was in the saddle with his Rangers, and the military at Jurupa and Tejon were notified. These dispositions made to guard the passes, and to reach them required hard riding and fatigue, it being from the *locus in quo* to San Buenaventura full one hundred and twenty miles, to San Fernando seventy-five miles, and to other places not so far, and the main body was being disposed to scour the mountains and plains. Some prying gringo eyes now discovered that notwithstanding General Pico with his followers were present, the prisoners taken by him on the previous night were not visible, and upon inquiry Don Andres said he had "confessed" them. Some doubt being expressed as to how they might have been disposed of, Don

Andres spoke to a weather-beaten, bronzed hero who galloped off up the cañon, and soon returned wearing pendant from his burly neck, shot-pouch fashion, a most beautiful necklace made of human ears strung on a raw-hide string. These trophies being conclusive evidence that if the former owners thereof had not been "confessed," then certainly they had been otherwise piously disposed of. This being satisfactory, operations were resumed, and scouring the country commenced. Tom Mott rode rapidly to San Buenaventura and arrived just in time to fall in with a party of the insurgents, and the first notice given the good people of the quiet Mission village was the rattle of revolvers as the two hostile parties at early dawn met in the street. The robbers fled to a vineyard; some were shot down and others captured, and by the time the citizens were astir the affair was over. Espinosa, one of the leaders, was captured. Informing the citizens of the gravity of the situation, Mott delivered his prisoners to them for safe keeping, and hurried back to the Simi Pass to take position and endeavor to intercept others, and to dispatch a courier to Captain Thompson. By this time, however, it had been ascertained that the whole force of the insurgents, in broken bands, were working their way north, and most fortunately Tom Mott had got ahead of all of them.

This was the strangest circumstance in the uprising, that in breaking up they should have gone north, when it was only an easy day's ride, for men hard pressed, from the Santiago Cañon to the Mexican line in Lower California. Before nightfall on the day Captain Mott struck the advance of the flying bandits, a large force guarded the passes going north. The San Fernando, the Santa Susana, the Simi and Conejo were filled with armed men, with intervening cordons that rendered escape in that direction next to impossible, while the plains and foothills were scoured in such manner that gave the fugitives no time for rest. The result of these masterly movements was that in parties of fives, tens and twenties the bandits blindly rode into the traps so adroitly set for them and were all captured, including Juan Flores and Pancho Daniel. Andres Fontes having accomplished his purpose, severed his connexion with the band before they left San Juan, and with several of the horses and other spoil taken from Barton and his men, hurried away to Lower California, and from him much information concerning the Flores insurrection was thereafter obtained. He, however, soon met his fate at the hands of the notorious Solomon Pico, of Lower California revolutionary fame, by whom he was shot. He was undoubtedly the last of the Juan Flores gang.

In a former chapter this Ranger historian declared his aversion to the relation of bloody and horrible incidents, and the very great pleasure it afforded him to write of amusing things. He therefore begs to be permitted to drop the curtain on the closing scenes of the terrible uprising of Juan Flores. An example was necessary, and a bloody example was made.

Since the death of Murietta, Vulvia, Senati and Vergara, and the imprisonment of the monster Moreno, our southern country had enjoyed a two years' immunity from blood and rapine, and in this instance the country rose as a man. Spaniard and gringo rode stirrup to stirrup, determined to make such an example and to mete out such retribution as would be a terrible warning to all future disturbers of the peace of our angel land. When the last man of the insurgent band had been hunted down and killed or captured, Tom Mott returned to San Buenaventura to get his prisoners, and found that, *a la* Pico, they had been "confessed." A large number had also been "confessed" at San Gabriel, and, in fact, in other parts of the country. And now we will drop the curtain on this bloody episode in our sanguinary history. The feeling of gratitude on the part of the gringo population to those noble heroes, Andres Pico and Tomas Sanchez, was such that Don Andres was soon thereafter appointed Brigadier-General of the National Guard, and Don Tomas was made Sheriff of Los Angeles county, and was permitted to hold the office for near ten years. Many of our citizens, both gringo and to the manor born, showed of what mettle they were made. The veteran Thompson gave evidence of a capacity to command that was an honor to "the school wherein he learned to ride," and proved that his training on the frontier of Texas had well fitted him for the honors that were thrust upon him. William H. Workman, now of Boyle Hights, then a mere boy, so distinguished himself for daring, dash and rough riding, as won the admiration of the country. Of our gallant comrade, Cyrus Lyon, the language of the immortal Byron can be well applied:

> "Of all our band,
> Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
> In skirmish, march, or forage, none
> Can less have said or more have done."

Cyrus Lyon, a twin brother of Sanford, was born in Machias, Maine, November 19th, 1831. The two brothers came here in 1849 as clerks for Alexander & Mellus. Both reside in Los Angeles County, prosperous and happy.

During this terrible excitement every man and boy in the city was under arms, the veteran Dr. John S. Griffin being in command. I believe V. A. Hoover was an aid to Dr. Griffin. Wallace Woodworth belonged to Mott's company.

There was a member of Mott's company that deserves more than ordinary mention. He was a clean, smooth and neatly dressed fellow named Alexander, universally known as "stuttering Aleck." Aleck had been well brought up, was of good address, polite and gentle in his manners, and a natural born wit and humorist, and was an out-and-out and inveterate gambler. By birth a Mississippian; the first we know of Aleck is when General Taylor's army was encamped at Walnut Springs, in Mexico, preparatory to its march on Monterey. One day while sunning himself around headquarters a Mexican was brought in, of whom the General wished to make some inquiries. He accordingly addressed himself to Aleck and ordered him to bring some one who could speak Spanish. Aleck departed and soon returned with a Mexican, to whom General Taylor addressed himself by saying, "Ask this man when he left Monterey."

The Mexican thus addressed looked mystified, and said, "No intiende."

"Do you understand what I say to you, sir?" repeated the General.

"No intiende, señor," was the reply; whereupon the General became irate, and turning sharply to Aleck, said:

"Did I not order you, sir, to procure me a person who can speak the Spanish language?"

"Wu-wu-wu-well, G-g-gu-Gen-er-al, I-I-I-I br-br-brought you a-a-a mum-mum-man, who can't speak anything but Sp-sp-span-ish."

It is needless to say that Aleck went away from the vicinity of General Taylor's headquarters on a double quick. At the close of the war Aleck went on board a transport at Vera Cruz to go to New Orleans, and gave his name as —— Alexander, M.D., and was summarily inducted into a state-room. Then came a fancy Lieutenant, whom the purser billeted with Dr. Alexander as room-mate for the voyage. It so happened that the Lieutenant recognized Aleck as an ambulance driver, and so reported to the purser, who hied himself to Aleck to know about it. "This officer," said the purser, pointing to the Lieutenant, "says you are not an army surgeon; that you are an ambulance driver." "Army surgeon?" repeated Aleck; "who said I was an army surgeon?" "Did you not give me your name, sir, as —— Alexander, M.D.?" demanded the irate purser. "Oh! certainly, sir," answered Aleck, in his inimitably droll and stuttering way; "but in my case, sir, M. D. stands for mule driver." None but officers being permitted to enjoy the accommodations of the cabin, Aleck had adopted this *ruse* to escape the hardships of the steerage, and succeeded, the joke being so good that the many officers on board interposed in his favor, and during the voyage he was by all designated as Doctor Alexander. Aleck was a very reckless gambler, and was alternately "high up" and "low down." During one of his periodical downs he got greatly in arrear for board at the revered Bella Union, and was approached delicately thereon by the host, Dr. J. B. Winston. In his droll, stuttering way, Aleck turned to the Doctor and said, "Doc, let's compromise this board bill." "All right," said Winston; "what do you propose?" "Well, Doc," Aleck continued, "fare's low to 'Frisco, and if you'll just come in here and buy me a ticket to go away on, I'll call it square." The Doctor seriously considered the proposition, bought Aleck a ticket for "'Frisco," and squared accounts.

One time when steamship opposition had ran fare down to five dollars Aleck went on board a steamer at San Pedro with only $2.50 in his pocket, hoping that he might strike a friend or increase his capital by a small game of short cards, in both of which he was disappointed, and in the morning the steamer lay at Santa Barbara, a point at which the Los Angeles passengers were always called on to produce their tickets or pay their passage. Aleck was in a desperate strait and was walking the upper deck, shuffling his five half-dollar pieces in his hand and devising some way in which he might double it. The only persons on deck besides himself was a lady and little boy, who were observing objects on shore. "Mamma," queried the little fellow, "what is that big house over yonder?" "That, dear, is a church," replied mamma. "Well, what is that house down this way with the big window in the end?" "That, dear, is somebody's stable," said mamma. "Now, mamma," still queried the little dear, "what is that little bit of a house there with two little holes in the end?" "That," answered mamma hesitatingly, "is somebody's pigeon house." This was the first chance Aleck had found to double his capital—the first thing to get a bet on. So promptly confronting the astonished lady, Aleck stuttered out, chinking his $2.50 up and down: "*Madam, would you like to bet two dollars and a half that that is a pigeon house?*"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Reminiscence of San Francisco—The El Dorado—A Great Gambling Hell—Clayt Sinclair and His High Betting—The Diamond Cluster Pin—A Chinese Thief—A Nest of Burglars and Counterfeiters—Capture of the Gang—Cora and Richardson—The Allies—The Malikoff Retaken—The Union.

ONE of the warriors of antiquity in proffering to tell of the seige of Troy said, "I will tell you of what I saw, and of what I was." In writing this book of reminiscences the author has endeavored to write of what he saw and avoid making a hero of himself. But in the following sketch he cannot avoid appearing as one of the principal actors, and begs the reader's forbearance for thus doing.

When in San Francisco, reader, go thou to that sombre-looking old building, at the corner of Washington and Kearny streets, late the "Hall of Records," pass its portals, ascend to its topmost floor, go from room to room, descend from floor to floor until you reach the basement and hear the heavy rumble of wheels above you, and then inquire something of the past history of the old house, and should the walls answer you, as every particular stone and brick that go to form its massive walls could, they would tell strange stories of "El Dorado," the greatest gambling hell that the world ever saw. Each brick would tell of strange characters, of disappointed fortune seekers who, as a last venture, would tempt the fickle goddess in the gilded halls of the gilded pandemonium; of fugitives from justice from all climes under the sun, including the Jew from Palestine and the Aztec from the valley of

Mexico; of discarded lovers who sought to forget the dreams of early youth in the flowing bowl, and the painted harlots who floated around in a blaze of sparkling jems and a cloud of rustling drapery, of ladies of foreign accent, of former rank in the old world, who sat behind a mountain of gold and tempted the visitor with *lansquinette*, or the former Spanish peasant girl who assisted the New Orleans gambler, at his game of *rouge-et-noir*; of the Hidalgo who manipulated his *monte* cards behind a bank of a hundred thousand dollars, of former ministers of the Gospel of Christ, who sought the ruin of souls in their games of faro; of the *roulette* man, with his wheel of fortune and, his vociferous clamors of "Give us $5 on the Eagle Bird and go home with your pile in the morning."

"The rondo man," "keno," and I was going to say the "three card monte-man," but let me say (the speaking bricks, I mean), there was too much grandeur in the El Dorado to permit of so thieving a game as the last mentioned, which emphatically belongs to modern times. The bricks will also tell you of the prosperous merchant arm-in-arm with the professional "capper" approaching the green baize-covered table with intent to win enough for his remittance by to-morrow's steamer. Did he succeed? Oh no! At first he won, then lost, lost, lost! till all was gone, and with his brain maddened with wine and frenzied with despair, he seized a bag of $50-ingots, or *slugs*, brained the gambler in his seat, escaped from the room and was never after heard of. The thousand-tongued bricks will tell of thousands of fortunate gold-seekers on their way to sweethearts, wives and happy homes, who passed the fatal portal (which should have borne the inscription that Dante saw over the gates of hell) and were fleeced of their gold, and went forth to join the great column of disappointed forty-niners whose wearied footsteps have traveled all the unexplored regions of the universe in search of a "New El Dorado," and whose fated bones have whitened on the deserts of the great interior of Arizona and of Mexico, or have mouldered in the tropical damps of Central and South America. Like the Wandering Jew, they march, march, march! There is an inward monitor of discontent that urges them on in search of the "New El Dorado." Will they ever find it? Oh, no! not on this side of the river.

Of all that wandering class who were tempted into the "El Dorado" by the fickle goddess, but few are left. They reveled in the halls of the gilded king for a night, and that one night sealed their doom, and made them wanderers upon the face of the earth.

Diagonally across from the "El Dorado" was Palmer, Cook & Co.'s Bank. It is of '54 I write. One night I went into the "El Dorado," and in passing around I found at one of the tables an old and intimate friend, with whom I had explored the regions of the Klamath, the Trinity, and of Scott River, in '50 and '51. My friend, by name Clayt Sinclair, now a resident of Little Rock, Arkansas, was engaged in heavy betting at *monte*, was greatly excited, and had won heavily. We had not met for two years. He was rejoiced to see me, and ceasing to bet, and pushing over his pile of gold-dust and slugs to the dealer, said, "Take care of my money for a minute," left his seat, and taking me by the arm, led me to one side, and excitedly exclaimed:

"By Jupiter! Horace, I have won $20,000, and am in a streak of luck."

"How much did you commence with?" I inquired.

"Five thousand dollars," said he, and continued, "Do you play?"

"No," said I; "you know I could never learn."

"Good," said he; "I have $25,000 on that table in dust, slugs, and certificates of deposit. The bank has $100,000, and I am going to break it or lose my $25,000. Now," he continued, drawing forth and handing me his pocket-book, "here is a bill of exchange for $5,000. Should you remain with me, don't you return my pocket-book under any consideration until you see me on the steamer to-morrow. I am going home, and my ticket is also in the pocket-book." After vainly endeavoring to persuade him to take his money and retire with me, I promised at all hazards to hold on to his pocket-book, and he returned to his betting.

I soon seated myself beside him. We were both mere boys in age at the time, and he went to botting with a continual run of good luck until he had won over half the bank's capital, and then his luck began to change, and in three hours he didn't have a dollar left. With the mien of a maniac he turned to me and demanded his pocket-book. I didn't have it; I had quietly stepped up to the "Old Union," at Merchant street, and placed it in the hotel safe. I so informed him, omitting to designate the place I had left it.

Clayt was as wild as a Comanche. Finally he sobered down into a moment of thought, then hastily taking a magnificent sparkling pin from his bosom, said to the gambler:

"I gave $1,000 for this pin to-day at Joseph's, on Montgomery street; lend me $500 on it."

"Let me see," said a female voice, with a broken Mexican accent, from an adjoining table, and Clayt, without rising, turned in his seat and held the blazing jewel up until it caught the glare of the brilliant gaslight, and sent forth a spray of dazzling gleams that nothing but a pure diamond will do, when, in a twinkling, the pin was snatched from his grasp, and away flew the form of a Chinaman, bearing with him Clayt's last gambling stake, and I in hot pursuit. That Chinaman flew as on the wings of the wind, and so did I. Once or twice John was tripped up, but not caught. Out of the main hall into and through a back room, where a party were engaged in playing a game of short cards, I still ran after him, with a hurrahing crowd at my heels. John seemed to know the way, and soon gained a pair of stairs that led from a lunch-room into the basement. Through the crowd of free-lunchers I bolted, and down-stairs we went, I and John all in a heap—the pursuing mob having momentarily lost the clue in the lunch-room. I thought I had him, but in a moment I was beset by a crowd of pig-tails that seemed perfectly wild with terror and excitement. The thief darted forward into and through a kitchen, and disappeared through the door, uttering a kind of yowl, which was neither a howl of rage, of defiance, or of joy, but seemed more of a signal than anything else. There must have been twenty Chinamen in that kitchen when I entered, many of whom disappeared before the baffled crowd of pursuers came in. I had fortunately seen the door open and shut at the further end of the kitchen, and was vainly endeavoring to follow, when several Chinamen interfered to prevent me, insisting that the fugitive Chinaman had doubled on me, and had gone out up the stairway through which we descended.

By this time the kitchen was filled by the crowd from the gambling room, with two or three policemen, who, learning the circumstance of the robbery, commenced searching the Chinamen present, while I quietly stood guard at the door, feeling that I had cornered my man. The Chinese steward informed the policemen that he very well knew the Chinaman I had so rashly pursued down stairs, that he had escaped from the kitchen by the way he came in; that he resided in a house on Dupont street, and that he, the steward, would conduct the officers thither and would guarantee his immediate capture, at the same time opening the door of the *store room*, through which I had seen my man disappear. To my surprise the fugitive was not inside. The room had neither door nor window, except a securely-fastened grated door that opened opposite the street-grating above, as a ventilator. There was little or nothing in the room, save a pile of sacks of rice in one corner. The steward entered with a candle and the policemen had their laugh at me, and said I was mistaken, that the Chinaman had outflanked me, and that they would go with the steward to Dupont street and capture their man. So the door of the store room was closed and the crowd commenced leaving the kitchen.

I called one of the policemen to me and asked him if he would not go to the police headquarters and ask Jim McDonald (afterwards Chief of Police) to come around. He did so, and in a few moments McDonald was on hand, accompanied by Lees (then without fame). I stated privately to them that the Chinaman was in that room and that he had not escaped. Lees at once took the matter in hand and ordered all the Chinamen then present, except the steward, to the lock-up—cleared the kitchen of the crowd and then proceeded to investigate. It was then two o'clock in the morning.

First, said Lees to the steward, who spoke English: "How many men have you employed in the kitchen, and what are all of these Chinamen doing here?"

"Oh," answered John, "we have one cook, one dishwasher, four men to tend lunch."

"That makes six," said Lees. "What were all the others doing here?"

"They my cousins," answered the steward.

We then re-opened the *store room*—the steward greatly embarrassed.

"Why have you so much rice and nothing else?" queried Lees.

"Chinaman heap eatee lice?" said John, Lees at the same time cutting the bamboo strapping of a rice bag, and at the same moment the steward dashed his candle to the ground, bolted through the door, which he tried to close after him. McDonald was too quick for him, however, and in a twinkling they had the darbies on him and he was properly secured; then relighting the candle Lees proceeded, and found the rice bag to be filled with earth. Then another, and another, all filled in the same manner.

"By Jove, Mac," said Lees, "we've got the biggest thing out. I see through the whole thing. You take this fellow to the lock-up and return immediately with every man you can bring. See that they are well armed. Myself and this young man will stand guard until you return. Are you armed?" said he to me.

"No," said I.

"Well, Mac, give him your revolver, he may need it. Oh, we've got them. Don't delay, Jim," said Lees, "hurry back," and away went McDonald with his prisoner.

"What is it?" said I, mystified at Lees' confident manner.

"Why, it is this," he answered: "About a week ago, at 4 o'clock in the morning, I stopped on the crossing between Palmer, Cook & Co.'s corner and the corner opposite, and was listening to a noise I heard in the direction of Pacific street. Everything was still, and I distinctly heard picking, as though miners were at work directly under my feet. I remained and listened until daylight, and have watched the thing ever since. They have worked to the sidewalk on the Kearny street side of the bank. They are burglars tunneling to the bank vault, and we are now guarding the mouth of their tunnel. We have bagged the batch, young man. Ah! here comes Jim," and McDonald entered with half a score of policemen with lanterns and each man armed with a pair of navy sixes.

Removing the pile of rice bags, sure enough we were at the mouth of the tunnel, which proved to be about two feet wide and high enough to admit a man's entering on his knees and elbows.

"Here goes," said Lees, and into the tunnel he went, revolver in one hand and lantern in the other. Pretty soon we heard his voice, a short struggle, the smothered detonation of a pistol shot, and while breathless with suspense, Lees came out backward, dragging with him a wounded Chinaman—Lees himself being badly injured by a punch with a crow-bar. The steward was then sent for and ordered into the tunnel to bring out the miners, with the admonition that if he failed, fire and smoke would be used. In a moment he returned, followed by four or five as villainous a looking set of Mongolians as ever crossed the bay to San Quintin.

As they came out they were ironed and searched, the wounded one having concealed—in the folds of his pig-tail—Clayt's diamond pin. We had made a night of it. By the time the Johns were safely locked up we had no further use for candles—it was broad daylight. But Lees continued his investigations. Under the stairs, down which I had come all a-heap with the Chinese thief, we found a securely-fastened closet containing the most perfect set of burglars' tools that could possibly be imagined. Old policemen said "nothing Christian half-way came up to it." Nor was this all. We found a half-dozen *circular saw-mills*, ingeniously contrived machines used for hollowing out fifty-dollar ingots and twenty-dollar pieces.

In a minute one of the mills would cut out the middle of a coin, leaving just enough to hold it together, when the hollow would be run full of lead, and the edge creased and galvanized, and the deception was so perfect that over $20,000 of the 20's alone had been passed on the banks.

The banks had now opened, and the Palmer, Cook & Co. Bank Managers were sent for; the tunnel was examined and found to be neatly timbered overhead and to reach within twelve feet of the bank vault. Lees gained great *eclat*, and deservedly so, in the matter. I saved Clayt's diamond cluster-pin, his ticket and his $5,000 home stake.

By the time the excitement was well over, and I, with Lees and McDonald, came up stairs, we found poor Clayt looking dreadfully bad; hadn't had his breakfast, and not a dollar in his pocket. I showed him the pin, introduced him to McDonald and Lees, and we all went to a back room in the "Union" to have a quiet cock-tail, for, be it known, gentle reader, notwithstanding I hadn't learned to gamble, I could then drink like a ward politician. It was now noon. The steamer had left at 10 A. M. Clayt would have to lay over two weeks. He had $5,000 left, thanks to his fortunate meeting with myself. We went to Garrison and stated the circumstance to him, and he endorsed the ticket for the next trip *via* Nicaragua.

Clayt swore off gambling, but insisted on my exercising dominion over his funds until he was safe on board the steamer, which of course I did, and when on board I handed him a bill of exchange for $4,000 (having changed the $5,000 bill for $4,000, taking out the $1,000 for his personal expenses), and retaining the cluster-pin, which he insisted I should have as a remembrance of our adventure at the "El Dorado."

Clayton Sinclair, who was well connected, reached home in safety, married and settled down, and ten years after our strange meeting in the great San Francisco gambling hell, I met him on the tented-field in the Army of the Southwest—both serving in the Grand Army of the Union.

Lees is known to fame, and deservedly so. As for McDonald I never knew what did become of him, since '56, when he was Chief of Police in San Francisco.

The Chinamen, to the number of some ten or a dozen, went over the bay.

The hollowed out coins caused a grand sensation in banking circles, and a general overhauling of coins. As before stated, $20,000 in 20's were found, and to the Chinamen, I believe, we owe this adroit method of mutilating the coins.

I omitted to say at the proper time that in the mining operations the rice bags were used to pass out the earth from the tunnel, and would be carried away and disposed of by the outside Chinamen.

It was General Richardson, United States Marshal, who came down to Los Angeles in '53 for the great Ohio mail robber, heretofore spoken of. In November, '55, this same Richardson was killed on Montgomery street, San Francisco, between Clay and Merchant, by Charles Cora, who in May, '56, was hung by the Vigilance Committee, in company with Supervisor James P. Casey, the murderer of James King of William. Cora was a bred and born New Orleans gambler. The General was an old faro dealer, and the two had been intimate. Richardson had attained political position, but still continued his intimacy with his former gambling friends, and one night, in company with Cora and others, had been on a drinking bout, had made the rounds of the gambling houses and other places of dissipation, and were leaving the Bank Exchange, when Richardson conceived that Cora had given him some offence. On the day following the United States Marshal attempted to slap the gambler's face, and was shot dead on the spot. An excitement ensued. The *Bulletin* was in full blast, and that sort of business had been made to seem odious, and Cora would have been peremptorily disposed of but for the fortunate diversion of the public mind in another direction, which was, that at this very juncture the "Allies" in San Francisco were celebrating the fall of Sebastopol, and made a most brilliant display and procession, which, for the sight-seeing mercurial public, was an equivalent for a first-class hanging, and poor Cora was respited until a *companion de voyage* was found, and he was sent off in high official company, after having slain a high federal functionary. Cora was married on the gallows—a little piece of social comedy permitted by his executioners—a foolish thing, neither tragic, dramatic, melo-dramatic, or farcical. All there was in it was that a harlot with whom he had been living desired to inherit a large property owned by Cora, in which she succeeded.

It was strange, but nevertheless true, that during the Crimean war Young America gave the full weight of his influence and sympathy to Russia, and although at the time but few Russians were in San Francisco, when the grand procession of the "Allies" marched through Montgomery street, on their way to South Park, cheer upon cheer went up from the sidewalks for Russia, and at early gas-lighting an immense meeting was held in front of Montgomery Block, which was addressed by Elkin Heydenfeldt and others. Resolutions were passed sympathizing with Russia ; bands of music were procured, and an immense procession formed and marched to Russian Hill, on Folsom street, to serenade the Czar's Consul, and to present him with a copy of the resolutions. Bill Ross, formerly of Los Angeles, was chairman of the meeting, and Albert H. Clark and the author were of the Committee to wait on the Consul, who lived within hearing of the music of the "Allies" at South Park The joy and gratitude shown by the Russian Consul on that occasion repaid us for the little outburst of Young American sympathy, not taking into account the magnificent improvised collation hurried up by the grateful recipient of our serenade.

In the meantime the "Allies" were not having it all their own way at the Park. They had built a huge miniature Malikoff of pastry and confectionery, which at a given signal was to be charged upon by the different divisions of the "Allies." Now it so happened that Charley Duane organized a big crowd of hard hitters, took position, and when the signal was given flung to the midnight air a Russian flag, carried the Malikoff by storm, and planting the banner of the Czar thereon, held the fort until rolling stock could be procured to carry away the captured candies and cakes forming the bastions and turrets of the Malikoff.

Having mentioned the Union Hotel, it may be quite proper to say that, in '53 and '54, the Union was California's crown of glory. Every man visiting San Francisco could be found at some time during the day at the Union. Everybody went there; the chivalry of the times had rooms in the house. What memories cluster around thy name, Oh! Union! In the zenith of their popularity those princes of good fellows, Myron Norton and Frank Ball, could always be found at the Union. Cobarrubias there held his *levees*, and in thy halls the grey-eyed man, Crabbe, and Bulbon, concocted their schemes of conquest. Broderick, Bigler, Ned Marshall, Henry S. Foote, all of the statesmen of the day, the Army and the Navy, patronized the Union. It was a great place for planning, for getting up corrupt schemes of legislation to rob the people and feather the nest of the schemers. Political appointments were discussed and fixed up at the Union; "slates" were there made out, and conventions attended to. Senatorial candidates had to run the gauntlet of the Union, likewise Collectors of Customs, and all appointments, Federal, State and municipal, were discussed and disposed of at this famous place. When the Legislature would be in session at Vallejo, Benicia, or elsewhere, or when on wheels, the members thereof could always, on a Sunday, be found at the Union, in conference with the "lobby." It was at the Union, in '54, that Charles P. Duane and Jack Watson, of Los Angeles, so amused the guests and frequenters in a most lively skirmish with navy sixes. The Union was the fastest place in the world. What the rental of the house was I never knew, but this I vouch for as being true, that in '54 the little cigar stand at the entrance, just large enough for one man to stand in, rented for *four thousand dollars a month.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Great Colorado Desert—A Legend—A Scientific Man Makes a Great Discovery—The Desert to be Filled with Water—The Widney Sea—Fremont to Fill it Up—General Stoneman Knocks the Bottom Out of It—A Tradition—The Ship of the Desert.

SOON after the massacre of John Glanton and his party, the military post of Yuma was established. A Lieutenant was the first to command at this hottest of all places. It was certainly a Botany Bay to the poor soldiers, who were doomed to roast and swelter in this fiery furnace. It is said that soon after the establishment of the post a soldier spread his blankets on the sand, in the cooling shade of a cottonwood, and dropped off into a deep slumber; the sun wore around, the soldier continued to sleep until it struck him, and then he slept the sleep that knows no waking. When his comrades found him he was roasted and baked as though he had been grilled over a hot fire. They buried the poor fellow with all the honors of war, and tried to console themselves with the certainty of his having found a better place. But one night, at the hour when ghosts do walk abroad, the sentry at the guard house challenged, "Who comes there?" "A frind, Patsy McNerny, without the countersign," was the answer. "Corporal of the guard!" yelled the terrified sentry, on recognizing in the apparition the comrade who had been broiled on the sand a few days before. The Corporal appeared, and was informed by the apparition that he had been three days in hell, and the change of climate was too much for him, was too cold, so the devil, in sympathy, had furloughed him long enough to come back and get his blanket.

The Lieutenant commanding wisely made money during his brief authority at the crossing of the Colorado. At the time great numbers of Sonoreños were returning home with large quantities of gold extracted from the California mines. The Lieutenant halted them as they went by with the information that he was stationed at the crossing for the purpose of collecting the Government dues on the exportation of gold from the United States, and thus possessed himself of possibly half as much gold as had fallen to the lot of the renowned Jim Savage. When the news of this transaction reached the War Department the head thereof, doubtless envious of the good fortune of this banished son of Mars, instituted inquiries, which coming to the ears of this modern Crœsus, he promptly resigned his commission, married an angel, settled down, and became one of the cow kings of a cow county.

Although it was worth a man's life to attempt to cross the Colorado desert without being well provided with beasts of burden inured to travel, with well filled water casks, and with guides familiar with the lay of the land, as the drifting sands obliterated all traces of the road, and the danger of getting lost was imminent. Notwithstanding all this, soldiers deserted from Yuma and struck out for the cooling zephyrs of the country "*inside*." In 1852 a party of deserters from Yuma were pursued and overtaken on the desert by the commanding officer, whose name I now forget. The result was a terrible fight, in which the commander and his guard were slaughtered to a man and their bodies left to parch and blister on the heated desert sands until a few days thereafter they were found, taken to Yuma and decently disposed of. Many unfortunate travelers in their anxiety to get "*inside*" have perished on the burning wastes of the great desert. Losing their way they would wander here and there, following the apparition of a lake and green trees caused by that curious phenomenon of the desert called *mirage*.

In laying the rails of the Southern Pacific Railroad the track-layers found a large number of skeletons of men, women and children whose bones lay in the exact position in which they had fallen and died—for be it known, reader, that no wolf or vulture ever penetrates the fiery basin of the Colorado. On this discovery being made known, the "journey of death" of these unknown travelers suggested to the poetic mind of Kercheval the following terrible legend:

LA JORNADA DE MUERTE.

They had journeyed 'long and far,
Toward the sinking evening star,
From the far Missouri's shore,
With their cherished household store,
Turning from the Eastern gloam,
Dreaming of a brighter home,
Where the Western ocean laves,
Fairest land with softest waves.

Manhood strong in hopeful years,
Woman with her smiles and tears,
Youths and maidens in the flush
Of life's morning, crimson blush,
Childhood in its joyous glee,
Heedless of the years to be,
Silvery age and beauty fair,
Strength and weakness—all were there;
Father, mother, husband, wife,
All that tell of hope and life.

Leaving home's soft hallowed gleam,
For a brighter, golden dream,
Snapping all the ties that bind,
Turning, leaving all behind.
Loosing all love's links at last,
Garnered memories of the past
Of the consecrated years,
Altars reared 'mid smiles and tears,
Tender voices, pleading eyes,
Graves of loved ones—all the ties
Fond and tender round us cast,
That may bind us to the past.

Where the savage bands hold sway,
Onward, westward, journeyed they,

Through the land of lance and bow,
Of the fierce Arapaho;
O'er the lonely, lonely miles,
Through the treacherous defiles,
Shrouded, dark, and murder-dyed,
Death and danger side by side;
Through the dread Apache lands,
Through the Gila's weary sands,
'Neath its sighing cottonwood,
Westward, till at last they stood,
Weary-worn and travel-sore,
On the Colorado's shore.

Hazy dimness like a pall,
Quivering, overshadowed all;
On the river's farther shore,
Desolation spread before.
There the desert's fiery breath,
Furnace-fanned and fraught with death,
Ever casts its withering spell,
Dark as sin and hot as hell.
There the shriveled zephyr flees
O'er the grave of perished seas,
'Neath the glow of fiery skies,
Hopeless, moaning, faints and dies.

Where the blasted levels lay,
Slow they took their weary way,
Through that awful desert-sea,
Hopeful of the days to be.
But a little—they should rest
At the portal of the West—
Of the earthly Paradise
Overarched by softest skies.

Hour by hour they strove and toiled,
Thirst-beset and furnace-broiled,
All a night and all a day,
Toiling on their weary way;
Still another cruel night,
O'er that awful desert blight,
Every vein a stream of fire,
Burning with a hot desire;
Strength and courage almost spent,
Saddened by some dread portent
Of a dark and direful end
That they might not comprehend;
Slow their drooping beasts they urge
Toward the dim horizon verge,

Till each black and swollen tongue
From the fevered lips outhung.

Slowly sank the fervid sun
When that day was almost done;
But a darker, deathlier pall
Gathered threatening over all.
Sudden swept the whirlwind's breath,
O'er that dread expanse of death,
And the burning sands arose,
Drifting like the wintry snows,
With their smothering, blinding wrack,
Over fading trail and track,
Like the mad waves tempest-tost,
Till all things were hid and lost.

Utter woe with ruin blent,
When that blast of hell was spent,
Beasts lay dead and dying there,
Death, and horror, and despair,
Like an awful nightmare pressed
Dark and heavy on each breast.
Slowly passed the night away,
And another burning day
Found them of all hope bereft,—
Not a drop of water left,
Not a beast to give them aid,
Not a shrub to give them shade;
All around a dazzling gleam,
Death and horror reigned supreme.

Long they wandered where the sands
Scorched and seared like burning brands,—
Where the zephyrs faint and die,
On the plains of alkali;
But no crystal fount or stream,
Gladdened with its silvery gleam—
Scarce a hope its glimmer lent,
Strength and courage almost spent.

Sudden cried a drooping child,
Starting with a gesture wild,
As her face despair forsook,
"There is water, mother—look!
See! a lake spreads far and wide,
And the green trees fringe its side."
Lo! before their longing eyes
Spread a dream of Paradise,
Stretching brightly far away,

Mirror-like the waters lay.
Never fell the sun's hot kiss
On a fairer oasis
'Mid the burning wastes of sand
Of swart Afric's lonely land.
Glancing in the sun's bright beams,
Flashing far their dazzling gleams,
Like a diamond's radiant light,
Lay the waters pure and bright,
And encircling, close and fond,
Rose the emerald hills beyond.

Swiftly o'er each burning brain,
Rushed the flood of hope again.
Soon their weary steps should rest
In that Eden of the West,
And their burning feet might lave
In the cooling, crystal wave.
Long that gleam their steps pursued
O'er the awful solitude,
Still evading with its glow
Every footstep, fast or slow,
Ever mocked their longing eyes
With its glint of Paradise;
Like the glitter of a star,
Seeming never near nor far.

Ever from their burning feet
Seemed that vision to retreat,
From their ardent longing haste,
Till it vanished o'er the waste,
Melted into dimness gray,
Faded, fled and passed away.

Still they struggled, staggering, blind,
Doubt before and death behind;
Still pursued each mirage bright,
Till it faded from their sight,
Baseless as a midnight dream,
Or the gorgeous rainbow's gleam.

* * * * * *

Years and years had sped and gone,
Gloom of eve and flush of dawn,
Silent each succeeding each,
Never woke by human speech;
Never human footstep fell
Faint to break that ghastly spell;
In the desert's fiery breath,

Silence, mystery, awe and death,
Brooding ever still the same,
When the mighty builders came,
Laying down their iron track
O'er the desolation black,
With resistless Titan tread,
Heedless of the wastes outspread,
Clasping firm the iron bands,
Linking lands to sister lands,
When they paused at what they saw,
With a mute and trembling awe.

Ringed around in circle white,
Holding each to other tight,
Bleaching skeletons lay there
With their empty sockets' glare,
Vacant staring, westward turned,
Still as when the eyeballs burned,
With that last despairing look,
When life's quivering pulse forsook.
Not a rav'ning beast or bird,
Fleshless limb or trunk had stirred;
Not a hungry wolf might dare
Thus to brave the desert's glare,
In that waste of terror wide—
Thus they lay as thus they died.

O'er those men of iron fell
Tearful pity's tender spell,
As they gazed with halting breath
On that circle dread of death,
And they left them to their sleep
In that stillness lone and deep,—
Awed and fearful turned away,
Turned and left them as they lay,
With a whispered, trembling prayer,
In that awful silence there—
Left them with a shuddering thrill,
Firm in death, united still.

In 1853, and for many years thereafter, Doctor Wozencraft urged upon the Government the advisability, practicability and necessity of reclaiming the Colorado desert, by the introduction of water, through irrigating canals, from the Colorado River. A great many theories have been advanced as to the causes that produced this wonderful basin of burning sand, and the philosophical mind of the author could reach no further than to believe that whenever or however the infernal place had been formed, nature was certainly in a very bad frame of mind—an ill-humor, out of sorts; or that if ever contemplated in the "plan of creation," the Creator had overlooked or forgotten to give the finishing touch to this part of his work, or had let out the contract to a sub-contractor, without taking a sufficient surety bond.

The Government made several reconnoisances of this disjointed part of creation; one by order of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, in '53, and made under Lieutenants Parke and Williamson. The military command of the reconnoisance was under General George Stoneman, then a Captain. This scientific reconnoisance failed to discover anything other than the Colorado desert, which looked as old as the hills which surrounded it. The object of this survey, however, was the examination of the most available pass to San Diego for a southern transcontinental railroad. Notwithstanding thousands of people had journeyed through this frightful basin, and the Government had sent a scientific commission to examine it, nothing peculiar was observed concerning it until about 1865. A young surgeon of volunteers passed over this desert on his way to Arizona. The western rim of the basin at Carizo Creek is composed of almost perpendicular cliffs of soft red rock, and high up on the sides thereof you can see, as plainly defined as the cornice on the Capitol at Washington, the water level of a former sea or lake. The Doctor, observing this, concluded that this basin of burning sand must have at some former time been filled with water. This was the discovery of a scientific circumstance. Journeying through Arizona, the Doctor discovered evidences of a former dense population of civilized people. This was another scientific circumstance. He further observed remains of ancient forests. Here was another scientific circumstance. The acute scientific eye of the Doctor noted many other circumstantial evidences of that devil's land having once been God's country. That, to have supported a dense population of civilized people Arizona must have been a fertile land; to have produced and grown forests it must have had moisture, and from the lack of moisture the former forests died out, and from the same cause the fertile fields of the former inhabitants became the sterile wastes that so blast the eyes of those who now traverse them; that the unfortunate inhabitants had from these causes died of famine, or had in a body left the country. What could have been the cause of all this, reasoned the scientific mind of the Doctor? He saw the effect, and there must have been a cause. This the learned gentleman readily traced to the drying up of this inland sea. Keeping his own counsel, when the Doctor returned to the Colorado river he observed that when the river was very high, it had cut a slough through its porous bank, and that the water rushing through discharged itself into the desert. Here was a discovery deduced from scientific observation, that would stand second only to that of Columbus, in his, at the time strange assertion, that one could go east by sailing west, or the immortal Doctor Money's discovery of the "*Zwirro Zwirro*," a curious plan of which may be seen on the file of records of Los Angeles county.

"The dessicating climate of Arizona, New Mexico and Chihuahua (thus reasoned the Doctor), shall be moistened; trees shall be made to grow on plains, where Gila monsters and rattlesnakes do now die of thirst; Arizona shall be repeopled, and the joyous laugh of the happy husbandman shall resound where desolation now reigns supreme. A desert of greater territorial extent than that subjected to the dominion of Christ by the great Conquistador shall be made to blossom as the rose. Cortez tumbled down the heathen temples of Anahuac. This discovery will cause to be erected thousands of Christian spires pointing heavenward, where now the owl keeps silent because of there being nothing at which to hoot."

Was not this a grand conception? "A plan of creation" as was a plan—the outcroppings of a sublime creative genius?

"All this change shall be wrought by deepening that overflowing artery of the Colorado River, and filling the desert basin with fresh water."

"This will produce moisture. Moisture is all that is necessary to restore these desert lands to their former fertility."

All of these scientific reasonings and discoveries the Doctor gave to the world through the medium of the *Overland Monthly*. So astounding was this to the *savants*, that some up-country college conferred on this remarkable discoverer (who was to confer on mankind so great a blessing at so little expense) the degree of Master of Arts, and all angel-land rejoiced thereat.

The all powerful *Star* of the Angel City demanded that the thing be done, and without delay. That a company be organized to shoulder their shovels and go down, deepen that natural ditch and turn the water in and refill the basin. That the basin should no longer be called the Colorado desert. That the maps should be changed and the Colorado desert should be forever after called, named, designated and known in honor of the discoverer as

"THE WIDNEY SEA."

The angel world agreed with great unanimity as to the feasibility of the scheme. About this time a party of surveyors were sent from San Francisco to survey the flat lands at the mouth of the Colorado, and it was rumored that the party had gone down to fill the desert with water. This filled the angel mind with indignation. This was our discovery and we were going to have all the honor thereto belonging. If necessary force should be used to prevent this outrage threatened by our great northern rival. It so happened that one of our most prominent angels had a brother who was in charge of that band of up-country surveyors, and he wrote to him a feeling letter to find out what they were about. In due course of time the gentleman in charge of the survey (the brother of Captain Alfred James, the Register of the Land Office at Los Angeles) answered the inquiry frankly and assured us that he had no designs whatever on our "Widney Sea," which gave us great relief, for in all truth we were always jealous and suspicious of San Francisco.

Many of our more practical angels now began to interpose objection to filling the "Widney Sea" with water and thereby changing our heavenly climate to one of moisture and malaria. "Any change in Arizona," said they, "would be for the better; but no change could improve the perfection of climate and beauty of scenery in our angel land." Others argued that with the remarkable fertility of our soil a moist climate would produce an unnatural vegetable and animal growth, that our boasted orange groves would be ruined, that the trees would attain the size of the *sequoia gigantea* and the fruits thereof would be larger than the largest Monte pumpkins, that our harmless little snakes would become boa constrictors, and the little horn frogs grow as large as a Florida alligator, and the gophers and squirrels that now so vex us would obtain the size of elephants and grizzly bears. Still others maintained that by making this great inland sea, serious complications would arise; that the Government had granted the right of way across the Colorado desert to three or more railroad companies, and in its might would interfere and stop us in our aims; that it would not permit us to interfere with railroad construction to the Pacific ocean. These questions became as serious, bitter and uncompromising as the controversy between the "Big Endians and Little Endians" of Gulliver's travels, and delayed the consummation of the little job until the Pathfinder was sent out by the Government to be the gubernatorial head and ruler of the gentle Arizonians, and on his way thither laid over in the Angel city to review the scenes of his former triumphs and glory. Here he was interviewed by those in favor of filling the "Widney Sea" with fresh water. He accordingly, after a careful examination, determined that the thing could and should be done, and about 1879 went to Washington to solicit government aid thereto. The practical mind of all this suggested to General Geo. Stoneman an arithmetical computation as to the amount of water and the length of time necessary to fill our "Widney Sea," and he gave to an audience of astonished angels the result of his calculation in a public lecture in the words and figures following, to-wit:

"Much has been said of late regarding a great geological basin, lying between the coast range of mountains in California and the Colorado river on the east. This basin is represented as being three hundred miles long, fifty miles wide and three hundred feet deep—about the size of Lake Erie. We are told that Governor Fremont, of Arizona, has just returned from Washington, where he has been for the purpose of inducing Congress to lend the aid of the Treasury to enable some one to fill this basin with water. The Governor has been, during his checkered life, engaged in some grand and conspicuous enterprises, but in this case he has evidently laid his plans before he consulted his figures. Let us make the calculation for him. To fill such a pond in one year, supposing the bottom to be water-tight and evaporation entirely checked, would require a small stream twenty miles wide, twenty feet deep, with a current of three miles an hour. To fill such a lake by a stream one thousand feet wide, ten feet deep, and running at the rate of three miles an hour, would take two hundred years. After this lake was filled it would require a river two hundred and fifty feet wide, ten feet deep, and running at the rate of five miles per hour—about the size of the Colorado river at ordinary stages—to compensate for evaporation at the rate of eighteen inches per year. Archimedes, you know, said that he could move the world, only give him a fulcrum. Fremont says he can make sea, only give him plenty of greenbacks. The one is about as impracticable as the other chimerical. When he makes his estimates he will come to the conclusion that long ere he can fill his basin with water, the great Engineer of the universe will have filled it with the sands of the desert, driven down by the ever-prevailing winds of the north. In the meantime it will probably be used for the purposes intended by the Almighty—the occupation by the horned toad, rattlesnake and Southern Pacific Railroad."

We were somewhat chilled by this cool disposition of our hopes; so much so that we have thence hitherto kept our peace on the subject, and it is with deep chagrin that we confess the mortifying fact that General Stoneman knocked the bottom out of the

"WIDNEY SEA."

Many, many long years or centuries ago—long before the Conquistador, with his steel-clad followers, met in mortal combat the effete warriors of Aztec land, conquered their capital, and extended the dominion of Spain to the northern confines of civilization in the new world—yes! tradition hath it, that where the Colorado desert reigns in its awful solitude, a great sea of fresh water existed, having no connection with the great ocean, with the most beautiful river discharging its constant flow therein. This beautiful inland sea was studded with islands of tropical beauty, with evergreen forests, filled with birds of brilliant plumage and of sweetest song. That the crystal waters of this sea, or lake, were alive with beautiful fishes, colored with sunlight and tinted with the hues of the rainbow, and myriads of aquatic fowls covered its placid bosom. Forests of magnificent trees descended from the mountain crests and kissed the limpid waters at their feet, and broad and far-stretching savannas were spread out like carpets of variegated colors, over which ranged countless herds of antelope, and gamboled the elk and the deer. On the western shore of this great lake dwelt in all human happiness and prosperity the powerful Mojaves, while the eastern bank was dominated by the warlike Cocopahs, who collected an annual tribute from the more refined and less warlike Mojaves. Among other things, and most grinding of all, the gentle Mojaves were bound to furnish annually a large number of their most beautiful virgins to supply the harem of the licentious Cocopah King. Many times the Mojaves discussed in solemn council the question of resisting this humiliating exaction, but being admonished by the power, warlike and ferocious character of the terrible Cocopahs, the matter was always postponed until a future and more favorable time.

At last an old king of the Mojaves, whose policy had been one of peace and submission, died, and was succeeded by his son, a man of high mettle, who had trained himself and the subjects of his father in the arts of war. A very short time after his accession to the throne, the Cocopah Commissioners appeared at the Mojave capital to receive the annual tribute, which the young king flatly refused to pay, sending a message to the Cocopah despot that he could not send warriors enough to carry away even one Mojave maiden; that the men of Mojave wanted the daughters of the kingdom for wives, and as such were able to defend them.

Terrible was the wrath of the Cocopah King at receiving this unheard of defiant message. He at once ordered the great war drum to be beaten; that its reverberations might be heard on the utmost confines of his dominion; that his warriors might assemble at his capital on the shores of the great lake. The Mojave King in the meantime was wide awake to the responsibility he had assumed and resolved to at once cross the water and attack the despot in his capital. No time was lost in preparation; a flotilla was launched, and the very flower of the Mojave chivalry, with their heroic King leading the van, crossed over the smooth waters of the lake and fell upon the Cocopah capital with such terrific fury that their warriors fell before them as reeds fall before the fierce norther. The survivors fled to the forest like startled antelope, leaving the proud city of the Cocopahs with all its treasures the spoil of the conqueror. Returning to his capital the Mojave king was received with great rejoicing by his exultant subjects. But his great victory only impelled him to greater exertion; his success he well knew was not owing to strength or superiority of prowess, but to the superlative audacity of the attack. He knew full well of his utter inability to maintain an aggressive war, so he made vigorous preparations for defense.

In due course of time the pent up Cocopah storm burst upon the well prepared Mojaves, and deluged their beautiful land with blood. After conflicts unparalleled in fierceness, the invaders were driven across the Silver Lake, and the Mojave King was again victorious. Now followed a war on the lake, sometimes with advantage to the Mojaves then to their enemies; they strove for the possession of the emerald islands of the Silver Lake. At last dominion over the lake was won to the Cocopahs and the Mojaves beaten—but not defeated—abandoned the conflict on the water and retired to their defensive works on the main land. By this time—and the war had raged for years—the Cocopah King had enlisted under his banner the fierce Yumas, the rich Pimas and the powerful Maricopas, and assembled an army that in numbers was beyond the powers of computation. When the valiant Mojave King received information of this formidable alliance he gave up all hope of successful defense, but resolved to bury himself and people in the ruins of his country rather than submit. He would have fain carried the war into the Cocopah country, and have battled this mighty host on their own land, but his fleet was gone, his treasury was depleted, the flower of his warriors were dead, but the oracles of the Mojaves still assured him of victory, and when the flotilla of the invading host appeared upon the bosom of the beautiful lake, the defiant Mojave king with the remnant of his army grimly awaited their landing. On they came! Their great war canoes in numberless lines extending to the right and left as far as the eye could reach.

It was a beautiful day and the sun gleamed and glittered on the water rippled by the numberless paddles of the great fleet as it swept in the majesty of might over the mirror surface of the tranquil lake. The advance line is now midway from the middle of the lake to the Mojave shore, when there appeared in the far horizon, ominous spiral columns of revolving clouds. They came sweeping over the surface of the placid waters in gyrating circles, the smaller columns uniting with and being absorbed by the greater, around which they all revolved, and by the time they neared the left of the lines of the great flotilla, they had all united in one grand gyrating circular column of great height. Now the astonished Mojaves can hear the thunder of its march, can see the disturbed waters as they form in grand and foaming crests as the monster sweeps along with a terrible roaring sound. Now it strikes the flotilla, and the great war canoes in thousands disappear in the foam and spray of wind and water met in terrific conflict. The great whirling, foaming and awful monster of destruction now settles down over the very center of the lake, and the flotilla of the invading host spins around and around until the last one is drawn into its devouring embrace. But still it gyrates and increases to such immensity of size that the sun is obscured and darkness falls upon the face of the earth. A great tornado strikes the terrified Mojaves and fells the forest around and over them and kills and destroys them in great numbers, and a stupor of terror overcomes the survivors, who lie thus they know not how long. The King is the first to arise, he beats his war drum to call his warriors around him; only a few answer to the call, the many having been crushed by the fallen forest. The sun shines brightly and the king and the survivors of his army look toward the beautiful lake, and lo! it has disappeared —it has been dried up. The emerald islands are gone, and nothing remains but the white sand glittering in the bright sunlight. The King looks around; all is desolation, and he thinks a general ruin has fallen upon the world. He turns his face away from the dried up lake, and followed by his surviving warriors he wends his way toward his capital which he finds in the valley of perpetual bloom as he left it, and when the astonished Mojaves are informed of the terrible doom that fell upon their enemies, and notwithstanding the drying up of the beautiful lake and the loss of so many of their warriors, they rejoice, glorify their King, and are happy.

About the time of the excitement about the "Widney Sea," Captain Joshua A. Talbot (a veteran explorer, whose fame as such has not been confined to the Pacific slope, but has crossed the Andes of South America, and descended into the valley of the mighty Amazon, and gone over the sea to Australia), in one of his many explorations, journeying on the desert, came upon the hulk of a ship half buried in the sand. The Captain and his followers were speechless in the intensity of their amazement. They looked at each other, then looked at the ship. They gazed at the ship, and then looked inquiringly into each other's eyes; and then they commenced to walk around and clamber to her long-deserted deck, and examine this wonderful discovery. The rigging, of course, was gone. The masts were worn down to short and rounded stumps, as were the bulwarks, almost even with the deck (so said the discoverers), all caused evidently by the raspings of time and drifting sand. The depleted water vessels of the Captain and his comrades admonished them that further delay would be at the risk of their lives, and they reluctantly abandoned their prize, and pushed on to the next watering-place, and thence to the angel city, and reported the discovery, and filed their claim to all the treasure therein contained. Uncle Josh (so called) and his fellow-explorers at once became heroes, each the centre of a circle of anxious inquirers. Uncle Josh was of the opinion that the vessel was a Spanish galleon, and was undoubtedly laden with doubloons, and that at the lowest possible calculation there were millions in it.

This opinion was dissented to by some of the more nautical of the discoverers, who maintained that the build of the ship resembled a Chinese junk, while an Italian insisted that it was in his opinion an ancient Roman war galley. These various opinions gave rise to a learned newspaper controversy as to the origin of the ship, and how she came to her present place of repose. One more practical reasoned that "the vessel was one lost from the first expedition of the Conquistador to explore the Sea of Cortez; that a strait connecting the 'Widney Sea' and the Sea of Cortez had been closed by a violent storm, that the vessel was abandoned by her crew; that by evaporation the cut off sea had dried up and left the ship dry on the sand." Another produced abundant authority to prove that the ship was one of a Tartar fleet driven to our coast; that in the year 1280 Genghis Khan, the Great Mogul, after having subjugated China, fitted out an expedition of 240,000 men in 4,000 ships under his son Kublai Khan for the purpose of conquering Japan. While this expedition was on its voyage to that country a violent storm arose and destroyed a great part of the fleet and drove many of the vessels to the coast of California, and Uncle Josh's prize was surely one of that fleet. A very wise angel waited until all of the others had their say, and then he settled the question and produced such unimpeachable authority that all save Uncle Josh gave it up.

This *sabe lo todo* argued "that the strange ship was without the shadow of doubt one of the ships that carried a part of one of the lost tribes of Israel that found their way to and peopled California. As authority he referred to the Book of Mormon, the revelations of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and others of the Latter Day Saints of holy inspiration, and as further evidence he pointed to the singular physiognomical resemblance between our Jewish population and the aboriginal inhabitants."

This elaborate fulmination of the learned man was deemed conclusive, and we all gave it up except the gallant Talbot, who stood by his former opinion and put his faith and his money in a train of jackasses laden with water casks, shovels, axes, crowbars, cold chisels and canvas bags wherein to carry away the doubloons, and followed by his fellow discoverers set out for the desert to loot his prize.

For once in his life the sapient veteran was mistaken, but what of that? He paid for his mistake. The ship of the desert turned out not to be a Spanish galleon; neither was she a Roman war galley; not a Chinese Junk or one of the lost fleet of Genghis Khan; nor the luckless craft that brought the lucky Hebrews to this happy land; but the ship of the desert turned out to be a craft formerly built by Messrs. Perry and Woodworth, of Los Angeles, to be used in explorations on the Colorado river; that her motive (mule) power gave out on the desert and she was abandoned to become a theme of discussion for men of learning and of Science.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Reminiscence of Sacramento—King Solomon Gets His Gold in California—An Ancient Description of the Country—The 200-Pound Diamond—The El Dorado War—Murder—The Diamond Again—Smirmish With Indians—A Discovery—Gold Lake—San Francisco—T. Butler, King and Uncle Sam's Coin—Frank Ball Again.

IN AUGUST, 1850, with three companions, I was encamped under that old, historical oak tree on the levee at Sacramento, just below the foot of J street and almost overhanging the landing of the steamers *New World*, *Senator* and *McKim*.

My story commences on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon, and of course many of our readers will remember how a Sunday afternoon looked in the "Crescent City" in the summer of 1850. To those who don't know, I am going to inform them as best I can.

In the first place, imagine yourself at the "Humboldt," away out on J street—a grand rag palace or gambling hell, literally swarming with gamblers and desperadoes of all classes and nativity, with brazen-faced, gaudily-dressed, painted and powdered harlots, who sat beside the gamblers at the monte-banks, faro-tables, rouge et noir, lansquinette, roulette, rondo and other games; but I hereby bear witness that these games were played at the "Humboldt" with a greater degree of fairness, integrity and honor than could have been found in any other country on the face of the earth, because if a man was caught cheating he was killed on the spot—that such contemptible thieving as three-card monte, chuck-a-luck, and such kindred games, were no more tolerated at the "Humboldt" at that time than they would be in the grand reception-rooms of the Palace Hotel to-day; and I will say as much for the "New Orleans," "Woodcock" and the "Empire" (the latter was kept by Butler, brother to Benj. F. Butler, of Massachusetts) at Sacramento, the "El Dorado" and "Bella Union," of San Francisco, and all other first-class gambling houses at the time. The California gambler in those days was a magnate in the land, and had as much honor or more at stake in the fair-dealing of his bank as have our State and national rulers, our modern bankers, our revenue collectors, and all our officials at the present time in the honest discharge of their duties. The first-class gambler at that time was a man of integrity—a dignitary. A miner who came to Sacramento or San Francisco with a hundred or five hundred ounces was just as safe to deposit it with any of the great gamblers, at those noted places of pioneer times, as one is to-day to intrust his money for safe-keeping to the bank of California.

My intent, however, is not to dwell upon the good qualities of the great gamblers of "the days of gold," but to give the reader an idea of how things were in Sacramento thirty-one years ago.

Of course there was a first-rate band of music at the "Humboldt," as at all others. Passing down J street, in every block you found gambling-houses in full blast, but all of inferior note, until you reached the "Empire," near the levee, which was in all respects the peer of the "Humboldt." The music in these places, the clinking of great piles of $50 gold slugs, the noise of the bags of gold-dust as the reckless miners would throw them upon the table and "go their pile" on the "eagle-bird," or bet a hundred ounces on the turn of a card, and the constant cry of the roulette-man of "Make your game, gentlemen!" "Away she spins!" "Double O, red!" caused a great din and clatter, and to add to the noise and confusion of the whole street, from the "Humboldt" to the "Woodcock," old Joe Grant, of sainted memory, went roaring along: "The New York *Herald*, Louisville *Journal* and Missouri *Republican!* only a half-a-dollar apiece! Who wants to go to 'Frisco? 'Ere's a ticket on the *Senator!* Don't go on the *McKim;* if you do you'll get drowned! She'll be sure to sink 'fore she gets there! Buy your tickets for the *Senator!*" The Joe Grant here referred to was an Illinois man, and the pioneer news vender and steamboat runner at Sacramento, and afterward became the proprietor of the famous Knight's ferry—the same man supposed to have been General U. S. Grant, who in fact was not in California until, I believe, '54. The street was thronged with men of all colors and classes, on foot or on horseback, and with pack-mules, going to or coming in from the mines, with a general pushing, jamming and crowding of everybody. This is about as it was on a Sunday afternoon at the time referred to. And now about the two-hundred-pound diamond.

I had passed up and down the street, had visited the "Humboldt" and "Woodcock" and "Empire," and had returned to our camp under the big oak, and was sitting with my back resting against its huge trunk, engaged in reading, when I was politely accosted by a venerable-looking man, genteelly clad in miner's costume, who begged to know what I was reading. On being told that the book which I was reading was a copy of the Bible, he manifested much surprise, and gravely shaking his head, said:

"Strange, indeed, a boy of your age engaged in reading the Holy Book, when surrounded by so many temptations to evil."

He then went on with a strange lecture on the danger to youth and inexperience in this wonderfully wicked land, where every thought, wish and desire were for gold, gold, gold. He essayed to give some good advice which I reverently listened to. His manner was grave and dignified. His language, although partaking of a foreign accent, was more than good: it was elegant. The old man remained conversing with me for a full hour, and on taking his departure invited me to visit his camp on the edge of the wood, at about the foot of P street.

Accordingly, on the following day I made the visit, and found him beautifully tented under the boughs of a great spreading oak, with everything pertaining to his camp the very perfection of neatness. Within three days the old man and myself became very intimate. I had informed him where I was born and reared, of my ancestors, and many other frivolous trifles.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of our acquaintance, after partaking of the good cheer of his well-stocked larder, he gravely informed me that he had something of importance to communicate. He said that he had been for some time seeking for one in whom he could repose enough confidence to confide a great secret. He was satisfied as to my moral integrity, and felt safe in confiding to me a secret that would make me far richer than the whole Rothschild family, and that he knew of the existence and location of a diamond of two hundred pounds weight. My credulity was somewhat staggered, and the old man seeing it, said:

"My young friend, be patient until I am done. This diamond is no new thing."

I thought it must be very old, judging from its size, but I was patient and said nothing.

"This diamond was once the property of King Solomon," my venerable friend continued, "and I will show you a book that proves it."

He thereupon unrolled a bunglesome package and drew forth and held up before my astonished gaze an ancient and mysterious looking book, printed in strange characters.

"Now," said he, "be silent and I will tell you all about this book and how it relates to the diamond. I am a Christian, though descended from the Jews. My most remote ancestor, who wrote this book, was chief jeweler to the wise and rich King Solomon."

"Good Lord!" said I, "that book was not written when Solomon was king?"

"Did you not promise to keep silent," said he, quickly, "and not interrupt the thread of my story? But to satisfy you, I will say that the book has been renewed every two hundred years since the original copy was made, and this book was written one hundred and ninety-eight years ago by my great-great-grandfather. Had I not found the diamond, it would have become my duty to reproduce this book two years hence and transmit it as a legacy to my descendants in the same manner that it has been handed down to me for so many thousands of years. Now, are you satisfied?" said he.

"Perfectly," said I.

"My most remote ancestor," he continued, "was Lord Chief Jeweler to the great Jewish king, and went on one of the great expeditions to the Land of Ophir in search of gold. And this is Ophir!" said he, with a great emphasis, "and this book gives a much better and more minute description of the general topography of this country than any and all the modern books now extant. My great ancestor was at the head of a grand and separate division of the great expedition, whose special province it was to search for precious stones. The ships of the Jewish gold and diamond-seekers entered the Golden Gate, and established a city for the base of supplies at the place now called Vallejo, and the most eligible site on the bay at present," continued the old man. "The description in this book of the bay is perfect. They also had a depot at the place where we now camp. The gold miners spread out on the mountain slopes in about the same manner as they do now. The seekers for diamonds did the same, went further, but found no diamonds. In this book they describe every mountain gorge and river bed where their search extended. Finally they went beyond the great snow-barrier to the deep lake, and they found diamonds in abundance—the largest of which is the one now in question. My great and remote ancestor concluded to appropriate it to himself, as an official perquisite, he therefore concealed the diamond on the very summit of a great solid mound of time-enduring granite, on the margin of the great deep lake, and retraced his steps to the sunny side of the mountains, intending to return with a few chosen servants and secretly remove the great treasure. Arriving at the city on the bay, my remote ancestor found that the great and wise king had ordered the expedition to return forthwith, and that the whole grand gold and diamond-seeking enterprise in the land of Ophir was to be abandoned for ever. My unfortunate remote ancestor, having lost his great diamond and the chance of ever possessing it, set himself to describe the place where it is now concealed, and this book is the result of his wise and prudent forethought. With this book I was enabled to pursue my way to the lake and find the very granite cone whereon lies and has lain the greatest treasure the world has ever known for so many centuries. It now lies on the summit of and in the very centre of that same granite cone, that is now worn down by the action of the elements almost to the level of the water in the lake. I have been there and have seen and handled it. I have examined it and know its immense value. I was taught to read this book, and have taught my children to read its world-forgotten characters. But none of the descendants of the original writer knew of or found the land of Ophir, wherein slept the great diamond. One year ago I was lapidary for the Czar of Russia —for that trade has been the hereditary calling of my family—and seeing daily accounts of the wonderful discoveries of gold in this remote and unknown land, and becoming more and more interested I sent to New York for the best description of the country, and obtained a copy of 'Fremont's Explorations.' On reading it the thought entered my mind that this might be Ophir. I compared the two books. I studied them until convinced that the mysterious secret of the great diamond was at last laid bare, and I made immediate preparations to visit this country. The first thing to be done was to copy a description of the country and the location of the great diamond, to be left with my family in case I should perish in the enterprise. So here we are, and if you will join me we will eat our Christmas dinner in St. Petersburg, and be far richer than all the crowned heads of Europe."

The old man had become excited; his eyes glowed with an unnatural lustre, and his whole frame was in a tremor of excitement. His agitation was so great as to almost alarm me. Finally he quieted down, and I inquired of him how in the name of common sense we were to dispose of so immensely valuable a treasure. He said:

"In this way we will take it to St. Petersburg, and there, in my own laboratory, will cut it up. I will first polish up a diamond larger than the Kohinoor, and sell it to Queen Victoria. Then we will offer one to Louis Napoleon a little larger; and then we will go from monarch to monarch, offering to each successive one a diamond still a little larger. Then we will offer diamond necklaces in the same way, and we will get all the crowned heads of the world ambitious to outstrip each other in their display of diamonds. We will create the greatest excitement in the courts of Europe ever known, and in five years we can have all the money in the world, and mortgages on all the kingdoms of the earth.

"What in the world will we do with such immense riches?" said I. "What use will it be to us?"

"Ah!" he replied, "I have it all planned out. We will purchase Jerusalem and all Palestine—Egypt included—from the Grand Turk, and pay for the same in diamonds; restore the Holy City of Jerusalem to its former splendor; rebuild Solomon's temple, or build one of greater magnificence; recall and gather in the Jews, and re-establish the ancient kingdom of Judea."

"Where will we get our king?" I modestly inquired.

"Get our king!" said he, haughtily. "He who restores a lost kingdom should be king, should he not?"

"Oh, I beg pardon!" said I. "Then you intend to be king of the Jews yourself?"

"And why not? Who would have a better right?" he replied.

I was about to say: "If you attempt to play me that way, old fellow, when we are full partners, then you will be mistaken, because I think I would like to go into the king business myself;" and I smoothed back my long locks and imagined how grandly my head would look beneath a crown.

Smothering my ambitious aspirations, however, I meekly inquired what disposition he would make of his California partner when he got to be the greatest king on earth—the successor of the mighty Solomon.

"Well," he replied, "you shall have the place nearest the throne. As I have two beautiful daughters younger than yourself, who will become the greatest princesses in the universe, I will permit you to take your choice of the two, and then you will be closely allied to the royal family.'

The idea then suggested itself to me as to who would take the other, and that royal relationship might thereby be complicated. I thought, of course, in restoring the ancient kingdom the ancient laws would also be restored, and a man be permitted to take more wives than one; that I might make a sure thing as to my succession to the throne by taking both of the king's beautiful daughters. Being young and modest at the time, I had not sufficient courage to broach the delicate subject to the great embryo king of Jerusalem. So ended the discussion.

We poured out a tin-cup of strong coffee, and I requested the old man to look at his watch. To my great surprise it was two hours past midnight, and we had been eleven hours discussing the question. I swallowed my cup of coffee, wished the old man "good night," hurried away to my camp, turned in, and was soon in dreamland. Among other foolish things I dreamed I was at the great City of Jerusalem; that I was the Captain of the King's Host, and I had mustered in martial array all the Jews of Chatham street, to be reviewed by my old friend the king, who passed along the line with an immense diamond on his head.

I woke up feverish and excited. My comrades had breakfast ready. A pint of strong coffee restored my nerves, and I set myself to work to digest the old man's offer. The first conclusion that I came to was that the old man was crazy; but then his intelligent manner, dignified bearing and grave demeanor went to ignore any such proposition. Then I thought of that mysterious book, and of his saying he had seen and handled the diamond. There was certainly something in it. I believed it and would join the old man and go for the great diamond. We would purchase Palestine and Egypt, and—what? At this point I burst out in a laugh, when old Patterson, who was frying some flap-jacks at the fire, turned to me and said: "I don't see where the laugh comes in. Can't a man flip a flap jack out of the frying pan without being laughed at? Suppose you try it." I thereupon took the frying-pan and went to frying flap-jacks, all the while deliberating on the diamond question.

I was full of the same spirit of adventure that a few years later sent me off filibustering. I was not given to hard work, and really expected to stumble on a magnificent fortune without any particular effort on my part; but buying Jerusalem and collecting all the Jews together was too much for me—it was more than I could stand. I tossed a flap-jack over my head, brought the frying pan down on the fire with a smothering crash, and said: "He's as crazy as a loon, d—d if he ain't!"

"What's the matter?" said old Patterson. "Does the flap-jacks fluster ye, or did you get smoke in your eyes?"

"No," said I; "I just decided a question, that was all;" and I commenced cleaning the frying pan with a bunch of hay that lay conveniently near. I had decided that the old man was certainly, to say the least, a monomaniac on the diamond question. I firmly resolved to at once pack up with my comrades, who were all ready, and set out for the mines, and let the old man manage his great plan of corralling all the money in the world in the best way he might. I would have nothing more to do with it. At sunset on the same day we pitched our camp at Sutter's Fort, on our way to Hangtown (Placerville), and by the time winter set in the old man and his two-hundred-pound diamond had passed entirely from my memory.

* * * * * * *

In December the El Dorado war broke out, and General Winn called for volunteers to put down the Indians—principally the Mocosumnes—who were depredating on the miners. We raised a battalion around Coloma, Hangtown and Weaver, and boldly marched to the front. The detachment that I operated with was sent out on the immigrant road toward Carson Valley. On our first day's march we met one Indian, who killed our commander, Lieutenant-Colonel McKinney, which brought the whole command to a halt, and on the morning following small scouting parties were sent out in various directions. Myself and four others went up the Carson Valley road. We proceeded some ten miles, and made our camp to rest and make coffee. We had scarcely halted, when not two hundred yards from us we heard a savage yell and a gunshot, and up the road we went in the direction indicated. In a minute we were upon half-a-dozen Indians, in the very act of scalping two fallen white men. We drove them away, and secured the two pack-mules belonging to the two fallen miners, one of whom was found to be stone dead, shot through and through with arrows. The other was full of arrows, but still alive. The first man who reached him called for water. I immediately responded with my canteen, and when in the act of giving him the water I discovered, to my horror, that it was my old friend of the two-hundred-pound diamond. I felt the blood rush to my face when I saw that he recognized me.

"It is all right," said he. "You thought me crazy. I don't blame you. The diamond is on the black mule."

Without speaking another word the old man expired, with an arrow in his heart.

In the meantime the mules had been secured, and we all—except one who stood on guard—collected around the two murdered men. My mind went like a steam engine, ~~and all~~ about the diamond, which had turned out to be a reality.

One of the mules was packed with camp equipage, including a pick, axe and shovel, and it was concluded that two men should go to work and dig a grave—one to continue on guard, while myself and the other would take the two mules to our camp down the road and cook some dinner.

When Hugh McKay and myself went to unpack the black mule we found a heavy bulk of great weight, wrapped in blankets and balanced in the very center of a Mexican *aparejo* (pack saddle.) As we went to take it down, it came down with a fearful weight, and Hugh said:

"Gold! so help me God!"

As he said this he made a movement as if to open the package, but I restrained him and said:

"Hugh, that old man up there, was a friend of mine. This is not gold. Wait till the boys are all here, and then we will open the pack. You may take my word for it, however, that I know what is in it, and it is of greater value than a hundred mule loads of gold. Promise me to wait until the boys get here, and let us go about getting dinner. I will gratify you, however, with the information that that bundle of blankets contains a diamond of two hundred pounds weight, and our scouting party of five will go full partners in it."

In an hour the boys had performed the last sad rites to the two unfortunate men, and returned to camp. Hugh and myself had dinner ready, which the three dispatched with great relish; Hugh and myself were too much excited to eat, but managed to swallow a cup of coffee.

Immediately after dinner I proceeded very briefly to inform the boys of all I knew about the old man and the great diamond, and we at once proceeded to gratify our curiosity and calm our excitement by beholding the great treasure that had tempted the cupidity of the Lord Chief Jeweler of the mighty King Solomon. Finally it rolled out in all its great beauty. It was hectagon in form, with pointed edges. I didn't faint, but my knees smote each other, my vision grew dim and my mind wandered. I was recalled to consciousness by Jim McCormick, who profanely remarked:

"*Sold! Sold! Sold! It is the biggest piece of crystalized quartz I ever saw!*"

In my indignation I was about to strike him to the earth. Three of the five comprising our party, who had been a year in the mines, confirmed Jim's opinion. In the old man's bundle we found many curious papers and the mysterious book, which puzzled us all. We agreed to bury the diamond, however, until we could learn something of the contents of the book—for, after all, we might be mistaken. Another grave was dug and the *diamond* buried. A cedar tree was cut and smoothed off, and an appropriate head-board made and put up. We then took up our line of march for the main camp, some ten miles distant.

In three weeks the war was over, and we all returned to our winter quarters. After much discussion on the matter it was determined to send the mysterious book to the Smithsonian Institute and ask them to inform us, if possible what it was. We did so, and in due course of time we received the gratifying information that *it was an old Hindostanee surveyor's manual.*

This story will not seem strange to those who were in the mines in '49 and '50, when the country was wholly unknown, and parties mining in a cañon knew nothing of the country beyond. Strange ideas possessed the mind as to the theory of gold deposits, the general opinion being that there were great golden fountain heads in the Sierras, whence the gold came down in the mountain torrents and lodged in the ravines and bars. Many persons disdaining ounce diggings wasted their time searching for these imaginary fountain heads where they expected to find inexhaustible quantities of the precious metal. Being unfamiliar with mines and mining it is not to be wondered that strange freaks possessed the minds of the early gold hunters.

A great many finding those beautiful specimens of crystalized quartz believed them to be diamonds, and were hard to persuade to the contrary; still others believed the deep holes in the river to be filled with gold. A fretful, feverish state of mind pervaded the whole body of gold seekers which would cause them, on the most absurd rumors, to abandon profitable diggings and go off with a rush in search of imaginary treasures, the wildest of all being the Gold Lake excitement in the summer of '50.

About the month of June a man came into a camp near Grass Valley, and secretly informed a party of miners, of his having found a lake high up in the Sierras where gold was as plentiful as cobble-stones on the river bars; that he desired to secure the co-operation of some reliable men to get out and dispose of as much gold as they needed, invest the proceeds, which, he said, must be done with the utmost secrecy, as when the secret got out gold would be of less value than copper or lead, the quantities in sight being absolutely incalculable. Of course he had little trouble in enlisting a party, as his discovery was in perfect harmony with the fevered imaginations of the average gold hunter. The party procured mules and pack saddles, with large canvas sacks in which to bring away the gold. Notwithstanding the greatest secrecy attended their preparations and departure, the secret leaked out, and an excitement followed that spread like contagion. Every mining camp in the whole gold region caught "the Gold Lake fever," and there was a general rush for "the grand fountain-head, found at last." The excitement was not confined to the miners. It set San Francisco, Sacramento, and all the other trading towns, wild. Mules, pack-saddles and outfits ran up to fabulous prices; a mule, pack-horse or a burro would sell for a thousand dollars, and within a month's time fifty thousand men were penetrating the cañons and scaling the mountains in search of Gold Lake.

The original party, with the lucky discoverer, went hither and thither, failing to-day, but "sure to find it to-morrow." Their provisions gave out, but still, under the guidance of their *insane* leader they continued their search until at last worn out, exhausted, dispirited and famished, the party *hung* their crazy guide and abandoned the search.

So insane were the people on the existence of this Gold Lake that thousands continued the search until the storms of winter drove them back to the foothills and valleys. Many were lost by falling over precipices, and some remained until snowed in and were never more heard of.

The poet Kercheval who was one of the searchers for the imaginary golden fountain head, declares the truth to be that the *insane* man who started the excitement and was guide to the first party was not hung, but the prevailing opinion at the time was in the affirmative.

The humorous Frank Ball shut up shop in San Francisco and followed the Jack-o'-Lantern, and on his return made a very graphic song about the wild rush for Gold Lake. I regret my inability to reproduce it. However, while the memory of that funny fellow is before me, I will relate a circumstance and a song that gave Frank a fame that filled the land from our golden shores to the Atlantic seaboard, and also filled his pocket.

The great fire of May, '51, laid San Francisco in ashes. The Custom House was burnt, but the treasure in the vaults, more than a million dollars, was uninjured. A distinguished South Carolina politician, the Hon. T. Butler King, was Collector, and having secured a building on the corner of Kearney and Washington streets, removed the treasure from the burnt Custom House at the corner of Montgomery and California streets thereto. The manner in which this transfer of the "deposits" was made created the greatest merriment in San Francisco (always merry, even when the bulk of her population had to sleep on the bare ground, with the dome of heaven for a covering). The King summoned to his assistance as many persons as he could get, and arming them with old muskets, cutlasses, swords and pistols, placed the money on a big wagon, and seating himself on the summit thereof, with a half-dozen pistols in his belt, a cutlass lying by his side, and an old flint-lock musket in one hand and a club in the other, he bade his treasure team to move on, and his guard to march. Now the truth of the matter was, that in daylight one man with a dray would have been just as safe in carting that coin along Montgomery street as though he had been guarded by a regiment of regulars.

The proceeding was so ridiculous that Frank took in the whole spirit of the thing, and made a song about it, which he sang in the places of amusement with immense applause. He next made a caricature, had it lithographed, and published on sheets with his song, and sold them readily at one dollar a copy, selling five hundred in one night. I cannot give the caricature, but the following is the song:

"THE KING'S CAMPAIGN; OR, REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITS."

"Come listen a minute, a song I'll sing,
Which I rather calculate will bring
Much glory, and all that sort of thing,
On the head of our brave Collector King.
Ri tu di nu, Ri tu di nu,
Ri tu di nu di na.

"Our well-beloved President
This famous politician sent,
Though I guess we could our money have spent
Without aid from the general government.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"In process of time this hero bold
Had collected lots of silver and gold,
Which he stuck away in a spacious hole,
Except what little his officers stole.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"But there came a terrible fire one night,
Which put his place in an awful plight,
And 'twould have been a heart-rending sight,
If the money had not been all right.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"Then he put his officers on the ground,
And told 'em the specie vault to surround,
And if any 'Sydney Cove' came round,
To pick up a cudgel and knock him down.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"But the money had to be moved away,
So he summoned his fighting men one day,
And fixed 'em all in marching array,
Like a lot of mules hitched on to a dray.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"Then he mounted a brick and made a speech,
And unto them this way did preach,—
'Oh, feller-sogers, I beseech
You to keep this cash from the people's reach.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"'For,' said he, ''tis well convinced I am,
That the people's honesty 's all a sham,
And that no one here is worth a d—n,
But the officers of Uncle Sam.'
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"Then he drew his revolver and told them to start,
But be sure to keep their eyes on the cart,
And not to be at all faint of heart,
But to tread right up, and try to look smart.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

"Then each man grasped his sword and gun,
The babies squalled and women run,
And all agreed that the King was one
Of the greatest warriors under the sun.
Ri tu di nu, Ri tu di nu,
Ri tu di nu di na."

One night Frank was invited to a hugely aristocratic wine party, and sang his song mid roars of merriment. After Frank was through he was duly presented to "the King,"—the first knowledge that he had of the great man's presence. "The King" took Frank to one side and said: "Mr. Ball, would you like to have a sinecure position at the Custom House?" "Why, certainly," said Frank. "Well, you call at my office to-morrow, and get your commission." Frank called, took the hint and ceased to sing "The King's Campaign."

But some of the Custom House greenies seeing that Frank had won a fine position by singing his song, took it up to sing themselves into a higher place, when lo! the King cut their heads off as though they had been so many cabbages. As simple as it may seem the song ruined King politically for life. He was laughed out of the San Francisco Collectorship, returned to South Carolina, where I believe he tried to be elected to the United States Senate. His enemies sent to San Francisco, procured the "King's Campaign," scattered copies of it broadcast over South Carolina, and T. Butler King was laughed out of politics. Frank Ball left Los Angeles a couple of years ago and went to Massachusetts to comfort an aged mother in her declining years.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Retrospective View—A Thirty Years' Change—"The Old Man of the Mountain"—Fraudulent Land Grants—The Limantour Land Claim—Santa Ana's Minister Bocanegra—Attempt to Assassinate Him—Fraud Exposed—The Justice and Wisdom of the Government Vindicated—Conclusion.

IN reviewing the misfortunes that have befallen this sunny land, the burdens it has carried, its giant efforts to shake off the "Old Man of the Mountain" who had so firmly seated himself astride the youthful pilgrim at the early stage of its journey that he thought he could there remain forever; in the face of all the adverse circumstances, to see the progress Southern California has made, the position she now occupies strikes one with wonder and amazement. Take a bird's-eye view of the country from San Andres (where Joaquin Murietta in '53 made his first bloody sally) to San Diego, and what a change!

On seeming desert plains we find the most prolific fields of grain, orchards of the most luscious fruits, vineyards laden with commercial wealth; and where coyotes fought over the carcass of some unfortunate elk, antelope or deer, the merry laugh of happy children is heard in boisterous merriment at their relief from the monotony of the school-room. In groves of umbrageous beauty, where pursuing Vigilantes strung up captured bandits, now pointing Heavenward we see the spires of Churches; and instead of the hoarse curses of angry men, we hear the sweet songs of praise to "Him from whom all blessings flow." In the cañons and most inaccessible fastnesses of the Sierras, where the robbers of early times found secure retreat, with no enemy near to make them afraid, unless, perchance, the grizzly bear, we now find the happy "bee man," with his millions of co-workers, collecting their tribute from the sweets of the floral kingdom. Over mountains where toiled the galled and jaded pack-mule, under the lash of the cruel *arriero*, now thunders the iron horse, with emphatic admonitions that the age of barbarism has gone by forever, and that man must bow his haughty neck to the mandates of civilization, or must go hence and further on.

San Diego of yore, with nothing but bailes, fandangos, bull-fights, monte, and John Phœnix gentlemen, to amuse her—slept in the sleepy hollow of forgetfulness, and pined for nothing but RAILROAD—has found the full fruition of her dreams, and has become a city in reality, and not one on paper and of expectations.

Where thirty years ago the vaquero corraled his lowing herds now reigns in regal splendor San Bernardino, the Southern Sierra Queen. Bakersfield, the beautiful, now rears her spires from the plain where three decades past roamed in undisputed ownership the subjects of the Tulare King. San Luis Obispo that in '53 was powerless to pursue a half-dozen bandits who had with impunity murdered her defenseless people, is now rich, powerful and progressive. Santa Barbara, what shall I say of this old place of Spanish aristocracy, that in '53 allowed Jack Powers to ride rough-shod over her? That, now she is the Southern coast beauty, rich, prosperous and happy, and in her strength could repel the assaults of an army or an armada. The very spot where the rich Ranchero, Don Jose Sepulveda, gave the grand rodea twenty-eight years ago is now the centre of the most progressive and wealthy region on the Pacific coast, surrounded by those prosperous towns, Anaheim, Santa Ana, Orange, Westminster, Tustin, and the old San Juan Capistrano, Norwalk and Downey. On the smooth plain where *Bill* pursued and captured Lanfranco's phantom, farmhouses, fields and orchards in rural beauty kiss the rising sun. At the place where the lordly Viejo Lugo rested in his declining years we now find the moral village of Compton; and near by, where on the first of January, 1853, the desperado, Ricardo Urives, gave the author his New Year's breakfast, we find a Methodist camp-meeting ground. Of LOS ANGELES! what shall we say of thee, imperious beauty? Shall we say that the dream of thy founder, Navarro, has in thee been realized? No! not yet; but his dream is rapidly nearing a complete realization. Los Angeles does not yet rival Granada of old, neither doth her valley equal the famous Vega. The Moors were four hundred years in rearing to her sublime grandeur their cherished western capital and in making their beautiful Vega the world's Eden.

With our railroads, our electricity, our steam power and our other improvements, we ought to accomplish in fifty years as much as did the Moors in their four hundred, and we may safely count that within the lives of the present generation the dream of Navarro will have been fully realized. What shall I say of the pioneers of thirty years ago? This:—That few are left. Many having accumulated a sufficiency of gold returned to former homes, others who had failed in their expectations, went further on to new and more promising fields of adventure and have disappeared; still others having failed, failed and failed, and again failed, are broken in spirit and only await the summons to that unknown land where gold is not holden to be the only standard of excellence; while still more—the many, alas, too many!—having been too weak to withstand the dissipations and temptations of the fast times, became the prey of the fell destroyer, and are now as though they had never been. And yet of the pioneers, many have passed through the fiery ordeal of early times, and, like pure diamonds, have come out with increased brilliancy, and now stand as a corporals guard over the graves of the grand army of Argonauts that has been swept away. A parting word to those who are left. Let us discard past differences, jealousies and dislikes, and knowing each other so well, close our eyes to mutual faults, forget past differences, and standing together as brothers, obey the behest of the Master and "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

The California Spaniard has been more unfortunate, if anything, than the average Argonaut, having as heretofore remarked, lost his land and his general wealth. For this he has blamed the Government of the United States, and feels that the Government has been false to the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, and, has virtually confiscated his land. With the highest possible esteem for the California Spaniard, for his bravery, patriotism and superlative goodness of heart, his vivacity, innate talent and Christian virtue, I beg to radically differ with him and tell him that he is mistaken, and, that the United States Government is not to blame for his misfortunes. The following well written complaint I clipped years ago from one of our papers, by whom written I never knew. As it reflects the general spirit of the people in their land misfortunes, I give it, and will then give my opinion thereon:

"Now these were early days; we were all young, full of vigor and enterprise, ready to undertake anything regardless of the dangers or fatigue attending it. There was an irresistible charm in our society of these days. There was no great concentrated wealth; no pauperism; taxation was nominal, and the Church, under the Mission Fathers, accustomed to dispense charity instead of receiving it; there were no exactions in this line. The land from Mount Shasta to the monument established by Weller on the southern boundary, was owned by the native Californians. They were a simple but dignified people, and reserved almost to stoicism.

"The young adventurers were of the very best of the American and European race, well educated and accustomed to good society. It did not take long to gain *entree*, and when they did, the hospitality extended to them was unbounded. Parties and balls were a constant occurrence, attended by the citizens of all ages, so that great propriety and genteel demeanor characterized these happy reunions.

"About this time was established the United States Land Commission, where all the good people that we found here were compelled to come forward and show cause why they should not be dispossessed of their broad acres and cattle on a thousand hills.

"Well, then their trouble commenced. Lawyers had to be feed, cattle to be sold to pay fees. And when the Commission decided the land was theirs by grant and by treaty stipulations, well, then, they drew a long breath and said, 'thank God; we are safe.' But by and by there was a notice served upon them, that their cases were all appealed to the District Court of the United States. Then lawyers had to be hunted up again, more cattle sold, and when the cattle gave out they had to divide the land with the lawyer, or mortgage the premises. Well, after years, the District Court decided that they owned the land by valid grants and treaty stipulations. So our poor Californians drew another long breath, and re-uttered another prayer to God in thanks for their second deliverance. But again they are notified that the United States District Attorney has taken an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. More lawyers, more sales of cattle, more subdivision of the land with the lawyers, and more mortgaging. Well, they have to fight in Washington, and when they were so fortunate as to get a favorable decision from that tribunal, or a dismissal by the Attorney-General, they are informed that a patent must be procured. In order to do this the Surveyor-General must segregate the land from the supposed public domain. There is no appropriations made for surveys of private land claims, so they have to furnish the coin. The survey is made. The Commissioner of the General Land Office rejects, then there is another appeal to the Secretary of the Interior."

"More lawyers, more fees, more sub-divisions. The learned Secretary rejects the survey and orders a new one. The new one goes back, a patent issues, signed by the President of the United States, with the great seal of the nation. It is filed in the proper department. Some other fellow files objections to the patent. The Commissioner, of his own volition, retracts it, and writes across its face, 'cancelled.' More sending back, more laws passed governing surveys of private land claims in California, more publications and more filing of surveys and plats, until finally the original possessor does not own one inch of his patrimony, the squatters and the lawyers and the California interest having used him up.

"If Lucifer had designed the legal confiscation of the Californians' estates, it could not have been more ingeniously accomplished. Cromwell's confiscation in Ireland was bold, manly, cruel and harsh. It did not pretend anything but what it was—the deprivation of the Irish of their estates for religious and political reasons.

"He had examples set him in Spain, France and Austria, and he followed them with a vengeance. Under the sneaking color of law the poor Californians, in the nineteenth century, by the great, the magnanimous, the just and the mild citizen-loving Republic, were robbed of estates worth more millions by ten than all Cromwell's confiscations. It is not ended; these cases are yet unsettled. Senator Benton, in his seat in the United States Senate, twenty-six years ago, foretold the hardship and outrage of this Bill of 1851, to settle private land claims in California.

"If the title of the Act read, 'An Act entitled an Act to confiscate the private lands belonging to the inhabitants of

California,' nobody would be deceived, and the authors would have the merit of candor and frankness.

"The *Star* was here shining upon the introduction of this outrage; it is still looking upon its wholesale destructive effects.

"We might be permitted to paraphrase the lines of Campbell, and say:

'Oh! mighty Heaven, ere justice found a grave,
Why slept thy sword, Omnipotent to save?'"

As heretofore written the Californian was so full-handed and happy that he gave no heed to the sore foot and the rainy day, and when he needed money it was more convenient to go to the money-lender than to deny himself imaginary necessities, and thus he gave "the old man of the mountain," *the usurer*, Shakspeare's Shylock, an easy seat astride his neck and was never able to shake him off.

The California Spaniard was so over-generous that he would thus raise money for his friend in sums great or small, according to his ability. He knew not the value of money or the crushing power of compound interest; ten per cent and three per cent per month interest compounding monthly had no terrors for him, because he knew not of its consuming force. Then came a year or two of drought, which found him in debt. His cattle were swept away and the Basque sheep herder came in and rented his land, but his rental would not pay his interest. Taxes, always high, increased with his increasing inability to pay. He could not sell his land because of his imperfect title and his mortgage, and all that was said about his difficult and expensive litigation was in measure true. Money he must have and his only recourse was "the old man of the mountain," with his tightening grasp. Is it to be wondered at that the poor California Spaniard, wholly ignorant in the ways of the world and the money-lender, was ground to powder as between the nether stones of a mill. *But still the Government of the United States was not to blame,* and I will now endeavor to show exactly wherein the blame should lie and who should bear it.

Now for a scrap of warlike history. In 1846 Don Pio Pico, a man of great ability, was Governor. He was of peculiar hostility to the United States aggression, and when he found that California was sure to fall into the hands of the American, and after California had actually fallen, the Governor employed all the clerical force of the country to fill out grants as fast as he could sign them, granting away in the name of the Mexican Sovereignty, to his kindred and friends all the land worth the having, from Shasta to the monument erected by Weller to mark the line between the United States and Mexico. Having thus granted all the land in California the Governor hied himself to Mexico to procure ante-confirmations of his ante-dated grants of the gringo conquest. Unfortunately for the Governor and his grantees a batch of this handiwork while on its way to Mexico fell into the hands of the gringos and was sent as a curiosity to the Government at Washington, which becoming thus apprized of this mammoth land swindle, after due consideration enacted the law of 1851 "for the settlement of private land claims in California." By this measure the Government seemed to feel that the conquerors have rights which the vanquished ought to respect, and to distinguish the *bona fide* from the fraudulent California land grant, subjected them *all* to a rigid judicial investigation, and those that were good were confirmed and patented to their owners, and those that were fraudulent were rejected.

Now, let me ask all true men of the Spanish-American race, where the blame should rest, if any there were? Surely not on the Government, and the able writer whose article I have reproduced argued from passion and not from the truths of history.

Here is another batch of land-claims history, and the *dramatis personæ*, actors therein:

In 1843, Santa Ana was President of Mexico. Under him Manuel Bocanegra was Minister of Exterior Relations, etc., equivalent to our Secretary of Interior. At the same time General Manuel Micheltorena was Governor of California, Manuel Jimeno was Departmental Secretary, and Manuel Castañares was Administrator of Customs at Monterey. About the same time there was a Frenchman on the coast as a trader and smuggler, a former gunsmith of the City of Mexico named Jose Y. Limantour. In 1851 this Limantour appeared in San Francisco and presented to the United States Land Commissioner for confirmation his claims for *one hundred and thirty four* leagues of the best and most valuable lands in California. Also, for the Farallones Islands, the islands of Yerba Buena, Alcatraz, Point Tiburon, and four leagues of land taking in the City of San Francisco, with all its houses, churches, prisons, markets, public buildings, streets and wharves. The Land Commission rejected Limantour's claim for the one hundred and thirty-four leagues, but confirmed all the others, and from their decree of confirmation the Government appealed to the United States District Court of California, Hon. Ogden Hoffman, Judge; Pierre Della Torre, United States Attorney, and Edwin M. Stanton appearing for the Government.

In this great trial, which took place in San Francisco in 1857, was exposed the most ingenious, well-digested and rascally conspiracy for gobbling up not only what was left of the public domain of California, but every important island and point of land in and around the harbor of San Francisco, necessary to the Government as military defences, and the city of San Francisco itself, as before stated. This trial occupied the Court for months, and it was therein proved, beyond a reasonable doubt, that Limantour came from the City of Mexico in '51, laden down with land grants, all nicely fixed up, and made to appear to *gringo* vision in all respects as the *bona fide* grants made to the honest and *bona fide* settlers theretofore on the public domain of *Mexican* California. Unfortunately for the conspirators and their claims, Edwin M. Stanton was not a *gringo*, neither was Ogden Hoffman, and the fraud was so laid bare that the gang of conspirators were fain to flee the country to escape the punishment due their crimes. The claims were rejected and no appeal was ever taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

These signed, sealed and delivered land grants, brought from Mexico by Limantour, were left blank to be filled in wherever a good scope of country could be found to scoop, the biggest one in extent being *eighty-five* leagues of redwood timber in Mendocino county, and one of the lesser was six square leagues at Cahuenga, in Los Angeles county.

To prove these claims a great many dignitaries came from the City of Mexico, including Santa Ana's ex-Secretary, Bocanegra, who swore to the absolute genuineness of Limantour's claims, and Manuel Jimeno and Castañares to prove the genuineness of Micheltorena's signature. Many of the dignitaries of California, including Governor Pio Pico, were witnesses to prove the regularity of the proceedings in respect to Limantour's grants; all to no purpose. The fraud was made so apparent that there could not exist a reasonable doubt in the minds of any reasonable person, and doubtless were convincing to the conspirators themselves. It was perfectly astonishing to see the minuteness of proof produced. For instance, to impeach Castañares, who testified that in February, 1843, he had met Limantour in the City of Mexico, who handed him some documents from California; the whereabouts of Limantour was proved during the month of January preceding the March following, and until July, where he was on each and every day; the day he was at Guadalajara, when he arrived at and departed from Colima, the time he remained at Tepic, when he was at Mazatlan, when on the ocean, and when at Monterey; all of which proved conclusively that Limantour could not have been at the City of Mexico at the time Castañares swore he met him and received the California dispatches from Micheltorena. When this trial was going on the author occupied a room on the first floor of the popular and venerated Union Hotel, on the corner of Kearny and Merchant streets, San Francisco. The Limantour crowd was there, including Santa Ana's ex-Secretary, Manuel Bocanegra. One morning at about 4 o'clock a tremendous hullabaloo was raised. Cries of Police! Armas! Assassins! Fuego! Sin Verguenza! and the devil seemed to be turned loose among the Mexican lodgers at the Union. Police headquarters adjoined the Union and by the time I was half dressed and in the hall, the place was full of police, and we were soon able to understand that a vile, cold-blooded and cowardly attempt had been made to assassinate "His Excellency, Don Manuel Bocanegra;" that he had retired without fastening his door; that the assassin had entered and had driven his blade through blankets, sheets. and mattress and had hastily fled, supposing of course he had finished up the Mexican ex-Secretary, who had in person witnessed the grants of Limantour and attached the nopal seal thereto, and had come all the way from the City of Mexico to give his testimony thereon and thereof and thereto concerning, and so forth, and so on. And now the minions of the Government had attempted to get him out of the way in order that poor Limantour might be defrauded out of his ownership to San Francisco and all else thereabout worth the having, or the looking after. This attempt upon the life of this respectable witness produced a most profound sensation, but only among Limantour's adherents and only for a day or two, as the matter being placed in the hands of the detectives in less than a day they found out where the assassin's blade had been purchased, and that the vendee thereof was none other than the body servant of the illustrious Bocanegra himself, who being in interest with Limantour had made this silly diversion, anticipating great gain and sympathy thereby in making it seem that the Government had gone into the business of procuring the assassination of witnesses against it. It was the silliest thing ever attempted in America and deceived no one, not even for a minute. How these fellows got away from San Francisco without arrest and prosecution, I could never understand; yet they did.

The article quoted in this chapter, as I said before, reflected the general spirit of the country, and was not in harmony with the truth. The argument of the grant holder was that under treaty stipulations the Government should have confirmed at one fell swoop all the land claims in California, from the dome of Shasta to the border of Mexico. Let this legal Ranger suggest that, had the Government done this, there would not have been land enough in all California, Oregon and Nevada to have filled those grants. For instance, I know of a citizen of Los Angeles who was never known to have an honest dollar, or an acre, who attempted to set up a claim to *three hundred leagues in and around, and about and beyond the Soledad Pass*. I think there were about twelve hundred ranchos in California ranging in size from one to eleven leagues. Most of the claimants were honest in the presentation of their claims; yet many of them, when examined and surveyed, were found to be greatly in excess of their legitimate and honest rights; and to sum up this business, had not the Government of the United States subjected all these California land claims to the most rigid legal scrutiny, then the Government of the United States would have been highly remiss in its duty to its own citizens who purchased California with their most precious blood and treasure; and the California Spaniard, we are permitted to hope, will not let the fires of resentment be fed on such nonsensical drivel as that quoted, but will agree with the author, that by the Government he has been treated exactly as it has treated any other citizen, and if anyone is to blame for the difficulties he encountered in procuring confirmation to his land, then let it rest upon the shoulders of those high Mexican dignitaries who, after California became the property of the United States by conquest and purchase, attempted in Mexico to cheat the Government out of its honestly acquired rights.

There is not a *squatter* in all California that ever got one acre of an honest Mexican grant, unless he purchased and paid for it; while the truth is that squatters, or more properly speaking, American settlers on the public domain, were defrauded, by millions of acres of the public domain having been taken in by the fraudulent surveys of otherwise honest Mexican land claims; and this being true we will consign the subject to the grave of forgetfulness; with still a parting word to the young men of Spanish blood, and that is: Pine not over grandeur gone, of misfortunes past. The country has been unfortunate; the American pioneers also have been. We have all started on a new race of progress, and whenever you have entered the lists with the gringo, you have proved yourself at least his equal. In the law, in politics, in science, in agriculture, and in all the arts progressive you have shown that the blood of the Cavalier manifests itself, and shows whence you came. *Your* Pacheco, by well directed effort became Governor of his native land, and now has a seat in our National councils; *your* Estudillo and *your* Coronel became Treasurers of State; *your* Sepulveda became one of the highest Judges in the land, with aims still higher; *your* Del Valle is the pride of the country, honored by all. We opine that these eminent men did not cry over grandeur gone, but that they buckled on the sword of the new dispensation, and taking their stand in the ranks of American progression resolved to carve their way onward and upward. Have they succeeded? They have. Then, muchachos, emulate their virtues, their determined efforts, their industry, and let your own brave hearts be your future fortune.

Reader, this book of reminiscences is drawing to a close. It has been written in the author's own way. I know that many of the pioneers will find fault with it. One will say to another: "Why didn't he tell about that great fight wherein this, that or the other was killed?" The other responds, "And he didn't say a word about this one, that one and forty others having been hung."

The author repeats again that he had no desire to write of things of an unpleasant or horrible character, and those things which he was bound to relate in order to bring out the *salient* points in our pioneer history he did with a great degree of reluctance, and then avoided details, which if given, and all should have been told, forty years of labor would not have sufficed therefor. Most of the pioneer characters mentioned herein have disappeared, most of whom have crossed the line.

In an early chapter mention was made of Lewis C. Granger and his encounter with the fighting Federal dignitary at Madame Barriere's. To have there dropped Mr. Granger would have been wrong, he having been one of the ablest and best of our pioneer lawyers, and one of the most generous of men, and withal a most classical scholar. I do think that Lewis C. Granger would work harder, go farther and experience more pleasure in serving a friend and in doing an act of generosity than any man I ever knew. He left here and went to Butte county in '57, where he now resides, surrounded by a numerous family, children and grandchildren. I take great pleasure in paying this humble tribute to his general worth and great goodness of heart.

William C. Getman, a Lieutenant of the Ranger Company, was from Fort Plain, New York, was a soldier in the war with Mexico, and was struck and most severely wounded with a grape-shot in storming the Belen Gate at the City of Mexico.

A most gallant and noble fellow. In '58 he was Sheriff of Los Angeles county, and was killed by a crazy man. He sleeps in Fort Hill cemetery.

Myron Norton, so frequently mentioned, was a member of the Constitutional Convention of '49, was on the Judiciary Committee, and afterward Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, a most able man, now on the down grade of life, retired from business, contented and happy. He used to ride with the Rangers.

Bill, or *Gillermo Pacha*, when not on service at the United States Surveyor General's Office, or in the field, may be seen on our fashionable streets, to all appearances as great a ladies' man as thirty years ago.

John O. Wheeler is now Clerk of the Los Angeles branch of the Supreme Court of California.

The surviving members of the Ranger Company have been heretofore properly accounted for. Captain Hope sleeps in an unmarked grave in Fort Hill cemetery. He also was a veteran of the Mexican war.

Reader! We have ridden together on a pretty long campaign. We have returned to our barracks. Our mustangs are tired; our canteens are empty; our arms, saddles, bridles and spurs are hung up for the night. The bugle has sounded the "tattoo." We are fatigued and sleepy. Now we hear the signal to "extinguish lights;" and

QUIET REIGNS SUPREME!